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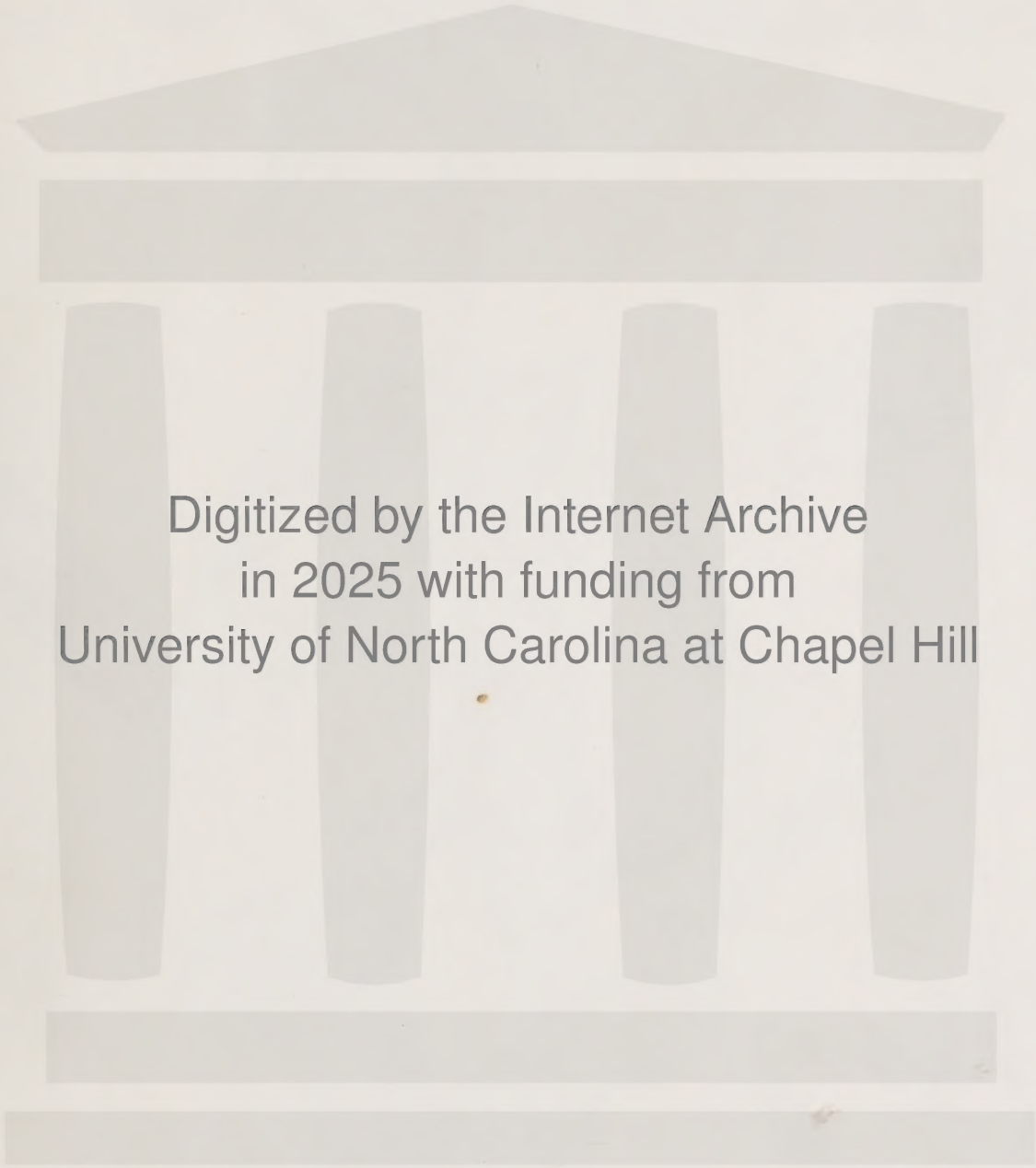
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October, 1939

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THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

BUCCANEER

By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested — slower than *any* of them — CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Copyright, 1939
R. J. Reynolds
Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, N. C.

WHATEVER price you pay per pack for your smokes, Camels give you more actual smoking pleasure for your money. A prominent scientific laboratory made impartial tests on 16 of the largest-selling cigarette brands. Here are the results:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED — 25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.

In Camel cigarettes you have a case where choice quality and *extra measure* go along together. Better smoking—and more of it. Turn to Camels and enjoy to the full those long-burning, costlier tobaccos—so mild and tasty!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF—
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Penny for penny your best cigarette buy

LONG-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

VC378
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Are You Telling Us?

By Y'all

Editor, the *Carolina Buccaneer*
Dearest Editor,

If you don't mind, I would like to make a kick, if you don't care. What do people think I am—a heel? I wish they wouldn't pick on me all the time, because I ain't done nothing—much. I'm not such a bad fellow way down deep, and at breakfast I am a firm devotee of scrambled eggs.

Forever yours,
Adolf Hitler

P. S. I was just joking. I am really a skunk.

A. H.

Ed. Note—This is no place for joking.

Dear Editor,

How does one go about getting a date with you?

Lonesome

Ed. Note—I don't know. No one has ever tried.

Dear Editor,

I think it is about time someone recognized your efforts to give the Campus a fine, clean, upstanding magazine. Your first issue was fine. Keep them all like that, and you will receive our hearty endorsement.

The Administration

Dear Editor,

We read your first issue of the Buccaneer, and We think it is a scream. But tell us, how do you get by with such dirty stuff?

Smoke House Monthly

Ed. Note—Why don't you dry up. You'll wake these guys up down here.

Dear Editor,

Will you cooperate with us in remaining neutral?

F. D. R.

Ed. Note—We would love to remain neutral, but there is lots more room in the front seat if you put it in reverse.

Dear Editor,

I have a daughter who insists on reading that filthy rag of yours. There is a girl across the street who receives an issue every month. Twice I have caught my daughter slipping across the street late at night to read it. What must I do?

Troubled

Ed. Note—Why not subscribe to the magazine and keep your daughter at home.

Dear Worm,

My son worked on the Buccaneer for three years. Then, when you became Editor, he was removed from the staff. Now, I want some satisfaction, or I am going to appeal to the CPU.

Apple

Ed. Note—Why don't you teach your son how to vote?

Dear Editor,

Why don't you run my picture?

Beautiful

Ed. Note—Why don't you keep me in cigarettes.

Dear Editor,

Why aren't all the publications that we pay for as good as the Buccaneer. At least the Tar Heel is on soft paper, but the Carolina Magazine, well—I just don't know what to do with it.

Fed-up

Ed. Note—All Editors can't be good ones.

Dear Editor,

Your Managing-Editor, Mr. Hobson, writes such wonderful stories. After reading his last story I lay awake for a week just dreaming about—er, his stories. Tell me, where has he been hiding?

Love-lorn

Ed. Note—I've been wondering about that. I haven't seen him in two weeks.

Full Credit

Full credit goes to Martha Clampitt, transfer from St. Petersburg, Florida, who has proven that girls can do something on the Buccaneer staff besides sit on the Editor's desk and coo. In Martha's own words, "It's all a mistake. Here I was, planning to go to William and Mary and end up at Carolina. I try to join the Carolina Magazine, and the next thing I know, I'm on the Buccaneer."

Mistake or not, she has really been a big help to us in getting started as well as raising the levels of office conversation. Incidentally, the office is getting mighty popular with the Tar Heel boys.

Cover

The cover this month was drawn by practically everyone on the staff. It took Bill Seeman, successor to Ernest Craige, to finally get the right effect. The lettering is that of Henry Moll who finally decided to quit holding out on us and come back to school. The idea is our own. (Yeah, we beat you to it. Whatsa idea?) Hint-Have you ever been vaccinated?

846103

British Propaganda

By Popular Request

Husband: "An apple a day will keep the doctor away."

Wife: "It's too late for apples now."

One of our good friends from last year recently got married. He and his young bride chose New York for their honeymoon. The other day, we received a letter from him which read "Off an on, up and down; off an on, up and down all night long. If you ever get married, take my advice and don't get a room next to an elevator.

We know a girl in school named Virginia. We called her virgin for short but not for long.

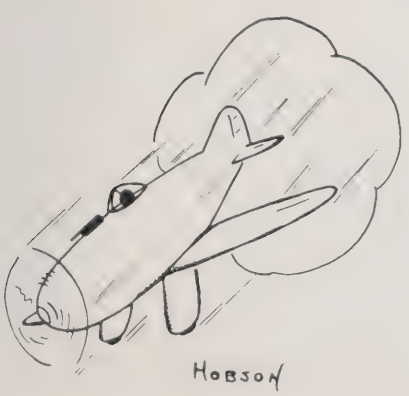
We once saw a girl that wore black garters in memory of those who had gone beyond.

One of the boys from fraternity court has a car named Mayflower. When questioned as to the name, he answered. "Because so many good Puritans have come across in it."

A young girl who had married an old man was asked how she liked her married life. To which she replied:

"Oh, it's the same old thing week in and week out."

—Medley



Edgar Bergen was questioning his splintered little companion, Charlie MacCarthy, concerning the night before.

"Charlie", said Edgar, "didn't I see you out with a beautiful blond last night about nine o'clock?"

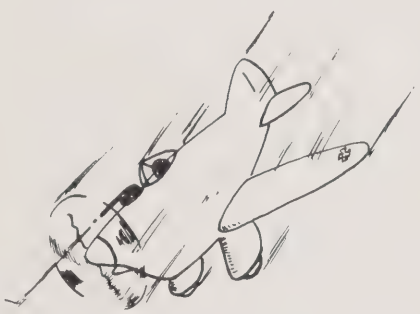
"To be sure, to be sure," Charlie replied.

Bergen continued, "And weren't you parked out of town with her around eleven o'clock?" he asked.

"To be sure, to be sure" said Charlie again.

"And weren't you in a drug store making a purchase around one o'clock?" Bergen continued.

"To be SURE, To be SURE," said Charlie winking out of both eyes.



It was one hot Sunday morning this summer. The pastor was doing his best to keep the congregation awake, but a small boy on the front row was having more success. Ever so often the boy would start giggling. This irritated the pastor no end. Finally, when the little girl sitting next to the little boy began giggling the pastor could stand it no longer. He stopped in the midst of his sermon and addressed the little girl.

"My child," he asked, "Are you feeling hysterical?"

"No", she said giggling more than ever, "but he's feeling mine".

Horses and sparrows are the only "two" who can live as cheaply as one.

Lady (in furniture store): "I can't make up my mind whether to buy that divan or that armchair."

Salesman: "You can't make a mistake on a nice comfortable armchair."

Lady: "O. K. I'll take the divan."

Sport, the campus dog saw Tabby, the campus cat covering a hole in a pile of sand. Sport, thinking Tabby was hiding a bone bounded over to the spot and started rooting with his nose.

Moral: Keep your nose out of other peoples' business.

Senior—What do you think of sex as a whole?

Freshman—Well,— —

"You're the first girl I ever kissed, dearest," said the senior, as he shifted the gears with his foot.

—Medley

"These flyers are slow."

"Yeah?"

"Sure, Helen of Troy made Paris in a couple of hours."

(Continued on page 11)

The Sacrifices We Make

•

We opened the door of the Buccaneer office, pushed a couple of cadavers aside, and walked in. We took a deep breath. Yep, it was the same old smell.

On our desk was the mail that had accumulated over the summer—two letters. We opened one to find this, "Is the Buccaneer going to stand by while war threatens the lives of our very student body?".

We opened the other letter. It read, "You are charged with *Mein Kampf* due back June third."

Two weeks passed before we got back to the office. (When a person owns the first floor of the library there isn't much time left for anything else.) Another letter was on the desk. It read, "Is the Buccaneer going to stand by while war threatens the lives of our very student body?"

This was too much. A special session of the Buccaneer staff was called. (It is our rule to meet every February.) We showed them the two letters. It was decided that such demands from our readers could not go unnoticed. The staff finally voted to sacrifice dirt for one teeny-weeny issue and devote their combined efforts to that of war.

In this issue, we have gone through Hell to show you that war is Hell. Furthermore, the staff has gone through Hell to show you that war is Hell. Nevertheless, the Hell we went through to get the staff to go through Hell to show you that war is Hell is too much. To say "to Hell with War" is not enough. We say "to Hell with Everything."

—THE EDITOR

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

BUCCANEER

Literally, a Comic Monthly

BILL STAUBER, Editor-in-Chief

MACK HOBSON, *Managing Editor* BERT PREMO, *Business Mgr.*

VOLUME XVI ISSUE 2 NUMBER 1

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The Gory Road

by

MACK HOBSON

ACT 13

Western front, or someplace. Darkness. Trenches. All quiet.

VOICE. All's quiet.

VOICE. Quiet, you fool, they'll hear us.

VOICE. O. K., General. You're the boss.

[*Bomb explodes all over the place, showering mud and jagged particles of steel on the audience.*]

AUDIENCE. [*Chanting in unison.*] Damn. So this is war. War is hell.

GENERAL. Now look what you done. The enemy have discovered our position. Lieutenant, if you're not already shot, remind me in the morning, if you're not shot before morning, to have you shot at sunrise, if I'm not shot before morning.

LIEUTENANT. I can't hear you, General. My ears were just shot off.

GENERAL. Damn. A good speech wasted.

AUDIENCE. [*Chanting.*] It wasn't wasted. We heard you. Do go on, as we are intensely interested in what you have to say, you old skunk you. Wow!

[*Riotous applause in distance, and cries of* "Mein Gott! Doesn't this here play schtink?"]

GENERAL. The enemy are getting ready to attack. Where are the rest of our men Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT. They're down in the dug-out entertaining the Red Cross, and vice versa.

GENERAL. I knew we shouldn't have let those nurses come out here. Excuse me while I go down and send the men up. You take command if I don't come back for a while. I need rest and things. [*Squushy, mushy sound is heard, which is probably* GENERAL *plodding off through mud.*]

LIEUTENANT. And now I am alone. Alone, with this great field of battle, strewn with horror and human blood, before me. And for what? Democracy? Liberty? Justice? God, what irony! [*Laughs hysterically.*]

AUDIENCE. Too true, alas too true. But that's the way it is, you know. [*Audience laughs hysterically.*]

[*Cries of* "One, two, three—hittem!" *in the distance, and rapid bursts of gun-fire. Shell explodes in foreground, wiping out first three rows of audience.*]

LIEUTENANT. Hell, this is getting tiresome. I'm going to bed. I wonder if the Red Cross is tired too.

AUDIENCE. We have seen war, and we hate war. War is hell, don't you think?

[CURTAIN]

ACT 13

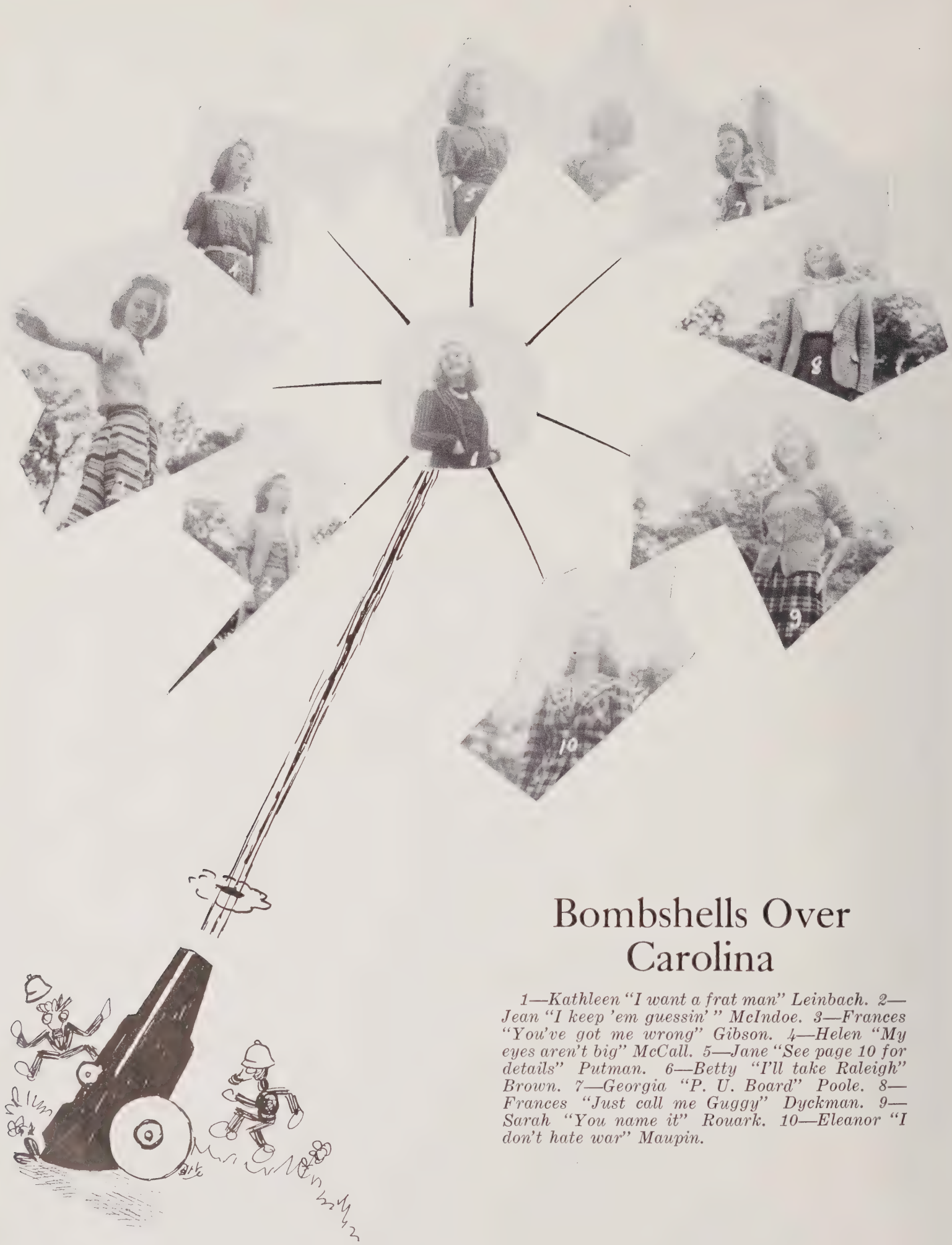
Morning. Dug-out. Heavy firing outside.

GENERAL. Drag the wounded men in here, Sergeant. Shove them under the beds so they won't get stepped on.

[*Private staggers in with both legs missing. One side of head*

(Continued on page 26)

"Paris—Durham, what's the difference?"



Bombshells Over Carolina

1—Kathleen "I want a frat man" Leinbach. 2—Jean "I keep 'em guessin' " McIndoe. 3—Frances "You've got me wrong" Gibson. 4—Helen "My eyes aren't big" McCall. 5—Jane "See page 10 for details" Putman. 6—Betty "I'll take Raleigh" Brown. 7—Georgia "P. U. Board" Poole. 8—Frances "Just call me Guggy" Dyckman. 9—Sarah "You name it" Rouark. 10—Eleanor "I don't hate war" Maupin.

That Sonova Bit, Chitler

by

NORMAN LEVINSON

THE SCENE: The Chancellory in Berlin.

TIME: The present.

DER FUEHRER *is sitting at an enormous desk at one end of a very large room. Behind him on the wall is a life-sized portrait of himself crossing the Vistula. He is scanning the morning newspapers and whistling a popular German tune Bei Mir Bist Du Schoen.*

HITLER: [*to Aide*] Goebbels is slipping again. I am mentioned only one-hundred ninety-one times as the Savior of the Reich, seventy-six times as God's Annointed Protector of the Aryan Race, and a mere fifty seven times as Missionary of God's Will on Earth. That's gratitude for you. But then, Goebbels always was a master at understatement.

AIDE: You have several appointments this morning, Mein Fuehrer. The Minister of War, The Minister of Ersatz, The Ambassador from Hungary—

HITLER: [*surprised.*] Hungary? Is Hungary still Independent?

AIDE: Yes, Mein Fuehrer.

HITLER: I *knew* there was something I forgot. Tell the Ambassador that Hungary has been persecuting the German Minority. Tell him that Hungary is now absorbed into the Reich under a protectorate. There will be a plebiscite. Those who vote "No" will be shot.

AIDE: Minister Goering also has an appointment, M e i n Fuehrer. He is expecting another child and wishes you to act as Godfather, again.

HITLER: Ah! Good old Hermann. I must send my respects to Frau Goering.

AIDE: But Frau Goering is not the mother this time, Mein Fuehrer.

HITLER: Ah, sly Hermann. Always the true National Socialist.

AIDE: I believe the Minister of War has arrived. Shall I show him in?

HITLER: Yes. By all means.

AIDE: [*announcing.*] Minister of War Schnabel.

[*Minister enters: raises arm in Nazi salute.*]

MINISTER: Heil Hitler!

HITLER: Cut the flattery, Schnabel. Didn't I shoot you last week?

MINISTER: No, Mein Fuehrer.

HITLER: That's odd. Must have been someone else. Funny, could have been your twin brother. Well, that's too bad, however no use fretting about it. We can fix that, can't we?

MINISTER: [*knees visibly shaking.*] Yes, Mein Fuehrer.

HITLER: [*Looking over Calendar.*] Well, let's see. Shall we make it, say next Monday at dawn? That's if it's all right with you—

MINISTER: That will be perfectly convenient, Mein Fuehrer.

HITLER: Then it's a date. That's all, Schnabel. See you then.

MINISTER: [*backing out of room.*] Heil Hitler.

HITLER: [*to aide.*] Heinrich, whip up a nice obituary for

(Continued on page 25)

"I said ducks for dinner, and by gosh I meant ducks."

"Aw fudge! Twelve o'clock and still no blackout."

Thirteen Men and a Dog

by

ELBERT HUTTON

Five years ago this month, two young University sophomores decided that the University needed two more dance bands. One of the two, one Jimmy Fuller, stayed on the Hill with his band until his graduation, and then sought business life with a music store. The other of the two, one Freddy Johnson, is still dishing out some of the best dance music ever played by a Carolina or any other college band.

Freddy hit the Hill in the fall of thirty-three with forty bucks in his pocket. He now has a B.S. in pharmacy, a sleek Cadillac convertible, a truck and a car for his band's transportation. Do you think he regrets his music career?

His band does not strive to play the ultra-ultra in swing stuff as do many of the campus boys; instead, they are content to play either sweet or swing, but good danceable stuff regardless.

Most attempted band reviews start with the sax section and end up with the rhythm. Not that his sax section is below any on the Hill, but because his rhythm is as compact a unit as you'll find anywhere is the order changed.

PIANO—Bob Hartsell—Salisbury boy who joined the band a year ago—does most of the arranging and is more than likely the key man of the band—loves to listen to Count Basie.

BASS — Howard (Brenda) Frazier, alias Fats—due to some unknown reason won't admit where he's from—first played with the band in the fall of thirty-five—loves to listen to Hartsell.

DRUMS—Frank Bennett, the big flash from Durham—his period of service dates back two years — thinks that Jo Jones of Basie's crew is tops.

SAXES—lead alto, Harry Lee Clark also of Salisbury—while with Jere King last year was acclaimed the best lead man on the campus.

Hot tenor, Leon Yeargan, biggest man in the band, also from Durham—has an ungodly tone that will send shivers down your spine—loves to play his sax behind his back or under his arm . . . has been with the band for two years.

Third alto, John Matte of Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—is the only music major in the band, and does an occasional arrangement —plays lead clarinet on the five way sax choruses, and Freddy himself sits in on fifth alto.

Fourth tenor, Roy Cole, the shorty of the outfit who first played with Johnson a year ago —is part of the vocal quartet.

BRASS—lead trumpet, Jack Kimball of Winston—started out with the band three years ago, and has played steadily with them except for last fall and winter when he was with Glenn Miller—also a member of the quartet.

Second horn—Pierino "Pete" D'Elia, a Connecticut yankee from New London—first with the band last fall—plans to study medicine—worked this summer as a tonsorial artist.

Trombone, Bill "Fig" Newton, the last of the Durham boys—has been with the band the longest, his period of servitude dat-

(Continued on page 24)

Cannon Fodder"
Jim—
Wait Till the Week-end
Red
George
"A likely Candidate."
Mack Hobson
"Uh... uh.... uh
Charlie Lynch
"That d—mel
Res.
Louis Sutton—
Well,
Has-been
Joyner

A lady had three dogs which she called "Blackie," "Whitey," and "Paderwrufsky." She called the white one "Whitey" because he was the whitest; the black one "Blackie" because he was the blackest, and the third one "Paderwrufsky" because he was the pianist.

Go! And never darken my bathtub again!

Well, I had to draw the line somewhere.

—*The Princeton Tiger.*

Dan (campus bird dog) says his favorite movie actress is Helen Twelvetrees.

"Well!" sighed the minister, patting his stomach fondly. "I don't often eat a dinner such as I've had today!"

The atmosphere seemed so congenial and clubby that the host's small son felt obliged to say something. "Neither do we!" he confided.

Man Motorist (barely avoiding a broadside crash)—"Why on earth didn't you signal that you were turning in?"

Girl (who has crossed into her home driveway)—"I always turn in here stupid."

Passed by German Censor

The cat drowsed on the hearth rug; the dog was asleep on the door-sill; the knitting needles were in their place by the old armchair; the great big clock struck nine.

Grandma—Now, where's that darn gigolo?

The little old gray woman bent over the cherub in the cradle.

"O-o-o. You look so sweet, I could eat you."

Baby: "The hell you could, you don't have any teeth."

—*Froth*

Prof.—Now watch the blackboard while I run through it once more.

"How did you break your leg?"

"I threw a cigarette into a manhole and stepped on it."

—*Voo Doo.*

"Halt!" cried the young rookie on his first sentry-go. The major halted.

"Halt!" the rookie cried again.

"I've halted," snapped the major. "What of it?"

"Well," faltered the rookie, "in the manual, it says, 'Say halt three times, then shoot'!"

—*The Gargoyle.*

Old Lady (meeting a one-legged tramp): "Poor man, you have lost a leg, haven't you?"

Tramp (looking down at his foot): "Well, I'll be darned if I hadn't."

—*Varieties*

Who was the lady I seen you outwit last night?

Our Football Team Today—Turn Page Quick

He tried me on the sofa.
He tried me on the chair.
He tried me on the window sill,
But couldn't get it there.

He tried me lying on the couch.
I stood against the wall.
I even sat upon the floor.
It wouldn't work at all.

He tried in this and that way.
Oh gosh, how I did laugh.
To see how many ways he tried
To take my photograph.

With graceful feet,
The maiden sweet,
Was tripping the light fantastic;
When suddenly she tore
For the dressing room door;
You can never trust elastic.

Jack and Jill went up a hill
Upon a moonlight ride;
When Jack came back,
One eye was black:
His pal, you see, had lied.

Said teacher to Willie as they studied the stars,
Said teacher to Willie, "Have you ever seen Mars."
Said Willie to teacher, and he said it real cute.
"I've never seen Mars but Pars is a beaut."

Pomes

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE

Last night a lovely dream
befuddled me:
You were the queen—I was
a honey bee.
Oh, the joyous, joyous time
we had we two!
We flit and flew—I gave
my all to you.
You took my all—you gave
your all to me.
Now tonight again I hope
I'll be a bee.

—*Simons Roof*

Because I have a lovely form,
No reason men should think me warm.
No reason men should have the crust
To say to me "Pike's Peak or bust."

A city and a chorus girl
Are much alike 'tis true;
A city's built with out-skirts,
A chorus girl is too.

He is the strangest man I've known,
When we are in a car alone
Instead of asking if I would
He smiles and says "I wish I could."

BIG HEARTED JOHN

Gol darn that city school-ma'am!
But she's purty as kin be!
Ther's twenty girls in our school,
But there ain't no boys but me,
An' when it's time f'r recess,
An' the girls go out to play,
She makes me stay indoors with her,
Most every gol darn day!

The other day she tole me
I must stay after school,
An' when the girls had all gone home
I felt jist like a fool!
She come an' set beside me
An' she acted awful queer—
She put her arm around me,
An' she breathed right in my ear!

I sat right still an' trembled,
An' I didn't dast to stir;
She said that country teachin'
Was somethin' new for her,
An' that she was awful lonely
An' couldn't stand much more,
An' asked me would I help her out—
So I up an' swept the floor!

Mary

Mary had a little dress,
Dainty, chic and airy;
It didn't show the dirt a bit,
But, gosh, how it showed Mary!

Our Football Team a Year from Now—

BETTER HOMES
AND GARDENS
FRANK HILL, JR.

Europe After the Sec

Shoot the Liquor

RAY W

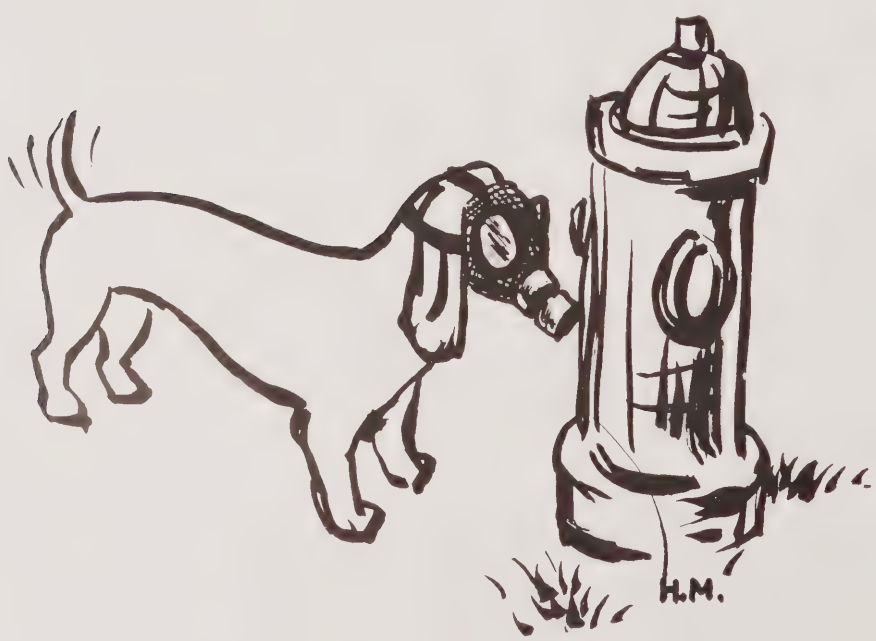
Merely because the continent of Europe has remained fairly stationary for several centuries, there is no reason to believe that it will always remain so. Heraclitus's statement, "Everything is flux", is just as true now as it was in 500 B. C., and the chances are that after the current defense measures being taken by the various nations of Europe are completed you will have to use your bifocals to make anything out of the ensuing maps.

Nothing will better fill space and prove less than a brief review of the first World War. That conflict was waged between two groups of nations, the Allies, composed of England, France, Siam, Montenegro, and Guatemala, and the Central Powers, consisting of Germany, Bulgaria, and Turkey. (The popular belief that the United States entered the war is now known to be propaganda issued by Wilson's enemies in Congress). Since 1914 many years have passed (25) and much has happened. Wilson is dead, the Black Sox have been banned from organized baseball, and nobody wants to go back to Germany. Once again England and France are fighting their old enemy, but without their former allies. Siam has signed a non-aggression pact with Tibet, and as yet no one has succeeded in finding Montenegro and Guatemala. Also, Germany has lost Bulgaria and Turkey as allies. There has been some comment of late to the effect that Russia, and possibly Italy, will join Germany, but Russia is such a huge country and has such a heterogenous population that no one knows what to make of her. We will take up Italy later, when we get ..... good and ready.

In the midst of these baffling and contradictory events we are forced to consider the following five questions: (1) Can Germany Win? (2) Can England and France win? (3) Are you from Dixie? (4) Is it possible that Montenegro and Guatemala are hiding in the Antartic? (5) If so, who will find them? The answers to these pregnant queries in the order named, are: (1) Possibly. (2) Come again? (3) Yes (Ger. Ja.). (4) Anything is possible. (5) Stop mumbling! We will now discuss these questions in detail.

(1) Germany's hope of victory depends on the success of one strategic stroke. Her plan is to fly over England and drop an eight-team cricket league by parachute in order to distract the English and keep their attention on home affairs. If the brand of cricket is good, Germany has a chance. If not, well.....

(2) This question is far more complicated. As usual, England will depend upon her sea power and her ability to keep possible German allies out of the war. For example, Italy, which someone has described as a "peninsula", has hesitated to join Germany because of the threat of Gibralter. For some time England has been concentrating picks, shovels, and explosives on the big rock, preparatory to blowing the thing to bits and overflooding Italy. If Italy's first line of defense, viz., Corsica and Sicily, fall, she is sunk. Mussolini knows this. England will adopt a somewhat similar policy against Russia. The Volga and the Dnieper rivers will be dammed at their mouths



nd Great World War

Me John---Boy!

LIAMS

Bennett Creech

and in a few months Russia will be under several feet of water. Just wait until the Russians find water in their vodka! Whoopee! As for France, she will do the fighting.

(3) This question is silly. This thing needs reediting.

(4) This is a very important question. Everyone knows that England and France need the aid of Montenegro and Guatemala, especially since there have been no recent Nazi uprising in Bangkok, and the Siamese seem to be fairly contented with peace. However, if these countries are hiding in the Antarctic they will probably be cold to all proposals. Get it?

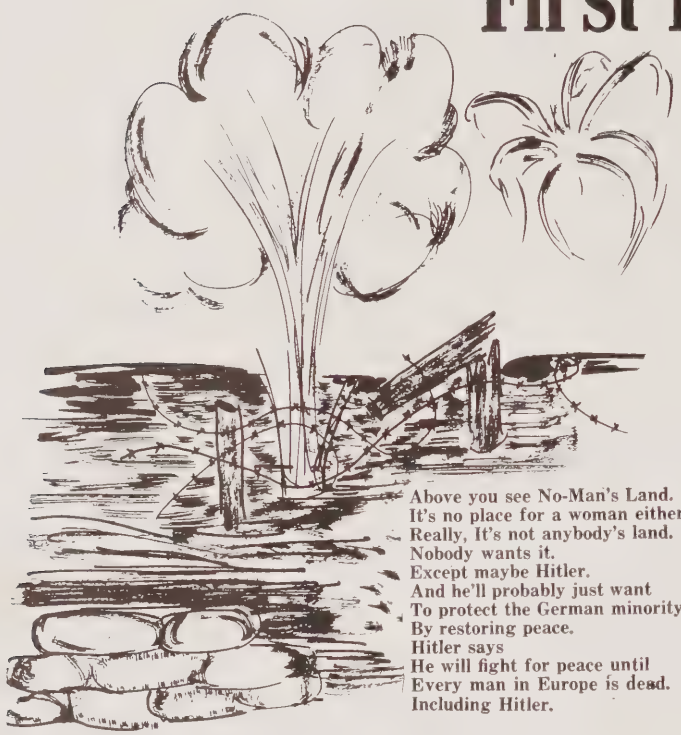
(5) There can be only one answer to the last question. Admiral Byrd. His critics claim that he is in the employ of England and France, and that his next exploring expedition will actually be a search for Montenegro and Guatemala. Of course, this would not be easy to believe, were it not for the rather significant statement made by him in a recent interview. When questioned concerning the nature of his forthcoming expedition, he replied, "Well, I ain't going prospecting." Nothing definite, you know, but it makes you stop and think, doesn't it?

And there is the awful picture of Europe today. Hate, bombs, destruction, and rapine. As long as there is rapine, there will be wars.

This
Is a Hand-Grenade.
It looks rather like
A pineapple.
As a matter of fact
It is sometimes
Called a pineapple,
In Chicago.
A pineapple
Has no kick.
A hand-grenade
Does.
So does
A mule.

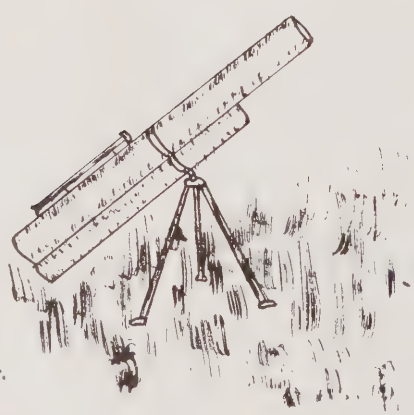
1939

First Reader



Above you see No-Man's Land.
It's no place for a woman either.
Really, It's not anybody's land.
Nobody wants it.
Except maybe Hitler.
And he'll probably just want
To protect the German minority
By restoring peace.
Hitler says
He will fight for peace until
Every man in Europe is dead.
Including Hitler.

In the air is
A Bomber.
It is a German Bomber.
Because it is
Dropping bombs.
If it were English
This picture would be
Full of propaganda.
Stepping carefully
Between the Bombs
Is a Bum.
We don't know
What he is doing.
He doesn't belong there.
He will probably be
Bummed off.



This is
An Anti-Aircraft Gun.
It was made in Germany
While Germany was
Disarming.
Hitler said he was
Going to use it
For holding Sky-Rockets
On the Fourth of July.
Only they don't celebrate
The Fourth in Germany.
It was
A good sky-rocket holder.
It is also a good
Anti-Aircraft gun.

This, of course,
Is a man—
Of a sort.
He is a soldier
And wears a uniform.
Which is dirty.
Like the Buccaneer;
Uniformly dirty.
We don't know
Who he is fighting for.
It doesn't matter.
It doesn't matter
To him much, either.
He'd just as soon
Fight for one side
As the other.
He doesn't know
What it is all about
Anyway.

CARROLL McGAUGHEY '39

Exchange

It came to pass, one day in the reign of Solomon the great, that the Queen of Sheba brought to his court one hundred university students, fifty male and fifty female, and she caused them all to be dressed alike unto each other, so that one could not tell which were the men and which were the women. And the Queen of Sheba sayeth to King Solomon the wise, "Here, oh clever ruler, be fifty sorority sisters and fifty freshmen, and they be dressed alike unto each other, so that by looking at them one cannot tell them one from the other. Now, oh king, if thou are so clever, tell me as thou sits't on thy throne, which be which."

And so began Solomon the great, "It seems there was once a traveling salesman . . ." and he telleth the story of the salesman to the hundred, and lo! fifty of the group smiled knowingly, while fifty blushed deeply.

And then sayeth Solomon the wise, "Guards, bring forward those who blushed,"—and they did—and then sayeth the king, "Here, Queen, be your fifty freshmen," and lo! it was so.

Such was the wisdom of Solomon the Great.

—*Varieties*

One of the college's Social Research workers tells a yarn about one of his visits to a local insane asylum. In one of the cells sat a man whose only garment was a hat.

"My good man," cried the interested student, "that's no way to be sitting around. Why don't you put some clothes on?"

"Because," replied the inmate sadly, "nobody ever comes to see me."

"But," said the student, "why do you wear a hat?"

The nut shrugged his shoulders. "Oh," he exclaimed, "somebody might come." —*Lampoon*

To put it bluntly, Joe contracted a severe case of what the French call *mal der mer*. He was playing both ends against his middle, as the saying goes; so he came on deck to get some air. While he was leaning nonchalantly on the rail contemplating his navel, one of the sailors came up and asked him how things were coming.

Carolina Headquarters

The LEEDS

It's the MacTerry Tweed this Fall for the discriminating college man.

AVAILABLE IN ALL THE NEW SHADES

Miller-Bishop Co.

108 Corcoran St. Durham, N. C.

Joe told him and the sailor laughed and said, "That's nothing, Joe. I can fix you up in a minute." Joe started to grin and say, "That's peachy," but he changed his mind and said, "Pardon me for a minute." Then he straightened up and said, "What's the shot?"

The sailor told him, "If you want to feel better, the only thing to do is take out your alimentary canal and turn it inside out and hang it over the rail so that you don't have to bother with it."

Joe said, "Thank you, I'll do that." And so he reached down and pulled out his alimentary canal and hung it on the rail. He felt much better.

—*Jack-o'-Lantern*

It seems that Joe Glotz, suits, coats, hats and ladies wear, called his assistant into the back of the store one morning and said: "Me and Rosie Cheeks are going to get married this afternoon. I want you to hire a taxi and fix it up with old shoes and cowbells, and things for us to drive around in. It will be good advertising."

The assistant could see much possibility in the suggestion and set to work with gusto.

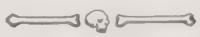
That afternoon when Joey and his blushing bride came down the steps of the hall where the taxi was waiting, across the back was a huge sign reading:

"Wedding car of Joe Glotz. Clothing one-half off and going fast."

—*Old Maid*

Once upon a time there was a lady who bought a rabbit for a rabbit-stew. On the way home from the butcher she slipped on the icy pavement, fell, hurt herself, and began to cry while still sitting on the ice. A passing drunk, seeing the woman weeping bitterly, tried to console her thusly, "Don't cry, lady, it would have been an idiot anyway. Lookit the ears on it."

—*Cherub.*



Stranger: Why is it that none of these autoists around here put out their hands when turning corners?

Cop: You see, this is a college town, and the young chaps ain't octopuses.

Hell Speaks; CPU Happy

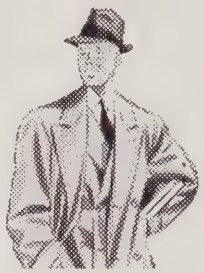
The Buccaneer, in pursuing its present policy of service till it stinks, is proud to reprint a speech given here last March at a peace riot sponsored by the CPU. The speaker was Dr. Juarez Hell, professor of marriage and things at Oxford, famous English university at this writing, but which will probably be a famous German university by the time we get this damn thing off the press.

Dr. Hell spoke to three thousand wildly cheering students about the horrors of war for forty-five minutes before he was finally assassinated and drug off somewheres. Following are the highlights of his speech:

"Students: I was just saying to the little missus this morning, 'War is a very unpleasant thing, don't you know?' and she said 'Oh, but yes, Albert (she thinks my name is Albert), you were there, weren't you?' and I said, 'Oh but why yes, I'll say I was there. And let me tell you something, woman,' I said, 'do you know one thing,' and she said, 'No,' and I said, 'War is a very bad influence on people,' and she said, 'You were there, Albert. You ought to know. In fact, I wouldn't be surprised if you are quite right and stuff.' And I *was* right, too. Let me tell you something, students. Stay out of war if it's the last thing you do. It won't get you nowheres. I know, because I was there, wasn't I? Why yes, I was there. It was just too, too horrible, seeing people getting blown up right in front of my eyes all the time and getting my clothes all mussy. I was saying to the little wife just this morning, 'War is awful,' and she said 'Oh but I think you are right, Albert. You were there, weren't - -' "

We had to leave the speech at this point to go study, but we're sure the rest of it was all right too.

Campus Headquarters



● **Distinctive Tailoring for College Men**

Carolina Men's Shop
Robert Varley '37

"My gosh—twins! Have I been away eighteen months?"

Biographies of Famous Men

Chamberlain, Sir Neville—Inventor of the umbrella, designed originally for keeping rain off. Later used it to scare politicians by opening and closing it rapidly in their faces. They got used to his bluff and he had to resort to the parachute which worked on the same principle.

Ciano, Count—History says he was son-in-law of Mussolini, but contemporaries thought he was a son of something else.

Daladier, Edouard — French, we think, philosopher. Most often used quotation: "Fifty Million Frenchmen can't be dead."

Eden, Anthony—Believed to have been mythical character. Possible confusion with Adam in Eden. (See Holy Bible)

Emmanuel, Victor.—Believed to have been Italian, but little is known of him. Probably of no importance.

Hitler, Adolph. — German painter of the 20th century. At one time submitted plans for laying out Europe, but they were not accepted. Pacifist so long as he got what he wanted.

Mussolini, Benito—Early ruler of Italy. Designed a fence that was comfortable to sit on, and sat on it. (see Mugwump)

Roosevelt, Franklin D.—Early philosopher. Famed for witticisms, i. e. "I have seen war; I hate war." Also inventor of the false fireplace with built-in radio.

Schusennig, Kurt Von.—Orator: "Give me Liberty or give me Death." He died.

Stalin, Josef. — Dictator of Russia. Operated on the theory of: "Everything I have is yours, comrade, but, by God, you'd better not touch it."

Windsor, David.—Playwright of the 20th century. Most famous work: "Love Conquers All—Maybe."

—CARROLL MCGAUGHEY

We wonder why the iceman smiles so,
When his glance happens to meet
The sign: "Please drive slow;
The child in the street
May be yours, you know."

Saturday Molly bit Galigan Zonzales, 8, 2140 W. 44th St. Sunday she bit Pedro Menendes, 9, 2138 W. 44th St. Yesterday she bit William Papenfuse 2, 2136 W. 44th St.

—*Cleveland Plain Dealer*

She's moving east.

—*Varieties*

"Tomorrow's Styles—Today"

Featuring
Newest in . . Style Trends
Meet your friends here
Pritchard-Bright & Co.
Washington Duke Hotel Bldg.
DURHAM

Traveling Man: That cutie is maid on the fourth floor in this hotel, isn't she?

Another One: Well, I've had pretty good luck with her on the third.

He: How many drinks does it take to make you dizzy?

She: Two, and don't call me dizzy.

—*Michigan Gargoyle.*

Professor: "Why are you tardy this morning, Mr. Jones?"

Jones: "Class started before I got here."

"HELL!"

Just what is meant by this word Hell?
They say sometimes, "It's cold as Hell."
Sometimes they say, "It's hot as Hell."
When it rains, "It's Hell" they cry,
It's also "Hell" when it is dry.
They hate like "Hell" to see it snow,
It's "A Hell of a wind" when it starts to blow.
Now "How in Hell" can anyone tell
"What in Hell" they mean by this word "Hell?"
The married life is "Hell" they say.
When he comes in there's "Hell to pay."
When he starts to yell, it's "A Hell of a note."
It's "Hell" when the kid you have to tote,
It's "Hell" when the doctor sends his bills,
For a "Hell of a lot" of trips and pills.
When you get this you know real well
Just what is meant by the word "Hell."
"Hell yes," and "Hell no," and "Oh Hell" too,
"The Hell you don't" and "The Hell you do"
And "What in Hell" and "The Hell it is"
Now "Who in Hell" and "Oh Hell where?"
And "What the Hell do you think I care?"
But the "Hell of it is" "It's sure as Hell"
We don't know "What in Hell" is "Hell."

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Ed. Note—All this and no mention of war.

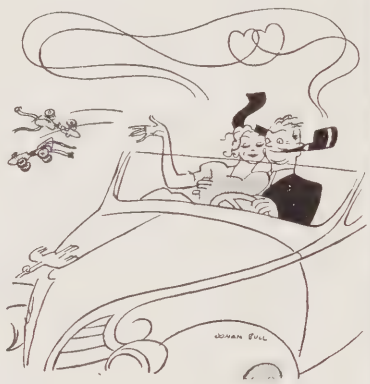
Guard: Sir, the prisoners are rioting again.

Warden: What's the matter now?

Guard: The chef used to cook for a fraternity.

HOW HE MARRIED HER WITHOUT A SCENT!

AL'S NEW CAR won Peg's fancy, but his new pipe got her nanny—it smelled fierce! So on went her roller skates to head for home. Wait! Here's the postman!



HE TOLD AL to clean his pipe, and refilled it with mild Sir Walter. Peg stopped to sniff, stayed to snuggle. The fragrant burley blend *always* wins! Try a tin!

New!
CELLOPHANE TAPE around lid seals flavor in . . . brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO
FOR CIGARETTES
PIPE
UNION MADE
IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—*Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.*

"Still engaged to Maude?"

"No."

"Good; how'd you get rid of her?"

"What?"

"How'd you drop the old hag?"

"I married her."

"Ah, yes, love is the world's greatest drama."

"Stop!"

"No, no, the play must go on!"

Dr.: I'd like to have a quart of blood for transfusion. Can you give it?

Stude: I can only give you a pint. I gotta shave tomorrow.

—Varieties

"I'm a man of few words, will you or won't you?"

"Ordinarily I wouldn't but you talked me into it."

He who can, does. He who cannot, teaches.

—Punch Bowl

Date—There's a certain reason why I love you.

Skirt—*My* goodness.

Date—Don't be absurd.

—Tiger

Pretty girl to old gent waiting on first tee of golf course: "Would you like to play a round with me, sir?" *Jester.*

"Don't cry, Fuehrer. We still have each other."

"You know, there's a baby born in New York every minute."

"Well, don't look at me that way; I live in Philadelphia."

The famous detective arrived on the scene.

"Heavens," he said, "this is more serious than I thought—the window is broken on both sides." *—Observer.*

Lifeguard: "Sir, I have just resuscitated your daughter."

Guv'nor: "Then b'gad, you'll marry her."

Whaffo you sharpenin' 'at razor?

Woman, they's a paiah of gemmen's shoes under yo bed. If they ain't no niggah in them shoes Ah's gonna shave.

His wife ran away with the boarder but he claims it is only a rumor.

DR. J. P. JONES
DENTIST
Upstairs—Next to Post Office
Telephone Office 5761
Telephone Res. 6836

Going nowhere fast are, in the usual order, Trudy Darden, Julia McConnell, and Judy Duke. We'd like to say more about them, but shucks—they're such nice girls.

The Buccaneer Photography Contest

1st prize.....**Two dollars**
2nd prize.....**One dollar**
3rd prize.....**Two theatre tickets**

RULES

1. Anyone may enter contest including Buccaneer staff and their families.

2. Pictures must not be smaller than 2x3 and no larger than 4x6. Ordinary snapshots preferred.

3. The Buccaneer has the right to use any picture entered, prize winner or not.

4. Entrants will receive 15c for each picture used. All pictures will be returned upon request.

5. Number of pictures entered by one student limited to one hundred.

6. Pictures must be of Carolina or Campus life.

Judges

Bill Stauber W. E. Stauber, Jr.
Buccaneer Editor

Contest Closes October 23rd

FOR FALL
FLORSHEIM FEATURES
Bluchers

Style Illustrated $11

Faithful, in every detail of last, leather, and workmanship, to the authentic hand-crafted Bluchers originated many years ago by the custom boot makers of London.

Most Blucher Styles $10 *Most Regular Styles* $8.75

Roscoe Griffin Shoe Company
114 West Main Street
DURHAM, N. C.

Fads and Fashions

JOE COLLEGE

Trust the college man to be different—first last and always. As soon as the "mob" starts wearing his precious clothes creations he will drop them in favor of the Great God Innovation. Year before last the well dressed college man wore a two button sport coat; last year it was three buttons; and this year it is four buttons (yes, all four in front).

This year's crop of college men is no different from any other that has beaten the well worn paths to Sweet Briar, Randolph-Macon, Hollins, and other magnetic spots the country over; they all want to dress up-to-the-minute yet not be too conspicuous. Colleges are the breeding places of new styles. What the college man wears this year the high school boy and young man-about-town will be wearing next year.

But to get on with what "they" are wearing this fall. The three button sport coat will be by far the most popular again but the four button coat will be seen quite a bit. This four button coat can best be worn by a tall man. The top button is placed very high leaving only a short opening to the neck. As with all other models of today, the back is plain and very loose fitting. As to length it seems that coats get longer and longer every day. Material? Well, a soft shetland, tweed, or cheviot is best although whipcord or covert look good in this model, also.

The newest and most daring innovation this fall is the three button fly front sport coat which was introduced at Princeton University last spring at their annual house party weekend. The main feature of the fly front coat is having no buttons visable on the coat front as they are hidden by the fly. The fly is constructed just as it is on a topcoat or reversible except that it does not extend the entire length of the coat but only covers the three buttons. This coat will not reach its

height of popularity until next year as it is so radically new.

College men set fashions in shoes too and this fall bluchers are finding more favor on the campus than ever before. These comfortable shoes come in a wide variety of leathers among which are pigskin, Norwegian calf, and even cordovan. One of the smartest models out this fall is a blucher in hand stained pigskin which is a new treatment of a leather long famous on college campuses. Bluchers can be had in crepe soles or most any kind of sole desired but one of the better looking shoes in this category is a plain Norwegian calf uppers with a thick red rubber sole.

Speaking of coats again there's the six button model of U. S. Army blue, that hangs more or less like a sack; refuses to hold a crease; and has tarnishable buttons, which will probably be worn more than any other model this fall. It can be had in two sizes—too large or too small. But don't worry, it is designed to catch the eye of *les femmes françaises!*

Skipper Bowles
Ernest King

BETTY COED

There is a touch of informality which is so arresting and so disarmingly simple prevailing on our campus. The College Crazes seem to center around casualty and modesty.

Skirts and sweaters are always the stand-by with gay jackets for change, and saucy blouses in crepes and satins, tailored or dressy to suit the femme, and by all means a reversible from autumn to spring with saddle shoes to minimize fatigue. The trend is apparently toward comfort rather than the gaudy appearance of a tied up Christmas package.

For the much publicized co-ed we suggest an air of complete poise, confidence, and grace. We find the French call it Soigne pronounced "swan-yay"; but to the stronger sex we suggest a shave occasionally, and-not to be so brazen as to pronounce it a luxury, a pair of socks for variety.

Who said the women weren't acquiring the privileges of the men? First smoking and now that jaunty note of Porky-pies that are fast assuming the place of bandanas and New Yorkers.

For prom-trotters the style tends towards bustles, this year's seasonal note, but not without a sigh of relief from the masculinity who labored with hoops last year and also co-eds with natural effect. Too, there must be nothing more pleasing to your drag than to find you are always natural in evening attire, instead of looking with horror upon his hearts desire stumbling over skirts and fussing with hooks and straps.

Finally we urge the Carolina co-ed to try originality of fad and fashion instead of waiting for Vassar or Smith to be new and different.

Helen Plyler

—ARROW SHIRTS — McCURRACH AND BOTANY TIES—

FORMAL WEAR — KNIT TIES — GRAY FLANNELS

SWANK JEWELRY — DOBBS HATS

For Your Present Needs
—A Sports Coat

In a Few Months
—A Uniform

Let us fit you with our PHOTOFIT

Thames Clothing Shop

"Rusty" Smith, Mgr. "Skipper" Bowles "Chunk" Jenkins

— McGREGOR SPORTSWEAR — WHITEHALL AND BOSTONIAN SHOES —

Late News Bulletin

Washington, April 23.—(PP)—It has been reported from a reliable source that Congress has just passed— see next page

"Sistie and Buzzie Dahl hate war."

RENT
or
BUY

The Latest

Fiction
Biography
Poetry
Plays

From the

Bull's Head Bookshop

Ground Floor of Library

Thirteen Men—Dog—

ing back to the spring of thirty-five—was reported to be the lady killer in Richmond last summer.

Vocals—Jimmy Applewhite of Greensboro, via way of Jimmy Fuller's band—George Simon of *Metronome* says that this lad would gladden any band leader's heart—girls, just wait till you hear "I Cried For You."

Mascot—"Offbeat" Johnson, a pedigreed wire-haired Fox terrier who according to Freddy, has become an excellent passenger for cars, boats, trains, and planes . . . Freddy took him in off the street only to find that he was as pure as pure can be.

Like all good band leaders, Freddy has had some boys to go big time. Johnny Best and Whitey Thomas are two of the best examples. Johnny is now with Glenn Miller after leaving Artie Shaw. Whitey is playing lead horn with Isham Jones. Both are two of the best trumpet men to ever play around here.

Boasting of satisfied customers at the Tantilla in Richmond, Tybee Beach in Savannah, Morehead and Myrtle last summer, Freddy Johnson has returned to the Hill to satisfy all those who like good music.

Records

(Symbols used, V-Victor, C-Columbia, D-Decca, B-Bluebird, Vo-Vocalion)

Hats off to Columbia for bringing Goodman within the reach of all. Some of the best are, sweet BLUE ORCHIDS and WHAT'S NEW, C- 35211, and in the swing THERE'LL BE SOME CHANGES MADE and JUMPIN AT THE WOODSIDE, C-35210.

When in Durham . . .
Dine in Comfort

The Home of Sizzling Steaks

Private Dining Halls

We Never Close

Air Conditioned . . .

The Palms Restaurant

2 Doors West of Center Theatre

N. O. Reeves, Proprietor
305 E. Chapel Hill St.
Durham, N. C.

Tops in Blues is Jack Teagarden's AUNT HAGAR'S BLUES, C- 35206.

More of the mighty sweet Glenn Miller is heard on BLUE MOONLIGHT and MY PRAYER, B1-10404, while Shaw dittos with DAY IN—DAY OUT and PUT THAT DOWN IN WRITING, B1-10406.

Then in keeping with the spirit of things there's:

TENTH REGIMENT MARCH, Victor Military Band—V- 20400

WHERE IS MY BOY TONIGHT? Peerless Quartette—V-22945

TELL MOTHER I'LL BE THERE—Peerless Quartette—V-19877

OVER THERE — American Legion Official Band of Monohan Post, Souix City, Iowa—V-24433

"Now, children," said the teacher who was trying to boost the sale of class photographs, "just think how you'll enjoy looking at the photographs when you grow up. As you look you'll say to yourself, there's Jennie, she's a nurse; there's Tom, he's a judge; and. . ."

"There's teacher," said little Bertie, "she's dead."

—Kettle.

Her dress was tight—
She scarce could breathe;
She sneezed aloud,
And there stood Eve!

—Rammer Jammer

LATE NEWS BULLETIN

OUT.

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LADIES' OUTFITTERS

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DRESSES
and
COATS
for
EVERY OCCASION
"Make My Shop
Your Shop"
My Shop
DURHAM, N. C.

That Sonova—

matter on envelope.] Wire Greetings by Imperial Telegraph. Faster — More Efficient Service. Special Rates for Birthday, Anniversary, Graduation, Rosh Hashonah and Yom Kippur Greetings. Hm! [*opens telegram and reads it aloud.*] IN CASE IT HAS OCCURRED TO YOU TO ANNEX CANADA FORGET IT — N. CHAMBERLAIN. [*to Aide.*] Heinrich, take a letter: Neville Chamberlain, 10 Downing St. London, England. Dear Mr. Chamberlain: In accordance with your request, I am happy to send you under separate cover an autographed photograph of myself. I thank you for your sincere interest in my work and assure you that just as soon as things get straightened out over here, I will make the trip with a few of my boys to see you. A. Hitler.

[*Goering enters. He is thin and pathetic looking.*]

HITLER: Come in Hermann. I thought you were out helping the Great German Airforce drop Christmas cards over London.

Victor, Blue Bird & Decca Records
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and
Record Players
O'Briants Music Store
109 W. Parrish St. Phone F-6261
Durham

GOERING: Adolf, you know going up in the air makes me sick. Especially on an empty stomach. Which reminds me—got anything to eat?

[*Messenger brings in another telegram.*]

HITLER: [*rips it open and reads.*] NOT IF I SEE YOU FIRST — CHAMBERLAIN. There's a first-class bore for you. For a whole week-end when he dropped in to see me at Munich last year he talked me blue in the face about the trouble he has raising Gladioli in the London Fog. Never would have got around to discussing Czechoslovakia if I hadn't stuck that gun in his back and asked him if he didn't think Czechoslovakia wanted to return to the Reich.

GOERING: What did he say?

HITLER: He said he thought so.

GOERING: [*laughing.*] So that's how Munich was born, Eh?

HITLER: Well, it wasn't as simple as all that. You see, while I was shoving a gun in his back, Benito whacked him over the head with a lead pipe.

GOERING: [*laughing more heartily.*] Oh, Adolf, you're a card. Ha. Ha. Ha.

[*Aide brings in another telegram.*]

AIDE: A telegram from America, Mein Fuehrer.

HITLER: If it's from Roosevelt—tear it up.

AIDE: It's not from Roosevelt, Mein Fuehrer.

HITLER: [*eargerly.*] Oh, let me see it. It might be another love letter from Father Coughlin. He owes me one. [*opens telegram: reads.*] WIRE IMMEDIATELY $500 BAIL STOP THOUGHT YOU SAID THIS WAS A FREE COUNTRY— FRITZ KUHN.

GOERING: Lucky Fritz. Getting three meals a day and still he kicks.

HITLER: What time is it Hermann?

GOERING: Lunchtime — er — I mean 12:30. Well—I think I'll be getting along. [*On way out passes near bowl of fruit in the middle of the room.*]

HITLER: Hermann! Put down that grape!

[*As Goering backs out, he bumps into two strapping Agents of the Gestapo who are rushing into the room.*]

AGENTS: [*in unison.*] We have uncovered a plot against the state, Fuehrer.

HITLER: You have nipped it in the bud, I trust.

AGENTS: [*in unison.*] We have, Fuehrer. We learned of a man who in a moment of weakness drank a quantity of pure cow's milk.

HITLER: [*angered.*] Traitor! Talcum powder dissolved in warm water wasn't good enough for him. He has been dealt with, I hope.

AGENTS: [*in unison.*] Yes, Fuehrer. We hung him yesterday.

HITLER: Ah! It is good that you taught him a lesson. Have a Sandwich?

[*He throws them a sandwich*

(Continued on page 27)

YOUR WATCH IS VALUABLE
For Repairs Trust Skilled Repairmen
Geo. W. Ferrell
Durham — 108 W. Parrish St. — Opposite Silver's
Carrboro — Ferrell & Hill
3 WATCHMAKERS

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CARTWRIGHT
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ELLEN KAYE DRESSES
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The Smart Young Miss
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The Elite Shop
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Exacting in every detail from the broad sweep of the lapels to the graceful drape of the trousers. Tailored by GORDON-WHITNEY and most reasonably priced.

$25

van Straaten's

DURHAM

Hiram went out with a girl he hadn't seen in several years. Conversation was lacking, but finally he said:

"Kinda nice out, ain't it?"

"Yes, isn't it," was the reply.

A little later.

"Moon's awful pretty, ain't it?"

"Yes, isn't it."

Finally they stopped by the old cemetery and after a while—

"Kinda gruesome, ain't it?"

"Yes, hasn't it," she gasped.

Ta' hell with the expense! Give the canary another seed."

—*Blue Bucket.*

"Should a father of fifty marry again?"

"No, that's enough."

University Shoe Shop

2nd Door from Post Office

We Specialize in Repairing, Soling and Shining Shoes

ALL WORK EXCELLENT

The Gory Road—

is shot away, and stomach is trailing behind him on floor.]

PRIVATE. It's nothing. Only a scratch. Anybody got a cigarette? Get the hell off my stomach.

VOICE FROM RED CROSS. It wasn't me that said that, Major. Just stay where you are.

[*Three lifeless bodies are dragged in. Sergeant loses control of emotions and throws self on floor, sobbing brokenly.*]

GENERAL. Get up, Sergeant. The army is no place for sentiment, you know, even if one of those men is your twin brother. We all have to go sometime, you know.

SERGEANT. Dammit, can I help it if I get homesick once in a while? [CURTAIN]

ACT 13

Scene One

—Lieutenant, did you have those spies shot this morning, as I ordered?

—I did, sir.

—And what did you do with the bodies?

—Disposed of them in the usual manner, sir.

—Good. I promote you to rank of captain. Here are a few medals. Don't let them go to your head.

—I won't, sir. Thank you, sir. [*Aside.*] Boy, if my sugar-baby could only see me now. If I go any higher, there's no telling where I'll wind up. No doubt my authority and influence will soon be spread over the whole army.

[*Two or three bombs land at his feet and go off, spreading his authority and influence over the whole army.*]

AUDIENCE. More gore.

Scene Two

—First call to mess!

—Cease firing men. Into the trenches for lunch.

—Waiter, there's a fly in my soup.

—That's not a fly. That's a louse. This is spy soup.

[CURTAIN]

ACT 13

Trenches of the enemy. Much activity. General confusion.

—Sieben kommen elebben. Oh boy, boid eyes!

—Hoellenfeuer! Verdammen der luck! Cripes!

[*Enter* GENERAL VON RIPPENTRIPE, *nose running.*]

VON RIP. Stand at attention! Der Fuehrer is coming in person to make us a speech.

SOLDIERS. Oh goody, der Fuehrer! [*Aside.*] Aw, hell! What's he coming for?

[*Enter* DER FUEHRER. *Hisses from audience.*]

DER FUEHRER. My frans. This war has been forced upon us. We must win it at all cost. You must sacrifice your lives, if possible. Do you agree with me?

SOLDIER. Heil! You said it, kid.

[*Exit* DER FUEHRER.]

—Schakem up. Clear the floor. Rollem.

—Kommen to papa. Baby needs new gas mask. Slingem.

[*Suddenly light begins to dim, and a thin, single beam of radiance flashes across the heavens. The clouds open, and a glistening, white dove, symbol of peace, is seen descending on the beam of light. The dove circles lower, easily, gracefully, then pauses for a brief, infinitesimal moment of immobility and drops bomb. He flies off, screeching with laughter.*]

AUDIENCE. [*Chanting in unison.*] Why, the damn little buzzard.

[CURTAIN]

"Music Sweet—With a Dash of Heat"

Ted Ross & His Orchestra

Featuring Virginia Alderson

The little girl's mother had gone away to the mountains for a rest cure, and the young child was left in the care of her father. When night came the little girl crawled into bed, and then called her daddy. Her father came quickly and asked his daughter what she wanted.

"Are you going to tuck me in, like you tuck mommy?" asked the child. Her father said of course he would.

"Are you going to kiss me good-night, like you kiss mommy?" she whispered. The father replied by kissing her.

"Will you lie down next to me, like you do with mommy?" The father lay down next to his daughter.

"And now, daddy, will you whisper in my ear like you do with mommy?" The father hesitated an instant, and then whispered, "Buzz-buzz-buzz."

The little girl opened her eyes wide, turned to her father, and then quietly whispered, "No, not tonight, daddy. I'm too tired."

—*Varieties*

Lovers, like all people who are blind, develop a wonderful sense of touch. —*Jester.*

He had never dated
He had never wed
He would hardly speak to a femme
But he followed the hosiery and lingerie ads
And he learned about women from them.

—*Exchange.*

English 3-speed
and
New Lightweight
AMERICAN BICYCLES
Sales—Rentals—Repairs
Carolina Cycle Co.
Opposite Post Office
Student Owned and Operated

That Sonova—

Schnabel. You know—death by suicide.

AIDE: Oh, yes, Mein Fuehrer. Oh, I almost forgot. Here's a telegram that just came in. [*Hands it to Hitler.*]

HITLER: [*Reading advertising and watches them with interest as they fight between themselves for the larger share. They struggle for some minutes and finally both collapse from sheer exhaustion.*] Heinrich!

[*Aide enters; ignores bodies.*]

AIDE: Yes, Mein Fuehrer.

HITLER: Heinrich, I feel a speech coming on. Summon the Reichstag for tomorrow night.

AIDE: [*frightened and hesitant.*] Mein Fuehrer, I hate to be the one to break the news. We hoped we wouldn't have to tell you. But, I guess there's no use keeping it from you any more. The fact is—well, there is no more Reichstag. The members have all died—malnutrition.

HITLER: [*furious.*] What! No Reichstag! That's preposterous. Well, no matter. Give me a national hookup for tomorrow night. I can still speak to the people.

AIDE: [*still more frightened.*] Mein Fuehrer, I hate to have to bring you this bad news all at once, but there are no more people either.

HITLER: [*screaming.*] No more People! Where are they?

AIDE: They too have all perished.

HITLER: All of them from malnutrition?

AIDE: No, Mein Fuehrer. Some of them died from boredom. You see they had nothing to read but Mein Kampf—

HITLER: [*shrieking.*] Heinrich!! You have been reading British Propaganda.

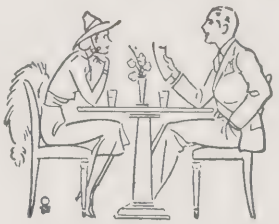
[*Hitler takes gun from his desk and shoots Heinrich. He walks to the window, looks out, sees nobody, and says.*] Guess I'm the only one left. Now I'll show them who's boss.

[*Goes to desk and takes up magazine True Confessions. Starts to Read. After a few minutes he takes an address book from his back pocket. He picks up the telephone and dials a number.*]

Hello, is this Cordell Hull? Are you still taking emmigrants from Germany? Well — this is Adolf Hitler — I was wondering if by some chance—

CURTAIN

Welcome
We invite you to drop in at the
Village Inn



Our congenial atmosphere makes dining and dancing a pleasure in a distinctive manner.

We specialize in
FINE
WESTERN STEAK and CHICKEN DINNERS

The Village Inn
Located just outside Durham at Intersection of New Raleigh Road—Route 70.

Father (calling on family doctor): "Doctor, my son has cholera and the worst part of it is that he admits he caught it from kissing the housemaid."

Doctor: "Oh well, young people will do thoughtless things."

Father: "But doctor, to be quite frank, I kissed the girl myself."

Doctor: "By Jove, that is too bad."

Father: "And to make matters worse, since then I kissed my wife every morning and evening. I'm afraid that she too will . . . ."

Doctor (wildly): "Oh, my gosh, we'll all have it."

—*Log.*

"That girl you've been going with is on her way to the doctor's office!"

"Well, I'll be blamed!"

—*Varieties*

He: How about some old-fashioned loving?

She: All right, I'll call grandma down for you.

Jack-o-Lantern.

This is one of those stories which might be true but then again. It sounds a little exaggerated to us.

A young man named Joe is said to have gone on a cruise as a passenger on a tramp steamer. The weather was fine for a few days and Joe enjoyed himself immensely, even though he could not find any tramps. Then, on the fourth day aboard, there was a storm.

A prof who comes two minutes early to class is very rare—in fact—he's in a class by himself. —*Varieties.*

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Visit this smart shop away from the high rental district and save the difference.

When in Durham . . .
Try Our
Special Blueplate Dinner—30c
Also Soda Fountain Service
•
Monticello Cafe
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Between P. O. & Center Theatre
We Never Close

We Haven't Seen Them Since They Joined The Staff

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Ike Bynum, James Piver, Leonard Copen, Moyer Mendenhall, Harold Padgett, Jr., Philip H. Clegg, John Oliver, Robert Emmet Brown, Bill Cobb, Jesse Noble, Roger Matthews, Billy Redfern, Stuart McIver, Louis J. Scheinman, Sue Klaber, Anne Bates, Bob DeGuzeman, George Grotz, Bill Weil, Dick Farley, Bud Uzman, Bill Carmel, Guy Smith, Bill Langford, George Wilson, G. A. Lemmon, Arthur Fischer, Adolf Hitler, Bill Stauber.

Announcement
NEXT MONTH

The BUCCANEER you've always dreamed of!!!

OUT — NOVEMBER 10th.

HINT: It will not be a PURITY issue.

We can hardly wait, can you? . . . or can you?

To Fraternities:

If you are planning to invite Alumni members of your fraternity to visit you at Homecoming Day, November 4th, let us print the invitations for you.

We can furnish either simple or elaborate designs, and will gladly quote prices on request.

We Offer a Complete Printing Service to the Students of the University

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The Orange Printshop

P. O. Box 271 . . Phone 3391

THE COLLEGE SHOP

Invites

The patronage of college women on the merit of style, variety and value in smart sportswear. . . .

Ellis Stone & Company is the authorized Vogue Headquarters for College Fashions for the Durham Area . . . and

"It Costs No More to Enjoy Ellis Stone's Quality"

Ellis Stone & Co

Durham, N. C.

FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

WINNER:

The bold young lady walked briskly up to the elderly woman whom she took to be the matron of the hospital.

"May I see Mr. Jones, please?"

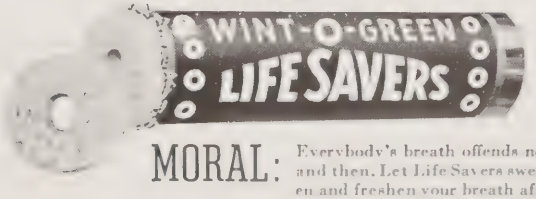
"May I ask who you are?" was the reply.

"Certainly; I'm his sister."

"Well, well. I'm glad to meet you. I'm his mother."

George Stirnweiss
Kenan Stadium
Chapel Hill, N. C.

At breath that's tainted with cheroots,
Fair maidens oft turn up their snoots.
Make sure *your* breath does not offend—
Try Wint-O-Green Life Savers, friend.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and freshen your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

FOR REAL MILDNESS

Swing to Chesterfield

Yes Sir-e-e! Chesterfields take the lead for mildness . . . they take the lead for better taste. With their right combination of the World's best cigarette tobaccos they give millions more smoking pleasure.

. . . watch the change to Chesterfield

They Satisfy

Copyright 1939, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

ovember, 1939 Two Cents

NEW
THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

BUCCANEER

(REVISED EDITION)

Famous Yachtsman calls Camels—"The best cigarette buy"

"THEY BURN LONGER, COOLER, AND THAT'S IMPORTANT"

SAYS JOHN S. DICKERSON, JR.

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK

Cigarettes were compared recently...sixteen of the largest-selling brands...under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 Camels were found to contain *more tobacco by weight* than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 Camels burned *slower* than any other brand tested—25% slower than the average time of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of *5 extra smokes per pack!*

3 In the same tests, *Camels held their ash far longer* than the average time for all the other brands.

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF... MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

PENNY FOR PENNY YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

NATURALLY, a cigarette noted for its generous content of better tobacco gives you better cigarette value, doesn't it? Especially when that same brand smokes longer, slower—gives *more* smoking—than the average of all the other 15 brands compared in laboratory tests! Yes, there *is* such a cigarette. Its name is Camel. Full details are told at right—the results of recent searching tests by impartial scientists. These tests confirm what many smokers have long observed for themselves.

For instance, "Jack" Dickerson (*above, left*), prominent in yachting circles of the Eastern seaboard, says: "Yacht racing is one hobby of mine and you might call Camel cigarettes another. I turned to Camels because they burn longer, smoke milder. They go farther—give extra smoking and always have a fresh, appealing flavor." Camels are mellow, fragrant with the aroma of choice tobaccos in a matchless blend. Turn to Camels, the cigarette of costlier tobaccos, for more pleasure, more smoking.

Camels—*Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*

Editorial

•

—The Editor

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

BUCCANEER

Literally, a Comic Monthly

BILL STAUBER, Editor-in-Chief (or am I?)

Mack Hobson, *Assoc. Editor* Bert L. Premo, *Business Mgr.*

Volume XVI Issue 3 Number 2

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He squeezed her in the dark and kissed her.

And for a moment bliss was his.

"Excuse me, but I thought it was my sister!" he said.

She smiled and cooed, "It is!"

College Graduate—Will you pay me what I'm worth?

Employer—I'll do better than that! I'll give you a small salary to start with.

"Only $12 a week!" he cried. "How can a man be a Christian on $12 a week?"

"How," yelled a voice, "can he be anything else?"

Barber: Do you want anything on your face when I'm finished, sir?

Customer: Well, I hope you'll leave my nose.

"I started out on the theory that the world had an opening for me."

"And you found it?"

"Well rather. I'm in the hole now."

He—How many drinks does it take to make you dizzy?

She—Two, and don't call me dizzy.

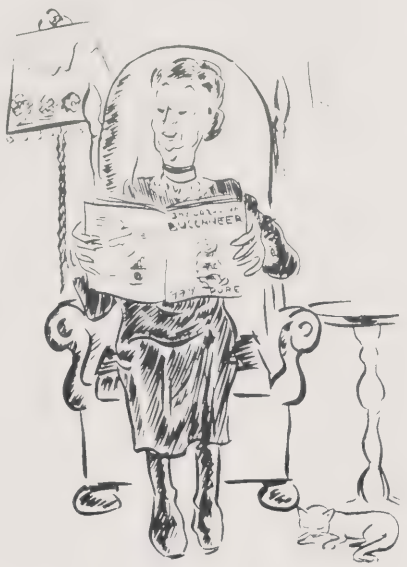
—*Jester.*

Why does your husband stick out his hand when he's driving?

The worm's getting ready to turn.

"Call the manager, I said! I never seen anything as tough as this steak!"

"You will, sir, if I call the manager!"



Dere ain't no justice in dis here land,
Ah got a divorce frum mah ole man,
But ah laughed and laughed at the court's decision—
They gave him the kids, and
They ain't a his'n.

—*Froth*

"Melvin! Melvin!"

"What, Ma?"

"Are you spitting in the fishbowl?"

"No, Ma, but I'm comin' pretty close."

—*Yellow Jacket*

Do you know three reasons why a girl wears a sweater?

No. Why does she?

One is to keep her warm, and the others are obvious.

Blue eyes gaze at mine—vexation.
Soft hand closed in mine—palpitation.
Fair hair brushing mine—expectation.
Red lips close to mine—temptation.
Footsteps—damnation

NEXT MONTH

The BUCCANEER the Administration has always dreamed of! ! !

The Christmas "GIFT" Issue

for

THE ENTIRE FAMILY

featuring

Campus Survey: Do You Believe in Santa Claus?
Hints on Selecting Christmas Gifts

plus

CARTOONS **STORIES** **PHOTOGRAPHS**

—approved by Good Housebreaking.

Are You Telling Us?
By Y'all

It was our original idea to write this column ourselves, but we received so many letters following the first issue (three to be exact) that we have decided to turn it over to you. So get busy. write in that complaint. Incidentally, we will accept compliments too.

October 11, 1939

Dear "Scum"
(Editor of Buccaneer)

If the so-called humor publication received by the students on this day is funny Webster may change the definition of hilarity to read: "a stomach malady akin to ptomaine poisoning". Upon wandering across the campus this afternoon I was accosted by an odor that one usually associates with something unburied. Sure enough! ! the "Buccaneer" was out! After donning a gas mask to further investigate the ravings of the feeblest idiots on this campus, I feel certain that this sorrowfully punifical piece of literature should meet with your greatest approval.

Respectfully submitted,
(A student who has to subscribe)

Editor's Note: The writer of the above letter submitted "Reasons why women aren't allowed to carry the mails". Such originality is worthy of praise, and no doubt the person who wrote that was given a stirring funeral. Now, if he will send in something original, we will give him one. Furthermore, he can take his place among the "feeblest idiots on this campus".

Mr. Editor; Honey,

With all due respect to the glory of the gory Buccaneer, we sort of cringed when we read one thing. We don't mind about the little fellow on the front cover getting his insides outside, but please turn to page twenty-two, and look at what really got us. In the coed column, first paragraph —the word, *casualty*. Webster says: "Casualty—chance, accident, contingency; and unfortunate occurrence." Oh well, it's a lousy war, anyway, ain't it?

A Coed

Ed. Note: The word was used correctly. It means chance. However, we aren't running this letter to tell you that. Our real reason is to prove to everyone that we finally have a reader for our fashion page. You will never know how good this made us feel. Hats off to our new fashion editor, Helen Plyler. She has a follower.

Editor,
Carolina Buccaneer,

I was disappointed in looking through your first issue this year to find no selection of "the coed, student, and professor of the month" as you said you were going to have last spring. I think that is the best of your few good ideas. What happened to it.

E. B.

Ed. Note: We thought so too. The first month we chose Alta Jane Holden, and Dr. M. D. Taylor. The only student we could think of was ourselves. The whole thing collapsed when Alta Jane failed to show up, the photographer couldn't get in touch with Dr. Taylor, and our hair wouldn't grow out.

Editor,
The Carolina Buccaneer,
Dear Me;

Ed. Note: Me too.

Full Credit

To G. B. Lamm who, by his work for this issue, becomes the Buccaneer's Ace photographer. This is G. B.'s first year on the Buccaneer, and he has already proven such a valuable asset to the staff, that we have practically turned all photography work over to him.

•

Cover

This makes the fifth time we have explained the cover. First, Bill Seeman drew one. It was changed to a cartoon when Hight Moore drew the one that slapped the council in the face. Then we censored it. And then everybody censored it. Hight tried another cover. But Henry Moll, cutting class to do it, finally gets the credit. Let's give 'em all a hand.

Ben Long rising Senior, left a big gap in our art department when he failed to return to school this fall. Ben was slated to take over the title of Art Editor this year. His promise to contribute from time to time however is some consolation.

Seventh Fiddle

by

MACK HOBSON

Percival C. Dingelheifer paused in the act of picking his nose and lit two or three cigarettes. He appeared to be very nervous, because his hands shook so that they knocked over a heavy oak dresser standing at his elbow. In an effort to hide his agitation, he lifted the cigarette to his lips with a nonchalant gesture, but apparently failed, as he put it into his ear instead. Then he took a few grips on himself and threw his shoulders back with determination, breaking his neck in six different places. "How about a date tonight?" he said.

The she-thing reclining on the divan slithered to her feet. "But sweetheart," she said. "I gave you a date only last month. Please don't be unreasonable. Rudolph is coming tonight with his Packard nineteen and stuff."

"But—" said Percy.

"Now there you go being jealous," she said, nicking him cutely under the chin with her finger and slicing his jugular vein with her fingernail. "Can't you understand, dove that this is strictly business? Rudolph has nine million dollars and a bottle of rum."

"O. K. then," said Percy. "How about tomorrow night?"

"Tomorrow night," she said, "I am entertaining a big buyer. Therefore, I won't be able to see you, I hope."

"What does he buy?" said Percy, his brain working like lightning.

"Oh, how should I know?" she said fondly. "I only met him yesterday, and I don't know him well enough to ask insinuating questions."

"Well," said Percy, "what night can I come to see you?"

"That's just like you," she said. "Always pinning me down. Ever since we became engaged, you seem to think you own me. You are getting to be a regular heel. You don't love me any more." She buried her face in her bosom and began to sob brokenly.

Percy stared at the floor, hating himself for his cruelty. He approached her awkwardly, trying to think of something to say, and patted her shoulder consolingly. "Don't cry, sweetheart," he said tenderly. "You are right; I am a heel. Don't we hate me?" He laid his cheek against hers and kissed her gently, then whispered soothingly into her ear. "What would you like for me to get you for your forty-ninth birthday next month?" he said.

Yes, dear, I've been reading Shakespeare all evening.

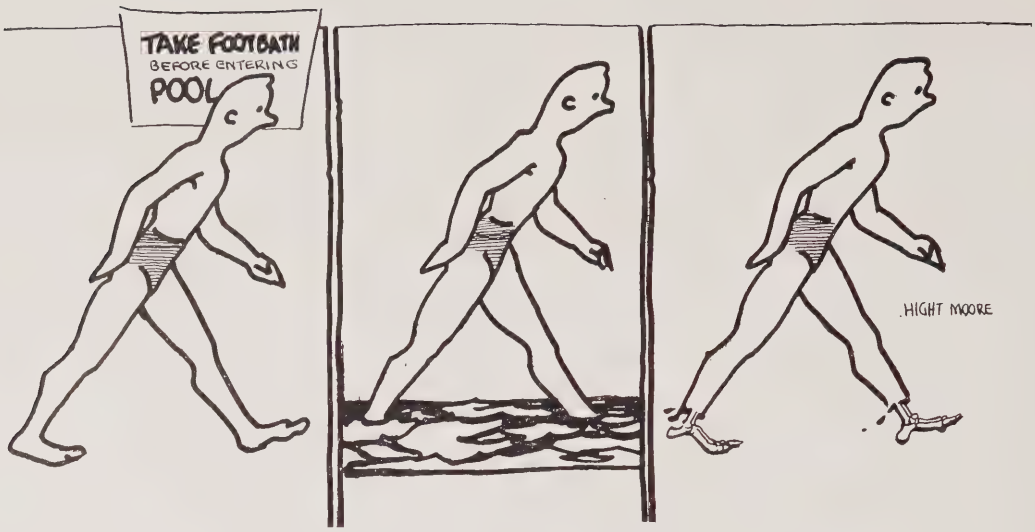
She lifted her head and sucked in her tears. "Do you know that diamond necklace in the window at Finkelstein's?" she said. "You know, the one with the twenty-one diamonds and gold nugget? If you don't, it doesn't make any difference, because I can show it to you most any time. It's beside those three stinking little watches with the emerald wristbands and is just below that cute little platinum bracelet studded with checking accounts." She started to pause for breath, but seeing that it would take up too much time, continued: "Well, I would like three each of the above-mentioned hardware and anything else that your little old cute mind can dope up. I would be more specific, but I just adore surprises, and I know you won't disappoint me, you old sweet lovable stinkeroo you! You know, sweetheart, I think I love you more every day."

"I get richer every day, too," said Percy proudly.

"Yes," she said. "I never knew what true love was like until I met you. Why, every fiber of my being cries out for you. You are my whole life, the light of my soul. Why don't you go home?"

Percy, overcome by his love for her, shook her hand and wobbled unsteadily to the door. He turned in the doorway to see if she were still there, and, seeing that she was, flung himself around her ankles and murmured profusely, "Good night, toots."

"Goodnight," she said, and walked off, dragging Percy with her across the floor. As she step-



Just Some Old Jokes

He: Why wait till we get home to tell me whether you'll marry me or not?

She: I'm scared; this is the very spot where my father proposed to my mother.

He: What about it?

She: Well, on the way home, the horse ran away and father was killed.

—*Spartan.*

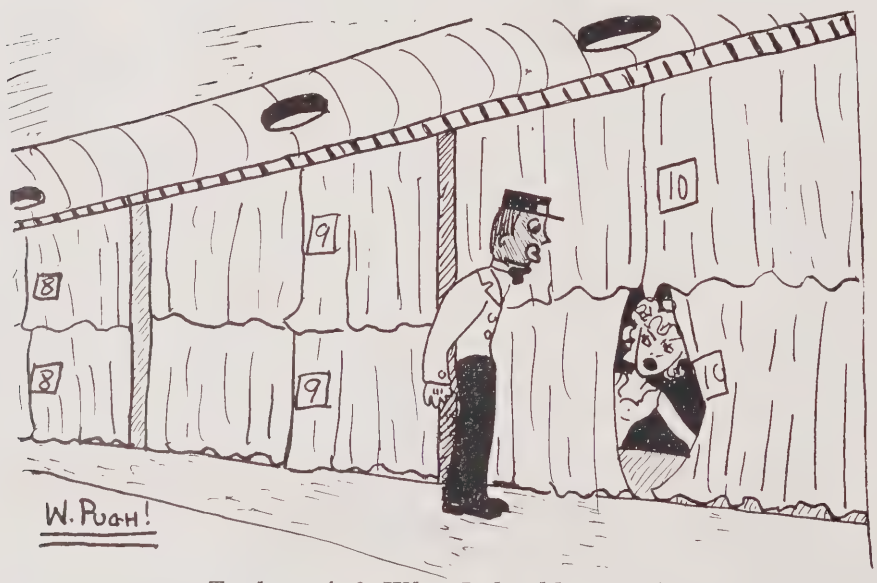
Father: "No, you can't take my daughter riding."

Lenny: "Why not?"

Father: "I don't allow college boys to go out with my daughter."

Lenny: "But I ain't a college boy, I work over in Kelly's pool hall."

Father: "I beg your pardon, sir, my daughter will be ready in a moment."



Tuck me in? Why, I should say not.

Babe: Where were you last night?

Sheik: With you, Babe.

Babe: Thanks, I wasn't sure. Then you're the fellow dad's looking for.

—*Penn Punch Bowl*

A man met a friend on the street, all bandaged up and walking with crutches.

"What happened?" asked the friend.

"Well, I had a date with the girl friend. We were dancing when her father came in. You know he is hard of hearing and couldn't hear the music."

Sigma Nu: "I think it's positively disgusting the way those girls in the sorority house across the street give a show every night when they go to bed. It's absolutely immoral."

Roommate: "But looking down from the window, I don't see anything."

First party: "I know, not from there. But put that chair on the desk, get on it and lean way out to the left—and just tell me what you see!"

She: "No, we mustn't! Didn't you know that Deans have decided to stop necking?"

He: "Aw, heck. The first thing you know they'll be wantin' the students to stop, too."

"Every time I'm kissed it upsets my nerves. If you were a doctor, what would you give me?"

"A nervous breakdown."

Where did you get your lovely figure?

It's very simple. I just eat dried apples and drink water.

So what?

So they make my body swell, silly.

—Osekosh O'Gosh.

"No, Miss Regan, a neckerchief is not the head of a sorority house."

We wonder if we'll have as good a time in hell as we are having getting there.

The heavy sugar daddy and a new chorus girl were enjoying a little dinner in a private room at a roadhouse. As the meal neared its finish he cleared his throat and said: "Er-er, er, how about a little demi-tasse now, dear?"

"I knew it! I knew it!" exploded the girl. "I knew you weren't treating me this nice for nothing."

Doctor: "Humph, I can't quite diagnose your case. I think it's drink."

Patient: "Oh, I see. Now, look here, doctor, would you like me to come back when you're sober?"

"There's the fellow I'm laying for," said the hen as the farmer crossed the yard.

She: Tell me about the police raiding your fraternity house.

He: Oh, that's a closed chapter now.

He: "Come on up to the apartment."

She: "What'll we do?"

"Oh, just talk—and maybe play the uke a little."

"No, I don't want to."

"Well, then, I'll promise to do anything you like."

"No, I don't dare to."

It's not the original cost of underwear that is so bothersome. It is the upcreep.

Husband: Mandy, do you know anything about my wife's whereabouts?

Mandy: Yes, suh, Boss; ah thinks ah put them in de wash.

"Does she have her own way?"

"Does she? Why, she writes her diary a week ahead of time."

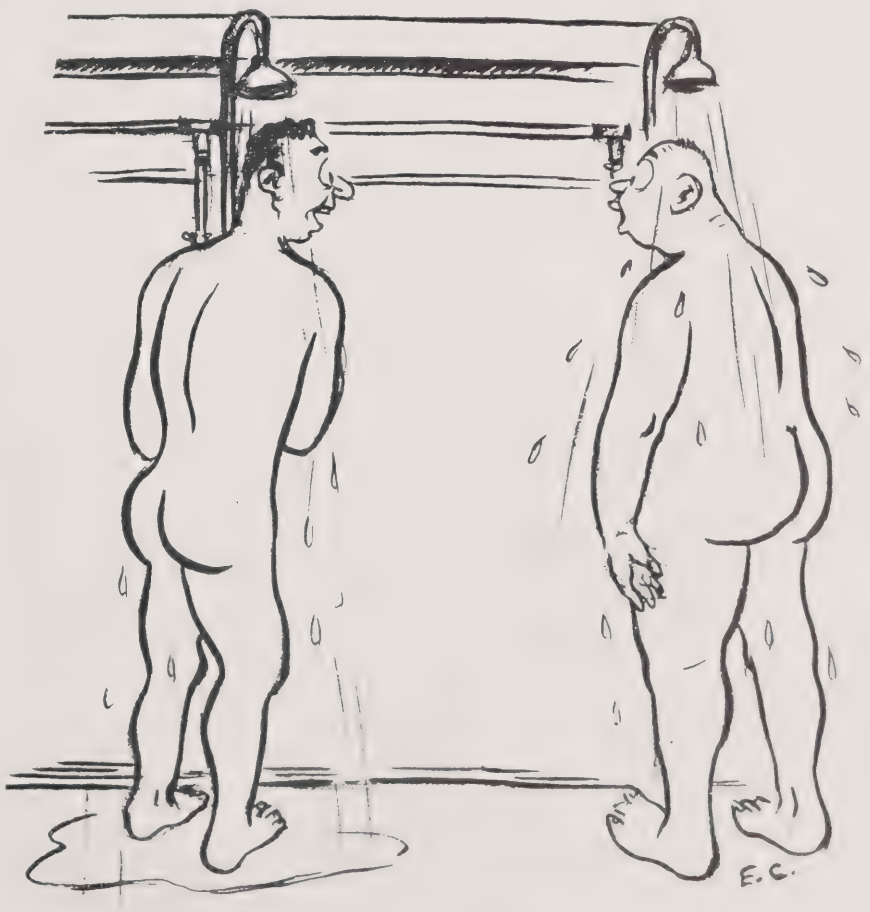
"Goodness, George, this is not our baby. This is the wrong carriage."

"Shut up. This is a better carriage."

Marriage is no good. Jack stopped kissing me right after the ceremony.

He must be a poor husband.

Oh, but Jack isn't my husband.



There's nothing like a good clean up now and then.

Sufferers Unite!!!

Are you shilpit? Are you snooled by those with whom you engage in your favorite ploy? Thraves of people have freed themselves from this defection. Hent this chance to continue your nitid career unashamed. When you feel the urge, do not be afraid to satisfy your desire for loblolly and kvass. But do not become sizy, for the chance of becoming purzy is too great.

Many sufferers, especially tripes, have become habituated to indulging in fool and swizzle. Swizzle is all right in its place, but it should be tippled. A mutchkin of swizzle should be the maximum tiff. Do not leave too many toom swizzle bottles around after an orgy. If you do, you are apt to let out sudden tivys and to become very rougish around the procephalic regions, certainly in the opthalmic parts. Much less than a tun can produce this ugsome effect. In some cases one of the most important sensual organs becomes tumefied, and speech becomes difficult. Don't wyte anybody for your swizzle and don't wyle anyone with it. Don't on a sudden whigmaleerie drink a tun of swizzle. Before you go after that swizzle again, think not only of the yerk as it dirls through you, but also of your dear moppets and your moral character.

In certain establishments fool may be purchased too reasonably, but don't let this tempt you. For often cheap fool may prove dangerous. The cream may be contaminated—and you know what this means—enphasema. If you should contract enphasema, consult a massotherapist immediately. If you should escape this fate you will undoubtedly have dreams of galle-asses or another such dream, which would deter you from yielding to the urge for cheap fool again .... and remember if you are ticklish, even the best of fool may be too hairy.

Never become wonky or walgus in your attempts to free yourself of this wispy condition. It is permissible to take a willie-waucht of wish-wash for one can never become whole-seas on this. Don't wheedlee anyone into drinking so many quaiches of poteen that one has a whamefou, full to the weesand. Very often this produces warks in the turgum. For relief take a few dragee or consult your family physician.

—*Frank Overcarsh*

The tiny denizen of Witherspoon Street was sitting slumped down in his chair with his feet resting on the table, when his Mammy came in and said: "Lawd, yo' is a lazy boy; yo' zackly like yo' pappy. Thank de Lawd I didn't marry dat man!"

I thought once I wouldn't come. I didn't have a thing to wear.

If you must know, the girl with the racket is Marjorie Johnston. Opposite her is Alice Murdoch, graduate student—yes, we said graduate. Leaning against the hunk of nature is Tilley Edwards. In the tree is Spencer Watkins. We didn't get the name of the tree. Mary Tudor "Tudie" Hudson pretends to rest on the nice soft brick. And last, the girl of the month, or every month for that matter, Frances Buckelew.

—All photographs by G. B. Lamm

Why the Dirty.....!

by SANFORD STEIN

"Girls," said Caroline to the collection of females gathered together in her room on the third floor of the Shack. "I need your advice. I've got a problem that's getting me down."

"What's his name?" asked Doris who wrote a dirt column for the Tar Heel and, consequently, was always interpreting things the wrong way.

The occupants of the room all formed a circle around Caroline and waited eagerly for her disclosure.

"It's that William Lewis that's been hanging around me so much this past month." Her look of disgust was answered by one of complete sympathy from her fellow coeds. They all knew Lewis.

"That drip!" exclaimed Sarah. "Why, he's the biggest washout ever created since Noah's flood."

"Don't let it worry you, kid," advised Mary. "Just keep on stalling him."

"But ye gods!" ejaculated Elsie. "She's already slammed the telephone receiver in his ear seven times; told him to stop pestering her at least twice a day; and has been studying for a quiz every time he asks for a date, which is seven times a week. And still he keeps coming around."

"Correct me if I'm wrong," said Doris. "But I have a sneaking suspicion that William is not very adept at taking a hint."

"But that's just the trouble," broke in Caroline tragically. "He's haunted me so long I gave in to him in a weak moment. I've got a date with him tonight."

They all looked at her as if she were a condemned man about to be executed.

"Do you want to keep it?" inquired Mary wonderingly.

"Hell, no. I want to break it if I can."

"Oh well, that's easy" said Doris, Sarah, Mary and Elsie at the same time. "Now the method I always use is . . ." The room sounded like a convention of champion hen cacklers.

"But there's more to that than just Lewis," interrupted Caroline. "Girls, I've made a date with someone else tonight."

"Who?" shouted four voices in unison and each one's face had that about-to - devour - a - three-plank-steak look.

"Do you remember that divine Howard Schyler?" asked Caroline breathlessly.

"You mean the tall blonde one

with the Robert Taylor profile and the national debt for his weekly allowance?" Doris made it a point to know all the important things in college.

"That's the one. He's simply marvelous! The most gorgeous thing I've ever laid eyes on. I've been seeing a lot of him lately and I'm sure that if I handle him in the right way tonight, I can manage to make him ask me to go to German Dance with him this weekend. So you see, I just got to get rid of that Lewis mess somehow."

"What fraternity is he?" asked Doris.

"He's a Delta Psi, but he's *so* democratic."

"Mine's a Sigma Nu," chimed in Sarah.

"That's all right," said Elsie. "Every man is entitled to make at least one mistake in his youth."

"Oh is that so? Well, let me tell you something. That little A. T. O. may be a big shot in the student government but he's only after you for one thing. And he's a better runner than you are."

"At least," replied Elsie sweetly, "He'll have something to look forward to, which is more than your boy friend will."

"Why, you little—" And Sarah proceeded to slug away.

"You two stop this!" shouted Mary. "Or you'll get in Doris' column. We've got to help Caroline."

Order was finally restored and the girls began racking their brains to find a good, last-minute excuse. It had to be different, spectacular, yet convincing—a m i n o r masterpiece. Finally, Dolly screamed "Eureka, I got it!"—and they all went into a huddle.

Which was why when the unfortunate Mr. Lewis called Caroline up to see what time he should drop around, he heard the following monologue:

"Oh, is that you, Bill? Well, I certainly am glad you called. I was just about to get in touch with you. I'm afraid I can't keep our date tonight. . . . Well, it's going to sound awfully funny and I'm sure you won't believe me, but honestly it's true. I just feel so awful about it. Believe it or not, I'VE GOT THE MEASLES! . . . Yes, the measles. . . . No, never had them before. . . . Isn't that just the silliest thing you ever heard? . . . No, I couldn't possibly. You might catch them if I did. . . . Well, that's sweet of you to

say that. But it's impossible. You see, the whole floor is quarantined. Isn't that just horrible? . . . Yes, I do, too. I was looking forward to it so much. Well, it just shows that you never know what's going to happen. Makes a person feel religious. . . . What am I doing next Friday night? Well, Bill, I can't talk to you any longer. I've got to go back to bed. I'll see you around, here? Goodbye."

Caroline sighed with relief, danced down the hall and began to don her most result-getting dress. She just knew she'd get the biggest rush at the German dance. And then there was Howard! Oh joy, oh ecstacy!

The evening went off smoothly, except for one minor hitch. Howard, dear Howard, never showed up. Caroline waited the entire evening in her room, straining her ears to hear the phone ring, trying to act casually in front of her friends, and thinking up a million excuses for Howard's conspicuous absence.

"Maybe," said Caroline brightly, "He had a fraternity meeting and couldn't get away."

"It isn't Wednesday night," replied Mary laconically.

"Oh," said Caroline. The 10:30 bell rang.

* * * * *

The next day Carolina saw Howard Schyler during chapel period. She gave him her most frigid, dirt-under-my-feet look and tried to pass him without speaking.

"Hey!" he called after her. "How come you're out so soon."

"What are you talking about?" asked Caroline coldly.

"I saw William Lewis last night and he said you had the measles, so I figured there wasn't much sense in going around. But I didn't think you'd be out for several days."

"Oh," replied Caroline weakly. "I was miraculously cured. Christian Science."

(on twenty-seven)

PHILOSOPHY

If "you can't have everything" and "it can't happen here" and "you can't take it with you"—what the hell's the use of trying any more?

—Exchange.

Mother—"Sonny, don't use such bad words."

Son — "Shakespeare used them."

Mother — "Well, don't play with him."

—Yellow Jacket

Two bucks on Strip Tease to show.

Tales My Mother Told Me---Series I

by

Pretty Little William McDuffy Hobson

JACK AND THE BEANSTALK

There once lived a poor widow. She was starving to death. She had a son named Jack. He was starving to death. They had a cow. It was dying from hunger.

One day, after they had eaten the last straw from the broom, the widow could stand it no longer. "This is the last straw," she said. "We've got to do something—haven't we?"

"Why don't you sell me," said the cow. "I'm getting damned tired of staying around here looking forward to the next meal. I've been looking forward to the next meal for the last six months. If you ask me, I think—"

"That is the only thing left to do," said the widow. "We must have money for food. Otherwise, we shall perish. Jack, take the cow out and sell her."

"What for?" said Jack.

So Jack took the cow out. He had gone only a few steps down the road when he came face to face with a gypsy.

"Hello," said the gypsy, stealing Jack's handkerchief and the buttons from his shirt.

"What for?" said Jack.

"What is that you've got there?" said the gypsy—"a cow? I would like to buy her, but all I've got is a little bag full of beans, which isn't worth anything. You couldn't possibly want to give me the cow for the beans. Why, who ever heard of such a thing. That would be absolutely foolish."

"What for?" said Jack.

"I'm being robbed," said the gypsy, "but I'll do it."

When Jack returned home with the beans, his mother flew into a rage. "I think you made a mistake, probably," she said.

But Jack only smiled knowingly. He went out into the garden and planted the beans.

"What possible good can a handful of beans be to us?" said the widow. "How can a single beanstalk yield enough food for two starving people?"

Jack said nothing, but only looked very wise. He went upstairs to bed and fell asleep to await the morning.

When Jack and his mother died three weeks later of malnutrition, the beanstalk was approximately eight and three-quarter inches high.

I ain't got nobody.

THE MONKEY AND THE JAR OF CHESTNUTS

A monkey put his hand into a jar full of chestnuts. He grasped as many as he could possibly hold, but when he attempted to pull out his hand, he was prevented from doing so by the neck of the jar. A wise old ass who happened to be passing by at this time saw the monkey trying to withdraw his hand, and said to him, "Be satisfied with half the quantity, and you will readily draw out your hand."

"Thanks," said the monkey, and reached for a hammer.

THE THREE BEARS

Once upon a time there were three bears and a little girl named Goldilocks.

The three bears lived very happily together in a little cabin in the woods, beside a little winding green stream with a catfish in it. Goldilocks lived nearby with her gigolo husband and her grandchild.

"Let's go fishing," said the Papa bear one morning to the Mama bear and baby bear before they had woken up. Then he went into the kitchen to cook breakfast. After a while the Mama bear woke up. "Yes, let's go fishing," she said, and went into the kitchen to cook breakfast. Several days later, the baby bear opened his eyes and yawned. "It suits me," he said, "and I'm hard to please." So they went fishing.

Now it so happened that the three bears had left three bowls of clam chowder sitting on the table to gather atmosphere, and who would you expect to crawl in about that time but that unpredictable hag of a Goldilocks. She paused in the doorway and looked all around her in both directions. "Nobody home," she said, and then, letting her eyes fall upon the table—"Zoop!"

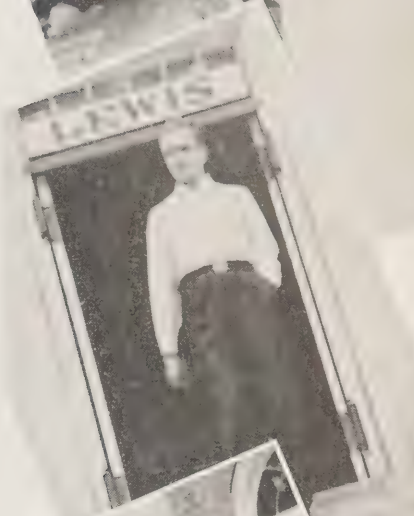
One of the bowls had "Papa Bear's soup" written all over it. "This must be the Papa bear's soup," said Goldilocks. She tasted of it, but it was too hot. Then she tasted the Mama bear's soup and the baby bear's soup. "They all stink," said Goldilocks, "but who am I to kick?" And she ate them all up.

No sooner had she done this than she spied three chairs. They looked very inviting. "I'm not

PAUL SEVERIN
Lalann'e Target

BILL FAIRCLOTH
All American—'41

BILL MERONEY
They call him Red's Brother



D. T. VAUGHN
Ambassador to Greensboro

AL HUGHES
Does he know Lucy?

BERT PREMO
His Ads Aren't Dirty

CHARLIE BARRETT
DTH Night Ed. (Also see page1)

G. E. STONE
Just Call Me Junior

GEORGE PLONK
Test Tubes and Drawl

JACK LYNCH
He has a deadline too.

Friends of the Family

—by G. B. Lamm

THE GERMAN CLUB PRESENTS:

The Dugan and the "Doodler"

Larry Clinton, the "old Dipsy Doodler," who has been booked to play the German Club dances at Carolina on the week-end of the annual Duke-Carolina football game, achieved national prominence as one of swing's outstanding exponents within the short space of a year and a half.

Before the formation of his band and rapid rise to fame, Clinton was well known to the music world only, which status he acquired through a succession of numerous brilliant arrangements for other bands (being generally credited with the development of the Casa Loma "hot style") and for music publishers. In 1937 Larry proved how brilliant and prolific he was in this field by arranging more than 25 percent of all the popular tunes published in that year. Composing was another of the Clinton capabilities that more or less led to the formation of his own orchestra, for before he embarked upon a batoneering career he had written about 130 compositions, among them noted items as A STUDY IN BROWN, SATAN TAKES A HOLIDAY, SHADES OF HADES, and the famous DIPSY-DOODLE.

In the fall of 1937 Eli Oberstein, then an official of the RCA Victor company, decided that if Clinton's songs and orchestrations could do so well for other bands he ought to capitalize on his own ability at the front of a crew of his own. In November of that year, then, Larry formed his own band and started it off on Victor records, an association that has continued even until today. These records were so popular (among them was the famous swing version of MARTHA) that bids for one-nighters and college dances began rolling in. The next half year was spent in filling these dates and in May, 1938, he went into Glen Island Casino, smart Westchester, N. Y., spot to break all existing records throughout that summer. Followed then one tremendous success after another. In the meantime Larry turned out the sensational MY REVERIE, and then OUR LOVE (both classical adaptations), and after a tour last spring, during which he appeared at the University of North Carolina, he opened at the Park Central Hotel in New York, remaining from May to July.

Clinton returns to Carolina with practically the same tonnage as last spring. Still with him are Ford Leary, 250 pounds of wild Irishman, who tore the music world apart last year with his "Shadrach"; Mike Doty, the tid-bit who more than holds down the alto sax chair; Big Hank Wayland, formerly with Berigan, who holds forth on the bass fiddle; and Charlie Blake, the drummer who is quite a flashy individual.

Mary Dugan, who stepped

(twenty-four)

MARY DUGAN

They do the job
they're meant to do

They Satisfy

Chesterfields are like that . . . they go about their business of giving you more smoking pleasure . . . *with a taste, aroma and mildness that's all their own* . . . the kind that only the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos can give.

CHESTERFIELD

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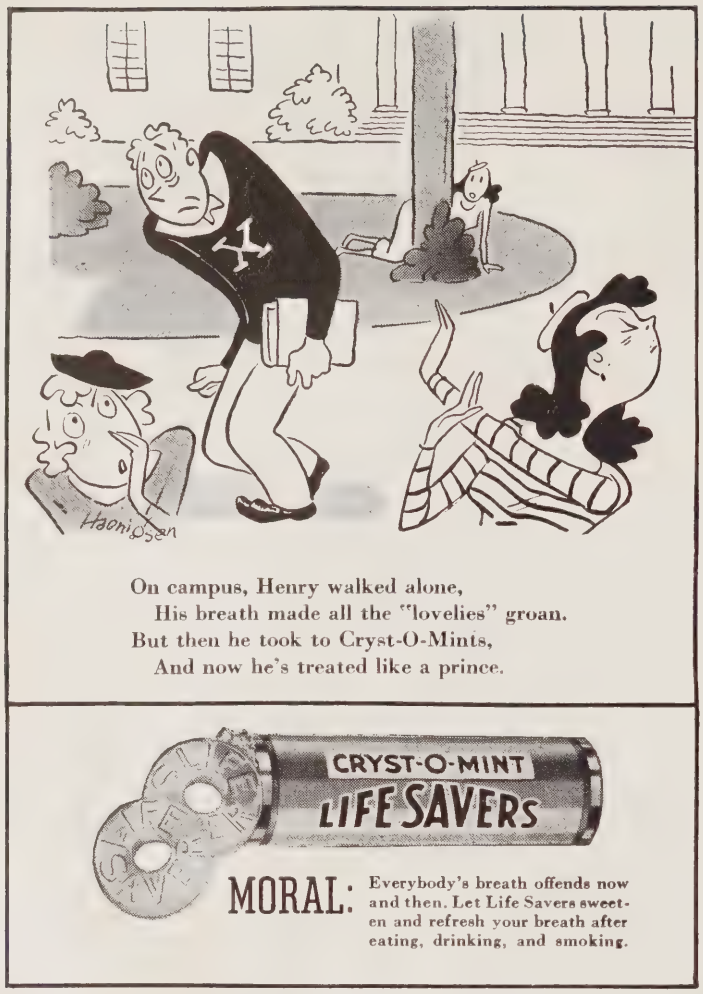
Haenidsen
On campus, Henry walked alone,
His breath made all the "lovelies" groan.
But then he took to Cryst-O-Mints,
And now he's treated like a prince.
CRYST-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
MORAL:
Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

WINNER:

The couple were out riding in the cool autumn evening when suddenly the girl grabbed for her skirt.

"Whats' the matter, honey?" the boy asked.

"I've got a bug up my dress!" she screamed.

"I'll get it out," he offered.

"Oh no!" she said, "I wouldn't think of that."

"Oh, it'll be all right," he assured her. "I'll close my eyes."

Charlie Pyle
Phi Kappa Sigma

She was trying to work her way through Carolina by selling subscriptions to the Saturday Evening Post. But all of the fellows wanted to take Liberties.

Excuse me, Mrs. Hoffenstetter, I thought this was your daughter's room.

"I wish we'd get a few shipwrecked sailors washed ashore," mused the cannibal chief. "What I need is a good dose of salts."

—*Widow*

Small Boy: "Dad, is Rotterdam a bad word?"

Dad: "Why no, son. It's the name of a city."

Small Boy: "Well, sister ate all my candy and I hope it'll Rotterdam teeth out."

—*Jester.*

Physical Ed. 7-11

A man was operated on for concussion of the brain. After removing the brain, the doctors took it into the next room for a consultation. Meanwhile the man became impatient and left.

Three years later they found him—teaching at Duke.

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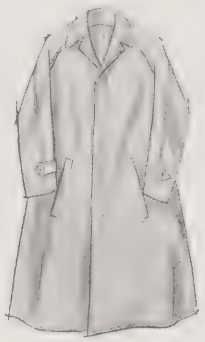
Raleigh, N. C.

CROSSED and Double---Crossed by XXX

It has been reported that despite the P. U. board appelation bestowed on Ed Rankin's lady friend in last month's Buc, he is not the only hound on the trail of the very fetching Georgia Poole. Whatcha waiting for . . . . This is a story about Ruth Curtis Robeson at the Blue Ridge conference last summer. Ruth was going around at the time with a young man (*not* Belmont Freeman) whom she liked very much, but since she is a very proper miss and possessed of unusual "won't" power, he made no headway with her. One night the boys and girls went up to sleep on a mountain top, and since they were all high-minded Y students and absolutely nothing happened (though we hate to admit it), it was considered OK for them to share the same blankets together. Ruth teamed up with her boy friend. "My," said Alex Bonner who was fortunate enough to be with Altajane Holden and just trying to make conversation. "Isn't it cold out?" "Hell!" replied our hero in a disgusted voice, "If you think it's cold, you ought to come under here. You'd freeze." Silence. Then a sharp crack in the face. And the young man was forcibly ejected from under the blanket. He had to sleep with Louise Jordan and Charlie Putzel. . . . If you don't already know, be sure and ask George Spransi why his teammates presented him with the nickname of "Hot Rocks." . . . S. A. E.'s Ike Granger was threatened with a knife and an ice pick in West House by Vaughn Winborne's brother who was either stinko or temporarily insane. The incident, we are informed, did not involve A. D. Pi's pretty Sarah Ruark who has occupied much of Ike's time and thoughts lately and who has often been described as a perfect example of that unique species—the Raleigh prom-trotter. Ike, by the way, attended the CPU forum in which four of the gubernatorial candidates spoke. While Raleigh's Willis Smith was gassing away about Democracy and pulling jokes so old that even the Buccaneer wouldn't use them. Ike was asked if he wouldn't rather listen to Sarah. "Well," he replied. "I must admit she has a much better platform." . . . The Chi Omega pledge dance at the Washington-Duke hotel in Durham went over quite well except that there were too many stags and it was generally agreed that, with a few notable exceptions, this year's pledge group did not approach last year's (the one with Warren, Easley, Eckles, McIndoe, Hudson et al) in the matter of pulchritude. Most startling incident of the affair was that Zoe Young (of the Dietrich-like stems and the perpetual motion jaw) changed her hair style and at least ten boys cut in on her thinking she was Altajane Holden. Zoe was immensely flattered but Altajane has made no comment. While the dance was going on, incidentally, several drunks were quietly ejected and there was a grand free-for-all between Duke and Carolina students downstairs in the Tavern. . . . Two of the prettiest blondes on the campus are Janie (Silhouette) Putnam and Marjorie Johnston (who has more personality in her little finger than the average coed has in her whole body). Janie's most frequent escort is Chuck Hines. (That sound you hear is Sam Teague's heart breaking). Marjorie is going around with Julian Lane and has reached the stage where she thinks all Phi Delts are wonderful. What makes this all unique is that Chuck came to the University this fall to keep an eye on

(twenty-four)

CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS



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The Rains Came, Isn't It?

Nobody ever talks about the weather any more. Therefore, we will talk about the weather. Don't you think that the weather is a very wonderful thing? In fact, we probably wouldn't be able to get along without it hardly, would we?

The weather as a main topic of conversation came into its own back in the year 2 or 3 hundred B. C. Two old ladies were sitting on the edge of a cliff knitting ferociously and trying to think of something to say.

"Do you see that cow down there in the valley?" said one.

"Yes," said the other. "What cow?"

"That there cow," said Liza.

"Let's talk about something else," said Lizzy.

"Did you go to the party last night?" said Liza.

"Yes," said Lizzy, "did you?"

"No," said Liza.

"How do you think the crops are coming out this year?" said Lizzy.

"I don't know," said Liza. "How do you think the crops will come out this year?"

"Oh, so-so," said Lizzy.

"We sure do carry on a hell of a conversation, don't we?" said Liza.

"I reckon so," said Lizzy.

And so it was that these exuberant damsels continued their reckless chatter day after day, until finally one day a cloud appeared on the horizon.

"What is that?" said Lizzy.

"What is what?" said Liza.

"That cloud over there on yon horizon," said Lizzy.

"Oh," said Liza. "That is a cloud which has just appeared on the horizon. Don't you agree with me?"

"I wouldn't be surprised if it rained today," said Lizzy—"much."

And so on, through the ages, becoming ever more threatening as a subject of conversation, stalked the monster Weather. "I hope it don't rain tonight," said Nero as he stuck a match to Rome. Ten days later, when Washington crossed the Delaware, he shivered and said, "Damn, ain't it cold?"

In the nineties, Weather loomed more forbidding and wrecked more lives than at any other time in the history of the world. Them was the good old horse and buggy days, and after the swain and his love had finished talking about the welfare of the community, the only thing left was the weather. "It may snow tonight," he would say—"hadn't it?" and she would hang her head bashfully and snicker down her bustle. "I don't know," she would gurgle. "I'll ask Mama."

But then the automobile replaced the horse, and since automobiles could cover more territory than buggies, there was more to see, and consequently more to talk about. When silence grew almost to the bursting point, all the hero had to do was to look out the window and say, "Boy, we sure are burning up the road, ain't we?" Sometimes his sweetheart would be tempted to answer, "Yes, but the road is pretty slippery, because of the fact that it has been raining, I think. Do you think it will rain any more today or any time?" But she usually managed to stifle her impulse and murmur, "Hell yes. Look at us go."

Since then the weather has been a dying thing. Nobody ever talks about the weather any more—except the most bashful lover, who hasn't the spunk to declare his feelings and who sees the clock slipping around toward ten-thirty. In desperation, he tries to keep alive the conversation by resorting to the weather, the war, the hit parade—all the time hat-

(next page)

With the breath of the moors still on them, the new Scotstweeds are here! The pure virgin wools for this fine knitted topcoat came direct from Scotland.

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DURHAM

Rains Came

ing himself for being such a bore, and all the time hoping he will find his nerve at the last minute, seize the angel in his arms just as the clock is striking ten-thirty, and mumble unsteadily into her ear, "Darling, I think I love you."

It usually doesn't work out, but there still ain't nothing wrong with the weather.

—*Hobson again*

The victory-mad horde swarmed on to the field intent on reducing the goal posts to a mass of souvenir kindling. Down went men and girls in the maelstrom of humanity, and chivalrous gentlemen rushed to the rescue. An elderly gentleman was acting as pilot for the rescuers who were carrying the injured girls out of the crowd. He halted one fellow carrying a limp form in his arms, shouting: "Give her to me. I'll carry her up to the stands!"

"Oh, yeah?" panted the fellow. "There's plenty more in there. Go get one of your own."

—*Chaparral*

Don't look at me.

"Golf, golf, golf," wailed the wife as hubby picked up his clubs and started for the door. "It's nothing but golf. I really believe if you spent a Sunday at home I would die of shock."

"Now, now," replied hubby calmly, "It's no use talking like that, my dear. You know you can't bribe me."

He—Why, darling, your eyes are green!

She—It's about time you looked at my face.

Rodney: I thought I saw some soup on the bill of fare.

Waiter: There was some, but I wiped it off.

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G. B. Lamm, *page one—SEX*

2nd Prize—One dollar
G. B. Lamm, *page 20, A WPA worker's dream.*

3rd Prize—Two theatre tickets
S. T. Moore, *page 16, Phy. Ed. 7-11*

Two elderly members met at the club after many years. Said one to the other, who was slightly deaf: "I'm sorry to hear your wife is dead."

"Er? what's that?"

"I'm sorry to hear your wife is dead."

"Speak up, man. I can't hear you."

"I'm sorry you buried your wife."

"But I had to. She died."

Father: "Mary, who was that man I saw kissing you last night?"

Daughter: "What time was it?"

Mistress: "You know, I suspect my husband has a love affair with his stenographer."

Maid: "I don't believe it. You're just saying it to make me jealous."

—*Exchange.*

The best way to stop a crying baby is to give him a bust in the mouth.

REC RDS

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Charlie Barnet, the Blackest White Band in the country, managed to get out another hot waxing before the Palomar burned with all his band's stuff, THE DUKE'S IDEA and THE COUNT'S IDEA B-10453.

Miller still keeps putting out the sweet stuff with, BLESS YOU and SPEAKING OF HEAVEN, B-10455.

Crosby's Bobcats go collegiate with WASHINGTON AND LEE SWING and PERUNA, D-2789.

Jimmie Lunceford has re-recorded his classic WHITE HEAT coupled with YOU CAN FOOL SOME OF THE PEOPLE SOME OF THE TIME, Vo-5156.

Clinton's latest is A TABLE IN THE CORNER and CAN I HELP IT, V-26392.

Kay Kyser finally does the current WHAT'S NEW with a Ginny Simms vocal and on the reverse is HELLO, MR. KRINGLE featuring the whole damn gang, C-35248.

That wacky Raymond Scott is back with THE GIRL WITH THE LIGHT BLUE HAIR and NEW YEAR'S EVE IN A HAUNTED HOUSE, C-35247.

He was passed the 40, the 30, the 20; he looked around. There was no one in sight. He reached the 10, the goal. He threw his hat to the ground and stomped it. "What could be worse?" he shouted. "A full moon, an empty stadium, and I'm out here alone."

"That's what you think", came the ringing echo of a thousand voices.

Here's something for dull Sunday afternoons—buy a can of crushed pineapple and try to fit the pieces together.

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a WPA worker's dream

The wife was always antagonized by her husband going out at night. His departing words, which especially angered her, were always, "G o o d night, mother of three."

But one night, she could stand it no longer, and when he took his hat off, started out the door, and called cheerily, "Good night, mother of three," she answered, quite as cheerfully, "Good night, father of one."

Now he stays home.

—*Medley.*

"Of course I love you, Tom," and she took off her stockings. "We will have the sweetest little bungalow," and she took off her sports sweater. "We will have a lot of little flower beds," and she took off her skirt. "Tom, dear, why can't we be married in the spring when all the world is filled with laughter?" and she took off her camisole. "If you prefer the fall I prefer it too, because we are as one, sweetheart," and she took off her petticoat because she was an old-fashioned girl. "Tom, dear, tell me once more that you love me," and she removed the last vestige of her clothing. "Tom, honey, I better say good-night for I have to get up early in the morning." And she hung up the receiver.

—*Red Cat*

Hotel Clerk: Why, how did you get here?

Hard Egg: I just blew in from Montana with a bunch of cattle.

H. C.: Well, where are the rest of them?

H. E.: Down at the stockyards. I ain't as particular as they are.

—*Varieties*

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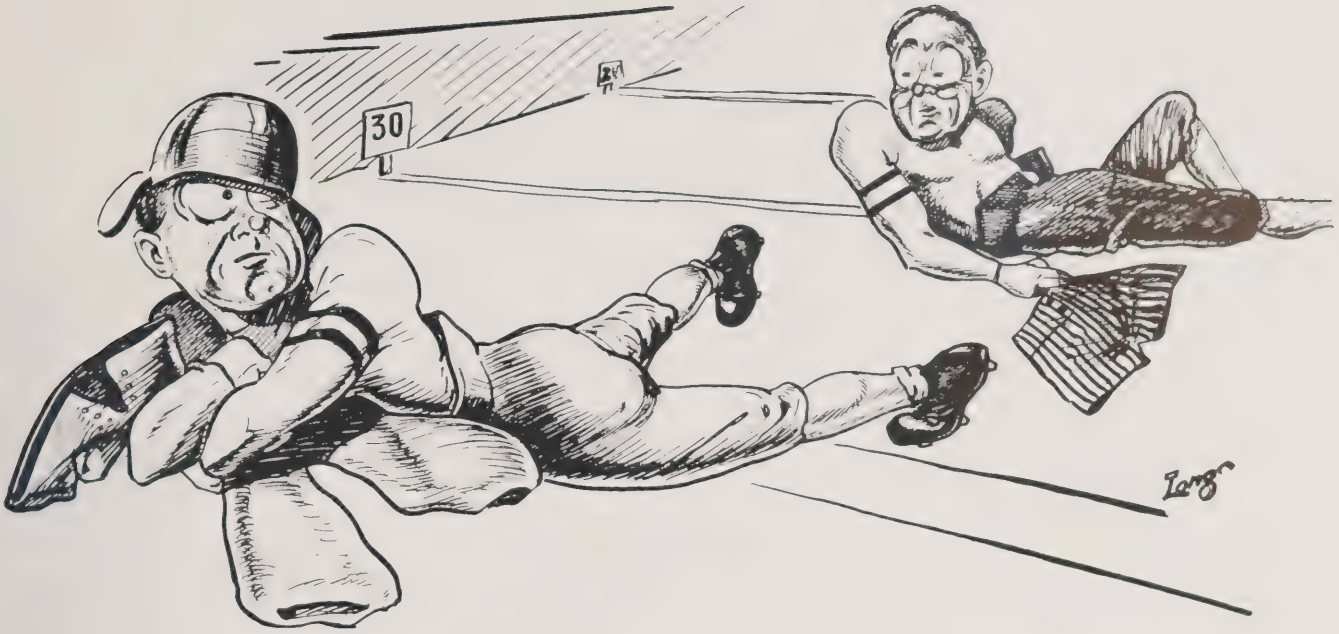

There goes that Trunzovich—always playing hard to get.

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Fads and Fashions

BETTY COED

Autumn Ho! And a brand new season is well unwrapped, though one might put it gradually. The law of averages is working contrary to the usual expectation with marvelous results in favor of football and fashion.

Let us say that each of us is a femme fatale invited to Yale, Princeton, or Dartmouth for a week-end of hilarious fun. The question arises as to what sort of clothes will be needed to be swooningly feminine, gaily debonair, naively exotic—or whatever the occasion might call for —the pass word is PHOTOGENIC.

Arriving at the (take your choice) place you will be smartly clad in a light untrimmed coat of nubby woolen with a wide flaring skirt, contrasting gloves, tiny pill-box hat with an extravagant snood. Now comes more serious business — that of the game where you must click or else—or else no more games. You appear in a soft surface wool dress of shamrock green with a detachable hood edged with fur, brown suede gloves. Shoes touched with

alligator complete the picture.

For cocktails you manage to create a sensation in a luscious tuck red velvet with a jeweled girdle, a chapeau of black velvet, high-crowned and decked with a gigantic ostrich feather of blended tones.

Then comes the climax! Your big moment arrives and you are satisfied and assured in a youthful yet brazenly new gown of two important fabrics. The top is of aqua-marine chenille, sweater effect, and an immensely full skirt, an inverted bell of black, ribbed taffeta. Extremely heavy costume jewelry should make you look very beau-bewitching.

Comes Sunday and you choose a flannel classic of chalk stripes, pigskin on pink, suitable for anything HE might suggest.

Back to school with memories of the "swellest time ever"—yet not realizing that your portrait then, day or night, was painted in almost any color or combination of colors, high-lighted with the most dazzling sort of frippery. Probably the season's jauntiest note is that new robin-red-and-green tie-up for vivid damsels.

We are still anxiously anticipating a new combination, bizarre, startling, or otherwise from the Carolina coed—hence a suggestion of sky-blue-pink.

—Helen Plyler.

JOE COLLEGE

It's Fall German time again and all of the Carolina smoothies will soon be getting out that new tuxedo or tails and staggering down to the Tin Can to see just how smooth they really are. Well gentlemen, here's wishing you luck!

Contrary to the popular belief, formal wear is *not* the same year in and year out. Styles in evening clothes do not change as much as they do in town and campus wear yet every year a few new refinements are found. Last year the tailcoat was getting a real start in popularity in Chapel Hill—this year it should be in high gear. A few years back the ratio of tailcoats to the less formal tuxedos was about one to ten in favor of the tuxedo; this year they will be fairly evenly divided. The trend in tuxedos, following the style in other men's jackets, is toward more length. As to the length of the tailcoat it is as long now as it can be without dragging the floor. The tails should hang about two inches below the break of the knee. And—again the style as to lapels is going back to silk instead of grosgrain. The silk lapels will be in the minority but they're coming back in. Oh yes,—shawl collars in dinner jackets should be good this year. Tuxedos run in cycles as do other clothes: this year silk lapels; next year grosgrain—this year shawl collars; next year regular ones—and so on far into the night.

Accessories for formal clothes are essentially the same as they have been for the past decade. For the tailcoat the single breasted waistcoat is of white washable material; the shirt is stiff bosom, single cuff of plain or modest design; the collar is always a bold

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wing; the tie is of white material to match the shirt; the shoes are black plain toe or patent leather pumps; the studs are white or black with cuff links to match; and the hosiery is solid or clocked black or dark blue silk. The single or doubled breasted tuxedo needs a waistcoat of black or midnight blue material or a cummerbund may be used in maroon, black or midnight blue; the shirt is the same as is used with the tailcoat or may be a more comfortable soft-pleated front shirt with a turn down attached collar; the collar may be either bold wing or fold; the tie is of black silk or satin but if maroon or blue studs are worn a tie to match is needed.

The newest accessory for tailcoats is neatly concealed but very handy. It is a large pocket, half-gallon size, in the bottom of the tail. As to the use of this oversize pocket—I don't know—but everyone has one at Carolina these days. Maybe it is to carry your dates evening bag and stuff.

Note: I'll bet that some young "Joe" will come to Fall Germans with a white jacket on; someone has for the past three years. Don't you think it is a little chilly for white?

Let's beat DUKE and then it'll be happy hunting at Fall Germans!

—Hargrove Bowles, Jr.

The thrifty Scot was on the train from Edinburgh to London. At each station he hurriedly left his compartment, rushed to the station and rushed back to the train again. After this had been repeated a number of times, a fellow passenger who was a lawyer asked the reason. "It's because of my heart," the Scotchman explained. "The doctor says I may drop off at any time and I'm buying my ticket from station to station."

The waiter laughed when I spoke to him in French. No wonder, it was my old prof.

—*Sour Owl.*

She—Stop immediately!
He—I won't!
She—Well, can't say I didn't try.

Have some peanuts?
Thanks.
Want to neck?
No.
Give me back my peanuts.

—*Texas Ranger*

It takes all kinds of people to make a blonde.

The male quartet will now render that touching little ballad,
"She was only a sailor's sweetheart but now she's an officer's mess.

—*Spectator.*

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DURHAM

Crossed—

Marjorie whom he went with back in Indiana, while Julian dated Janie at the beginning of the year. Just a friendly little swap between two Chi O's. . . . Last year's residents of Mangum dorm and all those interested in a good bet may be interested to know that Elizabeth Orton, one of the swellest gals in Chapel Hill, is back in circulation. . . . Helen Ann Jacobs is the idol of all the boys from her native Westchester county, New York. For a while Larry Ferling, then Russ Hebbard were the top men, but now Royce Jennings holds this much coveted position. . . . Ever since John Bonner and Trudy Darden made the Episcopal parish famous, the lights in the place are kept on at night. Mrs. Lawrence, incidentally, gave a tea for the Chi O's, although her daughter is an ardent Pi Phi, thus celebrating another milestone in the history of tolerance and proving that the blessings of Heaven are open to all, whether or not they have followed the true faith.

Ed. Note: Next month, this column will be throttled by an unidentified but not unpopular coed. What we are trying to say is that she really gets around. So our advice to you is take it easy lest your next excursion be spread out over these pages.

1st Coed—I'm glad that dance week-end is over.

2nd Coed—Yeh, it's a relief to be wearing something under your dress again.

For years and years the two sexes have been racing for supremacy. Now they have settled down to neck and neck.

—*The Mis-a-sip.*

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RALEIGH

Dugan and "Doodler"

into Mrs. Andre Baruch's shoes (Bea Wain to you) is the biggest change in the band. She has yet to make a name for herself in this line, but according to pictures, we will be content to just stand and look. Incidentally, if you want to get a line on her, she is on NBC, along with the rest of the Clinton gang, every Monday night for Sensation cigarettes.

THE END

The laziest man in the world is the one who married a widow with six children.

—*Yellow Jacket*

With summer well on its way out, there comes to mind the story of the young fellow who lost his hat and, fearful of catching a cold in the head, was determined to steal one, as he was very poor. His friend asked him to try to recall where he left his hat, but it was of no avail. The gentleman decided that the only thing left for him to do was to go to church, and while the people were praying he would be able to take a hat. At the church the preacher was giving a sermon on the two commandments "Thou Shalt not Steal" and "Thou Shalt Not Commit Adultery." The preacher was a very good speaker and soon had the young man in tears when he was talking of stealing. However when the preacher spoke of adultery the fellow snapped his fingers and smiled. Later when the sermon was over the fellow went over to the preacher and congratulated him on his fine sermon. He told him that he had wanted to steal, but now would not. The preacher said that he noticed the young man smile and snap his fingers when he spoke of adultery. The young man smiled, and said that he did snap his fingers because it had just reminded him where he left his hat.

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Seventh Fiddle

ped across the threshold of her boudoir, Percy regained consciousness and let go of her ankles. He staggered blindly to his feet and rushed out into the bracing night air. "What a close shave that was!" he mumbled, thanking God and the *Society for the Advancement of Purity in the Buccaneer.*

The days that followed were agony for Percy. He went every night to Fatima's house, and every night the maid met him at the door with the same disheartening words: "Miss Fatima ain't home, as far as I know." Percy questioned her further, and he discovered that Fatima left the house every evening with a different man. One night, according to the maid, she had a date with a man in a mink coat and fur trousers, and on the next night, she left with a man in a mink coat and purple trousers. One night she went out with a man in a mink coat.

Percy paced the floor of his study for hours at a time. Every time he thought of Fatima with someone else, the blood rushed into his eyes and blinded him. He felt that he was going mad, and one day when he found himself pacing up and down on the ceiling, he was sure of it. All sorts of torturing thoughts came into his mind—visions of Fatima in someone else's arms, visions of Fatima smothered in kisses that should be his. He tore his hair in his agony, and it became necessary to order a new wig every day; he cried aloud to the heavens, and thought frantically of suicide. "I can't go on this way," he told himself one day. "If I do, I'm going to become upset."

And then one night, after he had made up his mind to join the French Foreign Legion, he saw a light in Fatima's parlor. His heart leaped into his throat. "She is home," he thought joyously, and his spirit soared into the air. He hastily put on his hat and underwear and hurried out into the street.

But as he drew near Fatima's house, the sound of gay, wild laughter came to his ears, and he recognized it as Fatima's. He heard a man's low, gruff voice, chuckling and telling dirty jokes. Percy felt his anger mounting with every step he made, and he slowed down, lest he should turn into a raging beast of prey or something on the same order. As he moved along the sidewalk in front of her house, he could hear the steady clinking of cocktail glasses and the clear, silvery tinkle of bottles being smashed against the wall. Immediately suspecting something was going on, he tiptoed on all fours up to the parlor door and looked through the keyhole. A thin, icy stream of fizz water shot into his eye, and a roar of abomnable laughter went up from inside. Percy groped for his handkerchief, wiped off his eyeball, and threw his weight against the door. It didn't budge. Percy picked himself up off his face and threw his weight against the door again and again. This proved ineffective, so he turned the knob and went in.

Fatima was sitting on the couch in the lap of a big Russian, who was kissing her between drinks. She was dressed only in a thin negligee, which was thrown carelessly over the back of a chair. After an unusually long kiss, Percy cleared his throat embarrassedly and introduced himself. "It's been a long time between drinks," he said—"hasn't it?"

Fatima leaped startled to her feet and faced Percy. There seemed to be writing all over her face, and looking closer Percy could make out the word "guilt."

"Hello," she said. "We were rehearsing a play."

"What play," said Percy, undaunted as usual.

She seemed floundering for a moment. "Oh. . .some play," she said, annoyed.

"Who wrote it?" continued Percy relentlessly.

"I did," she said triumphantly.

"Oh," said Percy, satisfied.

(twenty-six)

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"Do you mind if I sit down here by the piano?"

"No, do you mind if we all laugh?"

—Froth.

Him—Who gave the bride away?

Shim—I could have, but I kept my mouth shut.

—Lampoon.

President: "I have a stomachache."

First Lady: "I'll call the Secretary of the Interior."

—Epitome.

Ever hear about the skunk who went to church and had to sit in his own pew? This stinks.

"I wonder why my feet are always going to sleep?"

"Probably because they have to spend so much time in your company!"

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Seventh Fiddle

"Excuse me," said the Russian, who felt he was being ignored. "I haf to go home, perhaps."

"Oh, don't rush off," said Percy. "In fact, why don't you stick around for a while?

"I'm sorry," said the Russian. "My wife is having twins." He threw his weight against the door, and it crashed outward. He went off into the night whistling "Going Home."

A period of strained silence followed. Percy looked shyly at Fatima and made a lame attempt at conversation. "We haven't been having very much rain lately," he said, "I don't think." The strain grew more pronounced. Percy lit two or three cigarettes and tried to indicate his calmness by putting one in his ear. His hands shook nervously, and he knocked over several oak dressers standing at his elbow. Then he pulled himself together and threw his shoulders back in six different places, breaking his neck.

"How about a date tonight?" he said. THE END

"Religion is discussed most in bull sessions!"

"I insist it's politics!"

Prof—What's your name?
Frosh—Al K. Hall.
Prof—Smart guy, eh?

That guy's so lazy, the only job he's suited for is pork inspector in Jerusalem.

The ultimate in desire: A body like Venus: eyes like the stars; hair like spun gold; teeth like pearls; and—oh, yes—a mind like a farmer's daughter.

—Punch Bowl

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He: "Gosh, but I'd like to make your dreams come true, honey!"

The Honey: "Yes, and I'll slap your face if you try it!"

—Exchange

"Your husband looks like a brilliant man. I suppose he knows everything."

"Don't f o o l yourself. He doesn't even suspect anything."

—Jester.

The difference between a hairdresser and a sculptor is that while the hairdresser curls up and dyes the sculptor makes faces and busts.

"Have you heard the news? Jane has married George Bennett."

"George Bennett! You can't mean it! Why, that's the man she was engaged to."

"I see by the paper that nine professors and one student were killed in a wreck."

"Poor chap."

—Scottie

SAVE 50% ON TIRES

Slick Tires Are Dangerous

Nu-Tread Tire Company

Geo. L. Burt, Prop.

Opp. Flour Mill

311 McMannen Street

Phone F-3301 Durham, N. C.

Specializing
in the Outfitting of
University Men

Student Charge Accounts
Invited

The Young Men's Shop
126-128 E. MAIN ST.
DURHAM, N. C.
Attractive University Styles

"Have a drink."

"I beg your pardon. I'm an A. T. O."

"Pardon me, here's the bottle."

Why, the Dirty . . .

She looked at him carefully. It was now or never.

"The Germans ought to be a lot of fun, don't you think?" She felt as subtle as a Mangum bull session.

"I'll say they will. You know what I did, though! I was going to ask you to go with me to them, but after I heard you had the measles last night, I figured you wouldn't be able to go. So I called up a girl back home and asked her. Say, do you know where I can find a room for her to stay?

THE END

YOUR WATCH IS VALUABLE

For Repairs Trust Skilled Repairmen

Geo. W. Ferrell

Durham
108 W. Parrish St.
Opposite Silver's

Carrboro
Ferrell & Hill

3 WATCHMAKERS

Tales—Series I

tired," said Goldilocks. "I'm curious." So she went snooping upstairs.

There she found three beds. "There's no use wasting any time," she said. "I think I'll lie down on them and see what happens."

She lay down on the Papa Bear's bed, but it was too high at the head and too low at the foot. Then she lay down on the Mama bear's bed, but it was too low at the head and too high. She lay down on the baby bear's bed, but it was too low. Goldilocks lay down on the floor and pretended to fall asleep.

"Somebody have been tasting my soup and have eat heem all up," said the Papa bear when he had returned. "Me too," said the Mama bear. "Same here," said Buster.

"But she didn't sit down in my chair," said the Papa bear. "Me neither," said the Mama bear. "Heck no," said long pants.

"But I'll bet a nickel she's been on our beds," said Papa. "Let's go upstairs and chunk her out the window."

"Yes," said the Mama bear, "let's."

"My soup's gone. I'm hungry," said the baby bear.

The three bears went upstairs. A scream rent the air. "You're tickling me," shouted Goldilocks.

"You tickle us," said the three bears.

The three bears came downstairs. Goldilocks did too, but not so you could tell it.

The click of knitting needles, the creak of a rocker, and the ticking of a grandfather's clock were all that disturbed the silence of the room. With childish curiosity little Ellen sat watching the purls and stitches.

"Why do you knit, grandmother," she asked.

"Oh, just for the hell of it," the old lady replied.

A Scot was engaged in an argument with a conductor as to whether the fare was 5 or 10 cents. Finally the disgusted conductor picked up the Scotchman's suitcase and tossed it off the train, just as they were passing over a bridge. It landed with a splash.

"Mon," screamed Sandy, "isn't it enough to try to overcharge me, but now you drown my little boy?"

—Exchange.

Welcome

We invite you to drop in at the

Village Inn

Our congenial atmosphere makes dining and dancing a pleasure in a distinctive manner.

We specialize in
FINE
WESTERN STEAK and CHICKEN DINNERS

The Village Inn

Located just outside Durham at Intersection of New Raleigh Road—Route 70.

"You're an apt body. Is your sister apt, too."
"If she gets a chance, she's apt to." —*Wampus*

"Certainly I respect your legal advice, Mr. Bell, but what good is alimony on a cold night?"
—*Varieties.*

"Is the doctor in?"
"No, he went out for lunch."
"Will he be in after lunch?"
"No, that's what he went out after." —*Froth.*

I crept upstairs my shoes in hand,
Just as the night took wing,
And saw my wife, four steps ahead,
Doing the same damned thing.

"Hell, yes," said the Devil, picking up the phone.

She laughed when I sat down . . . but when I started to play! ! !

Quality Plates Come from Durham Engraving Co.

Manufacturing Photo-Engravers

220 East Parrish Street
DURHAM, NORTH CAROLINA

Someone threw a stink bomb in the Playmaker Theatre last Tuesday while Prof Koch was lecturing. The incident, however, passed unnoticed.

And the little bug said as he hit the windshield, "that's me all over."

A KA tells us he was in the phone booth talking to his girl the other day, but somebody wanted to use the phone so THEY had to get out.

Lipscomb-Gattis Company

Men who know merchandise will decide quickly when they see our fall merchandise.

Our stock is completely filled with nationally advertised Suits, Overcoats, Hats, Shirts, Shoes, Ties, Socks, Pajamas, Raincoats.

Lipscomb-Gattis Co.
213 West Main Street
DURHAM

Lee Roy Gattis L. E. Graham
Class 18

She: "Can you drive with one arm?"
He: "You bet."
She: "Have an apple."
—*The Georgia Arch.*

Nice girls are made, not born. Many girls are nice girls.
—*Tiger*

Guest (to host in new home): "Hello, old pal, how do you find it here?"
Host: "Walk right upstairs and then two doors to the right."

CAMERAS

Accessories
Supplies
PHOTO FINISHING

FoisterPhotoCo.

We Lend Kodaks

The Negro preacher was disgusted and was leaving his congregation for good.

". . . Yo' is rotten sinners . . . das what yo' is . . . I knows yo' hol's up yo' pants wid nails, kase I gits all de buttons in de collection plate . . . and as a token of what I think of yo', ez I walk down the aisle on mah way out, you will find a sprig o' mistletoe pinned on mah coat-tail!

With a wild yell he sprang behind a chair, threw it madly to one side and then flung himself under a table. For several minutes he lay there, wiggling and squirming. Then he dragged himself out, hitting his head on the bottom of the table, and, cursing furiously, dashed across the room and dived under a divan. After a minute he crawled from behind it and stood up. "These damned ping pong balls sure are hell to catch," he muttered.

If Adam came back to earth the only thing he would recognize would be these jokes.

You Followed the
Tar Heels
to
Philadelphia
•
Now Follow
the Team
to the
University Dining Hall
Cafeteria

BE SURE!

Buy Fine Merchandise
Such as:
Hart, Schaffner & Marx Suits and Topcoats
Stetson Hats
Arrow Shirts
Manhattan Shirts and Pajamas
Wilson Bros. Furnishings
From a Big Selection on Display at

McLeod & Watson
Raleigh, N. C.

Statement

THE BANK OF CHAPEL HILL

Chapel Hill, N. C.

Condensed from Report to North Carolina Commissioner of Banks

October 2, 1939

ASSETS

Cash and due from banks	$2,451,111.28	
U. S. Government Obligations, direct and fully guaranteed (All carried at par, or less)	456,624.00	
State of North Carolina Bonds (All carried at par)	296,000.00	
Municipal Bonds (All carried at par)	28,000.00	
Accrued Interest on bonds and investments	6,083.78	
Prepaid Insurance	1,313.35	$3,239,132.41
Loans and Discounts		386,171.56
Banking House, Furniture & Fixtures	64,989.50	
Less Reserve for Depreciation	44,510.00	20,479.50
Other Real Estate		6,400.00
Total Assets		$3,652,183.47

LIABILITIES

Capital Stock (Common)	$ 30,000.00	
Capital Stock (Preferred)	30,000.00	$ 60,000.00
Surplus	125,000.00	
Undivided Profits	86,366.59	
Reserve for Contingencies	12,000.00	
Reserve for Retirement of Preferred Stock	6,675.00	230,041.59
Reserve for Taxes and Insurance		626.45
Reserve for Interest due Depositors		4,377.17
Reserve for Unearned Discount		2,735.94
Deposits		[illegible]
Total Liabilities		$3,652,183.47

Member Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

"Thanks to Uncle Sam – tobacco's better than ever!

. . . and Luckies always take the better grades!" says Ray Oglesby, tobacco auctioneer for 8 years.

BENJAMIN HAWKS of North Carolina shows Auctioneer Oglesby his fine tobacco seedlings — grown by new U. S. Government methods.

RAY OGLESBY in action. Among *independent* tobacco experts like this famous auctioneer, Luckies are the 2-to-1 favorite over all other brands.

Copyright 1939, The American Tobacco Company

Q. WHY HAVE TOBACCO CROPS BEEN BETTER?

A. Because, even though crops vary with weather conditions, Uncle Sam's new methods of improving soil, seed and plant-food have done a fine job for the farmers.

Q. Do Luckies buy this better tobacco?

A. Yes, indeed — *independent* experts like Ray Oglesby tell you that Luckies always *have* bought the choicer grades of each crop. In fact, that's why Mr. Oglesby has smoked Luckies for 11 years.

Q. Do other tobacco experts prefer Luckies, too?

A. Among these skilled auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen, it's Luckies 2 to 1.

Try Luckies for one week. You'll find that the "Toasting" process makes them easy on your throat, for "Toasting" takes out certain harsh irritants found in all tobacco. You'll also know why . . . **WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1**

Have you tried a LUCKY lately?

THE NEW UNIVERSITY OF [illegible]

BUCCANEER

HENRY MOLL

DECEMBER '39

Christmas "GIFT" [illegible]

"Have you ever noticed that Camels burn longer and give you more smoking?"

ASKS VAN CAMPEN HEILNER
FAMOUS GAME AND FISHING AUTHORITY

Above, "VAN" waiting in the duck blinds for the "zero hour." Explorer, sportsman, scientist, conservationist, author of the authoritative, new "A Book on Duck Shooting," Heilner knows the waterfowl flyways from California to Maine, Alaska to Mexico, and those of Europe too. "Van" has been a Camel smoker for 18 years.

You can tell a lot about a cigarette by whether it burns fast or slowly. Camel cigarettes are noted for their long burning. In fact, they burned longer, slower *than any other brand,* in recent scientific tests (*see right*). Van Campen Heilner, the famous American authority on wild game, points out an interesting angle to this.

"Camels give *more smoking* because they burn so slowly," he says. "And I think the way they burn is a very good way to judge the *quality* of cigarettes too. I notice this about Camels—I can smoke them steadily and they still taste smooth and cool, and my mouth feels fresh—not dry—with no throat irritation. Camels are mild, flavory. They give more genuine pleasure per puff—and more puffs per pack." Turn to Camels. Get extra smoking per pack—topped off with the delicate taste of choice quality tobaccos. For contentment—smoke Camels!

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Cigarettes were compared recently ...sixteen of the largest-selling brands...under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

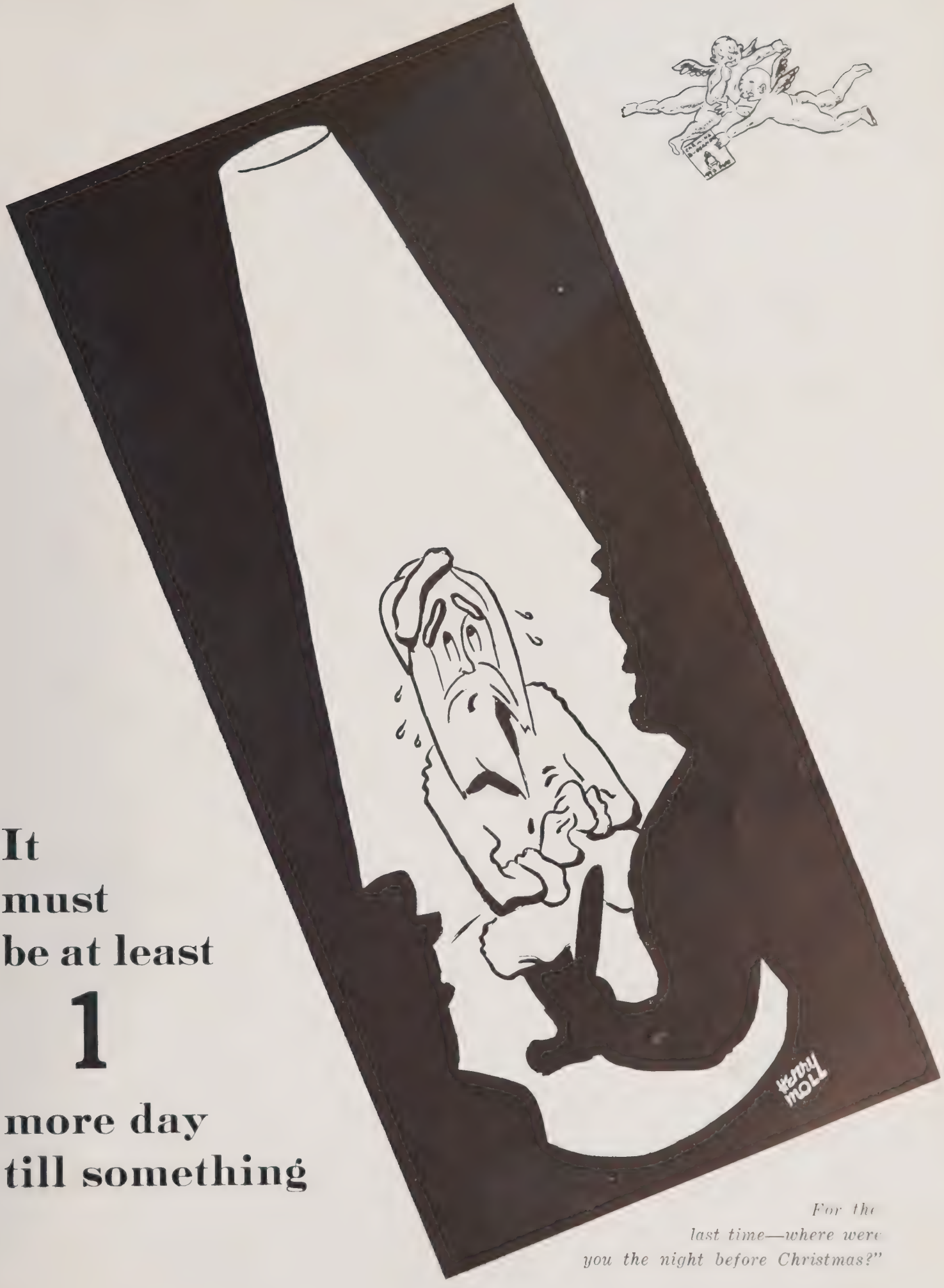
3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.

Don't deny yourself the pleasure of smoking Camels, the quality cigarette *every* smoker can afford.

PENNY FOR PENNY
YOUR BEST
CIGARETTE
BUY!

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

CAMELS—*Long-Burning Costlier Tobaccos*



It must be at least 1 more day till something

For the last time—where were you the night before Christmas?"

Full Credit

To Helen Plyler. With two (actually three) issues behind us, Helen is the only girl left on the Editorial staff. She throttles the coed fashion department, and a good job she does of it too. In fact, her articles usually contain more plot than most of our stories. She has certainly changed the page from just another filler to something worth reading. Even we enjoy it.

Incidentally, she invariably meets the deadline without being slave-driven. This deserves double portions of full credit.

●

Cover

It is the work of Henry "the faithful" Moll. Henry has pulled us out of so many tight spots in regard to the cover that we have persuaded him to do one from the start. This month the cover is different; a little plain, perhaps, but we couldn't take any chances. We don't want to be putting out an issue during Christmas.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

BUCCANEER

Literally, a Comic Monthly

BILL STAUBER, Editor-in-Chief

MACK HOBSON, *Assoc. Editor* BERT L. PREMO, *Business Mgr.*

VOLUME XVI ISSUE 3 NUMBER 23

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The Sacrifices We Make

We have found that the hardest job in editing a magazine comes in writing the brief statement that accompanies each issue. Take this issue, for example.

We sat down at the typewriter. Our mind wandered back to the recent Buccaneer episode. As yet, we had not made a public statement as to our stand on the fate of the Buccaneer. Naturally, we felt that we had been treated unfair. It seemed to us the whole affair could have been worked out with a little less emphasis on heroics. Hadn't the Student Council, in condemning our magazine, made it appear that the issue was many times worse than it really was? Then, why shouldn't we condemn the Student Council?

With this thought burning in our mind, we wrote: "A lot of water has passed over the dam in the past few weeks; too much, in fact, to suit us." We stopped. "Who cares about that now," we asked ourselves, as we ripped the sheet from the typewriter.

We started over. This time we would write about the trouble we had had in getting out this issue. Two issues in November had left us less than a week to prepare our copy. We hadn't studied in over two weeks, and we were on the verge of "flunking" out of school. We were disgusted with the whole campus. They did not appreciate the sacrifices we made for them. Perhaps they didn't know. Well, we would tell them.

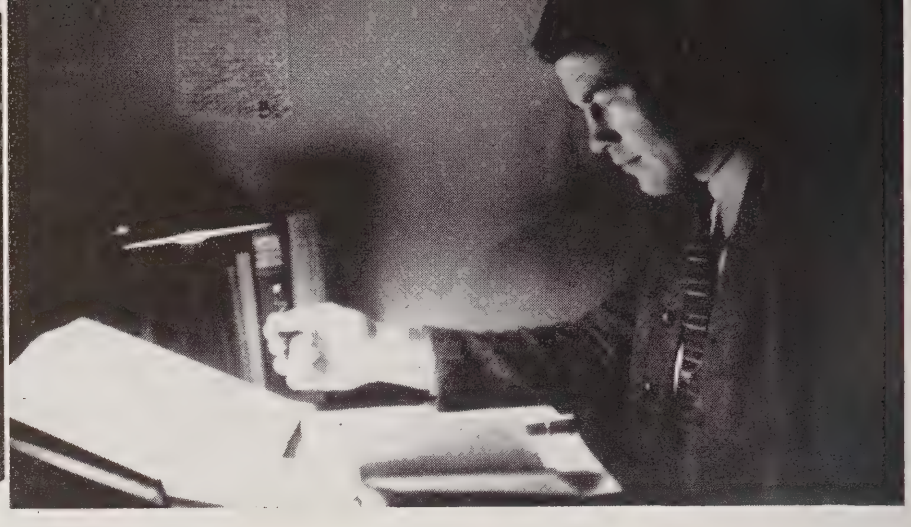
With this thought burning in our mind, we wrote: "A lot of water has passed over the dam in the past few weeks; too much . . . ." We stopped, read what we had written, and ripped it from the typewriter. It would never do to offer apologies. Besides, it isn't the fault of the campus. We had not stepped into this position blindly.

We tried again. This time we would tell how it was our idea to make this a Christmas "Gift" issue long before the recent trouble arose. We wouldn't let the Council have the satisfaction of taking the credit for this type of issue when it was our idea. Hadn't we instructed the staff that everything for this issue would be above board? Hadn't we announced that we wanted an issue everyone could take home with them? Then, it was up to us to see that we got the credit.

With this thought burning in our mind, we wrote: "A lot of water has passed over the dam . . . ." We stopped. We were still bitter. We could never write anything like this. Why, we must be crazy. Here, we were trying to put out a Christmas issue in a spirit like this. We took a long walk through town; saw the Christmas lights, the gifts in the windows, and the spirit that prevailed. The trouble with us is that we had been cooped up too long.

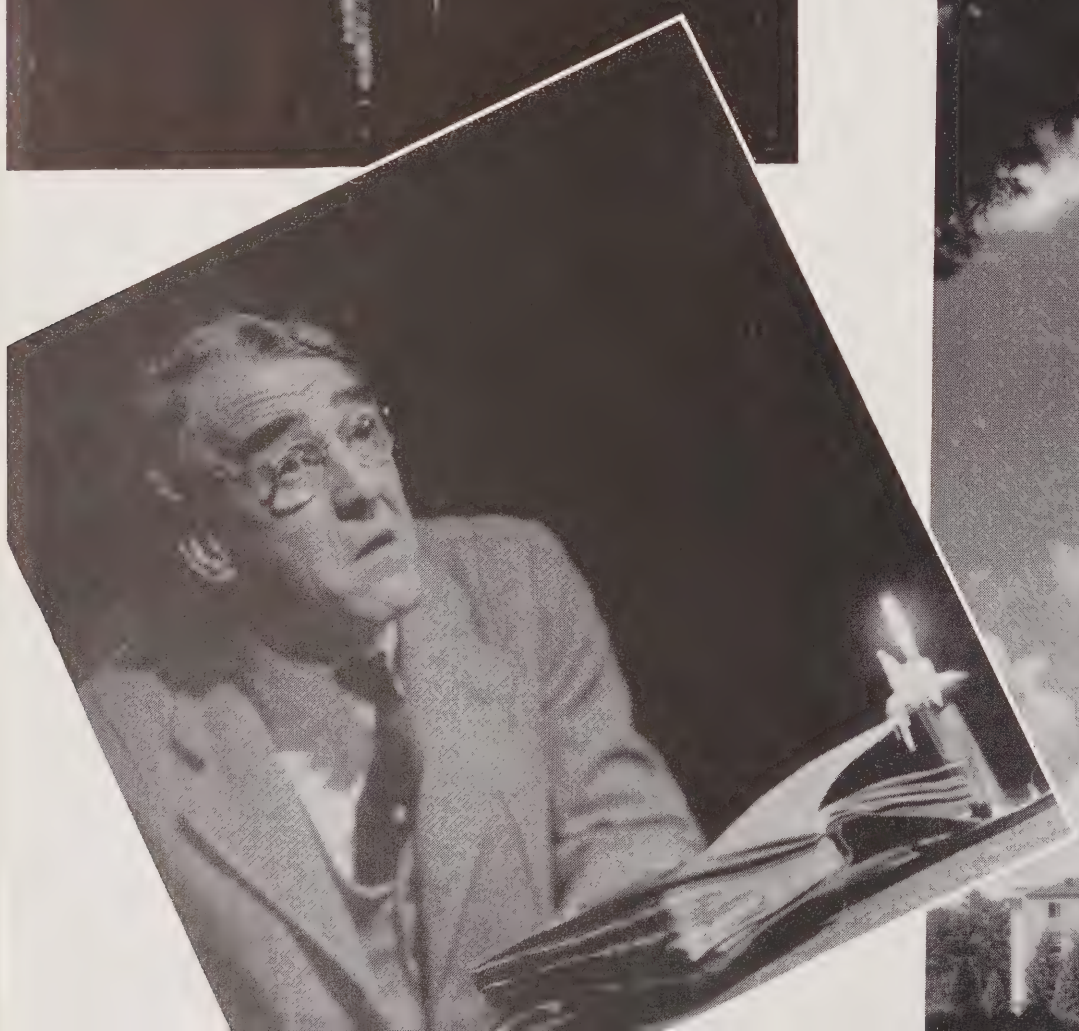
We returned to the typewriter. With this spirit burning in our mind, we wrote: "A lot of water has fallen in Chapel Hill the past few weeks. Carolina also lost to Duke, and Exams are here, but what the heck! Who cares about the past? Christmas is almost here! Let bygones be bygones! **The BUCCANEER wants to be the first to wish you a MERRY CHRISTMAS.**

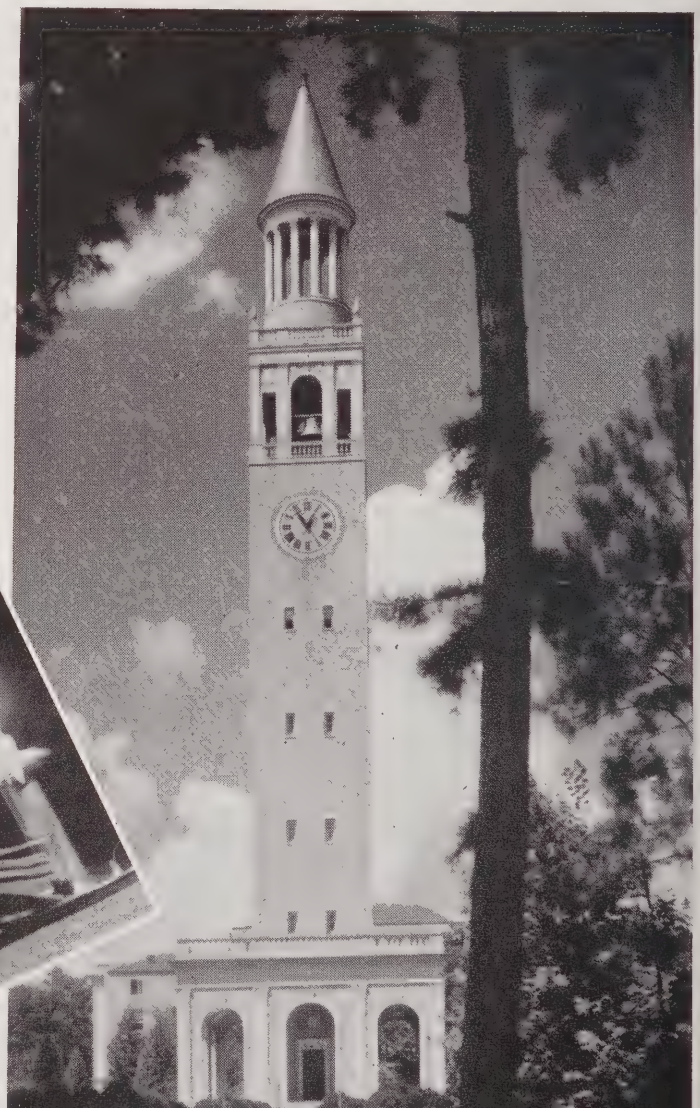
— The Editor



'Twas the Week Before Christmas

At Carolina. . . . With Glee Club Concerts . . . and the Rain . . . and the Lights . . . and Professor Koch's Christmas Carol . . . and the Chimes . . . and, oh yes, EXAMS.





1939 in Review

Ten Biggest News Stories of the Year
Results of Buccaneer Predictions

News Stories

Disregarding the fact that "the first one that makes a move catches Hell," the Buccaneer again sticks out its neck in bringing you what it considers the ten biggest news stories of the year; the year being 1939. Not satisfied with that, we are going even further and pick them in their order of importance. We know that this is unnecessary, but we want to live up to our motto of "whole hog or none" or "you can't take a bath with your feet out of the tub."

Without further noise, we give you the TEN BIGGEST NEWS STORIES OF 1939.

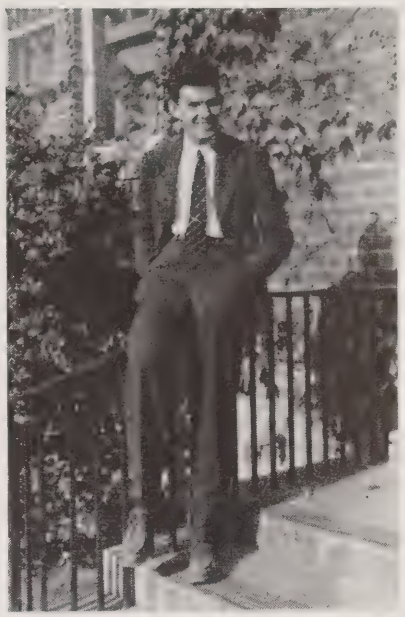
1. The Buccaneer Upheaval featuring the undefeated Student Council led by that dashing triple-threat, James Evans Davis and coached by Dean Bradshaw and Freddie Weaver.

2. Carolina's loss to Duke in football.

3. The colossal flop of the Golden Fleece in their selection of the "outstanding men of the campus."

4. The increase of coeds at Carolina.

5. Kay Kyser's unpaid return to Carolina.



6. Martin Harmon's election as Editor of The Daily Tar Heel. Added feature: Readable Editorials.

7. Loss of three baseball games to Duke by the best Carolina team in years. (Well, the pitching *was* weak.)

8. Carl Pugh's page of medical property appearing in the January issue of the Buccaneer.

9. The comeback of the Carolina football team in the Tulane and NYU games.

10. The increased activity of the Phi Assembly.

Honorable mention: The University Band actually taking a trip. Better relations between Duke and Carolina. The European War.

Predictions

The January, 1939, issue of the Buccaneer carried predictions for the year. Naturally, most of the predictions were obvious and absurd. Some of them, however, were made in our sincere belief that they would really come to pass. In checking over the predictions we found that there was a total of fifty-three predictions made. Out of fifty-three predictions, we have observed forty-one of them materialize.

Highlights in our predictions were as follows:

Hitler will not speak for the CPU.

The ground hog will see his shadow.

Carolina will beat Duke in basketball; will lose the tournament.

Joyner will not run for a second term.

Carolina will see its biggest enrollment in History.

Duke will beat Carolina in football. (Ouch!!! We shouldn't have done this in the first place.)

Carolina will win Cross Country meet.

Our biggest upsets came in the prediction that Carolina would beat Duke in Baseball, and that a man in white would speak for

(twenty-eight)

Tales My Mother Told Me---Series II

by MACK HOBSON

Sleeping Beauty

Long, long ago, in a little old cute kingdom by the sea, there lived a great king and his beautiful queen, who was generally suspected of being his wife. The king and queen had everything that money could buy, but they weren't happy. Weren't they crazy, though? They were unhappy because there was no pitter-patter of little feet about their beautiful palace, because there were no childish voices raised in joyous laughter; in fact, they didn't have any children.

One day the king turned to the queen and said, "You know, it's beginning to look as if we don't have any children, don't you think?"

"Yes," said the queen sadly. "By the way, how would you like to have a couple, old kid?"

"It makes me very unhappy," said the king, "to think that we have been married all these years and that the only thing we have to show for it is water on the brain. I sure would like to have a little daughter, wouldn't you?"

"Yes," said the queen brokenly, "but a lass I'm afraid it can never be for us."

The next day a beautiful princess was born to them without warning. The queen was astounded. "This is so sudden," she said.

The king touched the baby and shuddered. "Ain't it pretty?" he said. "What is it?"

"Have a couple of cigars," said the queen. "This is the happiest birthday I've ever had."

"It's the only one you've ever had," said the king.

The days that followed were happy ones for the king and queen. Their little daughter grew rapidly, and pretty soon they decided to give her a coming out party.

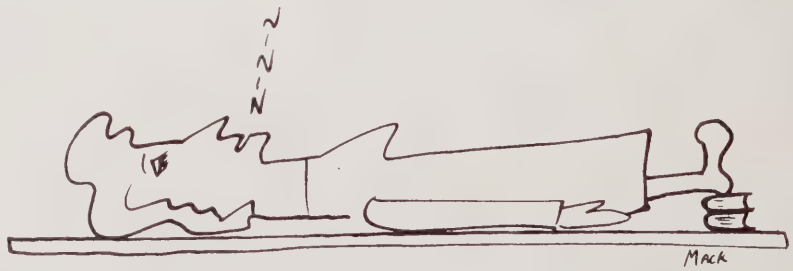
"This will be the biggest thing that's ever happened around here anytime soon," said the queen. "We'll invite everybody."

"If you don't mind," said the little princess, "I would appreciate it very much if you wouldn't invite the old witch who lives down the road. She stinks to me."

"I heard what you said," said the old witch, sticking her head in at the skylight. "Will you do me a favor and stick this here thing in your finger in your twenty-first birthday? There's an old spinning wheel in the parlor, and I swiped it off of that." She gave a cackle and disappeared, but showed up again in a moment. "Excuse me," she said, "but if that doesn't work, would you mind shooting yourself?"

When she had gone, the little princess stared thoughtfully at the bowie knife the witch had left in her hand. "I reckon I'm an impatient little cuss," she said, "but why wait till I'm twenty-one?" and she plunged the bowie knife deep into her third finger. Nothing happened. She pulled it out and plunged it deep into her fourth finger. Nothing happened. Then she stuck it through her neck and immediately fell asleep. Looking about the room, she saw that her mother also was asleep, and glancing out of the window into the courtyard, she saw that the servants had fallen asleep and had remained fixed in whatever positions they had held while awake: The cook had fallen asleep while boxing the kitchen boy's ear; the milkmaid was in the act of milking the cow; and the hired man was just about to kiss the chambermaid behind a tree. The princess wandered into the bedroom and discovered her father sprawled out on the floor, as usual. "What a hangover you'll have," she said, and setting the alarm for seven o'clock, crawled into bed with her shoes on. . . .

Now it so happened, strangely enough, incidentally, that a hundred or so years later, a handsome prince was out riding when much to his surprise he came face to face with an impenetrable thicket. "Think nothing of it," he said to his horse. "This is just a little something that came up unexpectedly." He knocked and went in, and the scene that met his gaze interested him strangely. There were a lot of people standing around asleep, or something, and every one of them was poised midway in the act of doing whatever he was doing. "Damn," said the prince. "WPA project." He tiptoed lightly among them and entered the palace. There, lying on the bed, was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen. "I think I'll kiss her," he said, giggling. He looked around to see if anybody



were looking, and then cackling horribly, kissed her tenderly on her moustache.

He was startled to see the courtyard spring into action outside. The cook went on boxing the kitchen boy's ear, the milkmaid finished milking the cow, and the chambermaid slapped hell out of the hired man behind the tree. On the floor of the bedroom, the king stirred and opened his eyes. "It's been a long time between drinks," he said, and reached for the barrel between his feet.

The prince looked down at the lovely form of the sleeping beauty lying so serenely on the bed, and murmured breathlessly, "Awake, my love. I have come for you at last." He kissed her again—a long, lingering kiss that sent chills of ecstasy up and down his spine. He was disappointed as hell when she didn't wake up.

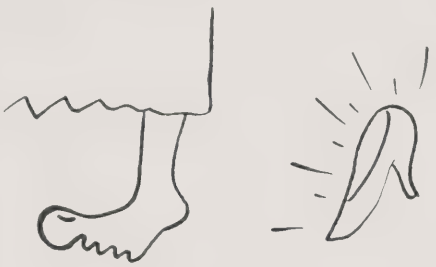
THE END

Cinderella

Once upon a time there was a little girl named Cinderella, who lived all alone with her heelish step-mother and her three half-breed half-sisters. These sisters resented Cinderella because she had teeth, and did everything in their power to make things unpleasant for her. They hamstrung and quartered her every day, and the rest of the time they spent making faces in her general direction. Little by little they managed to make her understand that they disliked her intensely. "We hate you," they would say subtly. "We wish you were dead, you old half-sister you." Then they would all spit in her eye and chuckle abominably.

This caused Cinderella to be very unhappy, because underneath her leathery hide, she really loved her half-sisters and wanted them to be happy with her. "You all wouldn't look so bad," she said kindly, "if you had any teeth. Heh heh."

Cinderella was allowed only one square meal a day. This consisted of a square crust of bread. After she had eaten supper, she would crawl into the fireplace for her night's sleep. In spite of her uncomfortable bed, she dreamed very beautiful dreams that were the envy of her sisters, and when they awoke her in the morning by building a fire on



her, she faced the new day with a cheery smile.

"There's them teeth again," her sisters would say, and then they would squirt a mixture of goose liver and maple syrup on her in order to dampen her bright spirits.

One day Cinderella was surprised to see her sisters walk up to her with smiles on their face. "What do you all want?" she said —"gigolo fare?"

"No, darling," they said. "We have a lovely surprise for you. Would you like to go with us to a party tonight at the king's palace?"

"Oh, yes indeedy," cried Cinderella joyously.

So they cracked her over the head with a bustle-hook and went off to the party, exchanging mild pleasantries on the weather and the possibility of the third term.

When Cinderella regained unconciousness, she sat upright in her tracks and mumured by way of a novelty, "Where am I?"

"Here I am," said a soft voice, and a light, airy hand touched her shoulder. "Why are you crying, my child?"

"I ain't crying," said Cinderella.

"Well, you should be," said the voice.

Cinderella looked up. "Who are you?" she said, trying to make conversation.

"I am your fairy godfather," said the person in a voice shrill with mirth, and collapsed on the floor at his little pun.

"In that case," said Cinderella "how about rustling up a few necessaries so that I can go to a party? You know, a coach and hosses and things."

Before her fairy godfather knew what was being pulled over him, Cinderella was at the king's palace dressed fit to kill. "Our word," said her sisters. "How did she get here?"

Cinderella strode gracefully down the great marble floor to meet the prince, with the train of her sparkling gown and one leg of her long underwear trailing behind her on the floor. "Who are you?" said the prince. "Let's go out on the balcony where we can be alone, kid."

"Don't come out here," yelled a couple of voices from the balcony.

"You sure do look pretty tonight," said the prince. "What did you say your name was?"

"You are just a old flirt!" cried Cinderella gaily, punching him in the ribs. "I won't tell you!"

This gay repartee continued until they had fallen in love at first sight. Later, when they were seated tenderly at a table sipping cocktail glasses, the prince held her hand in his and looked deep into her eyes. "Sweetheart," he said, "I believe you have a glass eye."

"Yes," said Cinderella, taking it out so that he could see it better. "I have a glass slipper, too," she added proudly.

"Darling," he said—"my love

Santa Comes But Once A Year

(A Bedtime Story For Children)

by SANFORD STEIN

Once upon a time there was a little chorus girl named Sylvia who was loved by all her hundreds of admirers for her intellect and sweetness of character. She worked for a dear old gentleman named Minsky, one of the most important New York theatrical impresarios and a producer famous for his spectacular pieces, the most spectacular of which was Sylvia. Now Sylvia's specialty was a delightfully childish and naive act in which she very coyly revealed herself au naturel to an audience of young and old men who came to the show for spiritual upliftment. It was a frolicsome routine, similar to that popular trick of magic, "now you see it, now you don't" She was also greatly in demand at stag parties, because she was so good at pulling taffy and reminded the boys of their mothers.

Sylvia lived all by herself—except for two maids and a dog—in a humble little six-room apartment on Park Avenue. Her salary was $25 a week, out of which she bought three fur coats, two diamond rings, and 100 shares of American Tel and Tel, which only proves what a girl can accomplish if she's economical, lives on a budget, and has a banker friend who possesses a wife and two children and is misunderstood.

Sylvia was an extremely well-behaved little girl and comparatively chaste except for a brief interlude when she was Tommy Manville's thirteenth wife. She only lived with one man at a time, and on her alimony she supported her dear old mother who was taking an extended vacation in Ossining after overworking her itchy fingers in a jewelry store and her adored brother who was a sophomore in Alcatraz and trying very hard to pass the bar. So it was only natural that Saint Nicholas, better known to you dear kiddies as Santa Claus, should pay her a visit on Christmas Eve.

Sylvia had been working very hard that day—her audience had been unusually attentive and she had felt herself stripped of all pretense and insincerity in front of them—and she was quite tired when she got home that evening. It was a cold, crisp Christmas Eve and the snow flakes were gently falling outside. Sylvia slipped into a chiffon negligee which followed every curve and line of her figure as closely as the administration follows the jokes of the Buccaneer and which gave her that pure, Madonna-like quality of a Petty drawing.

She was drinking her usual refreshing bedtime glass of milk flavored with a half pint of gin when she heard a loud noise in the living room. She was so startled that she rushed in to see what it was, her hair becomingly disarrayed and her negligee becomingly half-opened. There in front of the fireplace was a short, plump, jovial-looking man wearing a long white beard and a red suit. They stared at each other intently for a moment until finally the visitor smiled pleasantly.

"Hello." he said.

"Hello." answered Sylvia, who could hold a conversation with the best of them.

"Did I take you by surprise?" the gentleman inquired in a friendly voice.

"No one ever takes me by surprise." was the dignified reply. "I'm always prepared."

"Well, that's fine. May I sit down, then?"

"Do." said Sylvia graciously. "I've always been known for my hospitality."

"I don't doubt it." replied our hero with an approving glance. "You certainly put up an impressive front."

Sylvia blushed at this compliment to her ability as a hostess.

"I don't want to seem inquisitive," she said, "but may I ask who you are?"

"Certainly. I'm Santa Claus."

"Really? And I'm the Queen of Sheba." replied Sylvia in a rather skeptical tone. (She wasn't *really* the Queen of Sheba,

"Mother's little angel is going to see its daddy at last!"

Christmas Problems

(for someone)

—photographs by G. B. Lamm

Bobbie Burroughs

Eunice "Panther" Patten

Jeanne Connell

Stacy Crockett

Dolly Erickson

Rosemary Johnson

Ross' Round-up

by TINY HUTTON

After judging our Battle of Swing here last spring, George Simon of METRONOME said about one of the bands, "Next came Ted Ross' band, styled a la Horace Heidt which had no place in a battle of swing." This worried Ted none the least, for although he has not styled his band after Heidt's, he wants no place in any battle of swing. Ted favors the sweet, but decidedly, and plays groove numbers only when the occasion demands.

In the fall of '36, Ted packed his clothes, other personal effects, and his guitar, and left his native Nashville, N. C., to come to Chapel Hill. He had been here only a short time when Freddy Johnson took him on as guitarist. He stayed with Johnson for about a year, and then more or less dropped out of band work on the campus.

During the spring quarter of '38, when the contract for the summer school dances was going out, Ted put in a bid. He got the contract and then proceeded to get a band.

When summer school opened, and Friday night started to roll around, Ted Ross and his Orchestra completed their polishing the Ross style and prepared to do or die.

Out of the bunch that played that first job with him, Ted has only two boys left, Delmas Hendrix, the bass fiddle man, and Sammy Kluttz, the third trumpet. Among others who sat on the Ross bandstand that night were Al Huger, the nifty little drummer who is now back in his native Charleston; Bob Simmons and David Henderson, trombone and alto sax with Charlie Wood; and Harry Moore, Jimmy Farr's second trumpet.

Ted came back to the Hill in the fall, and served notice on the other campus bandleaders that he was here to stay. It was then that he really started to develop his present style, "Music Sweet With a Dash of Heat." In Ted's own words, "We got our brass pyramids from Richard Himber, clarinets in megaphones from Hal Kemp, clarinet trills from Johnny Long, and something from Al Kavelin that he calls 'Cascading Chords'." Ted does most of the arranging, and boasts of having nearly seventy of his own in the book. Hubert Wheeler, the pianist, and Don Dean, the third sax, also have a few to their credit.

Ted is now playing tenor sax, and does a bit of take-off when the band speeds up the tempo. He also does some vocals.

The female vocalist with the band is Virginia Alderson, "the Dolly Dawn of Durham." She is a chubby little seventeen year old who is still in Durham High. When Ted sent out a notice for a girl singer, she auditioned and got the job.

Two Connecticut Yankees and the Pride of Stonesville, N. C. make up the sax section. Milt

(twenty-six)

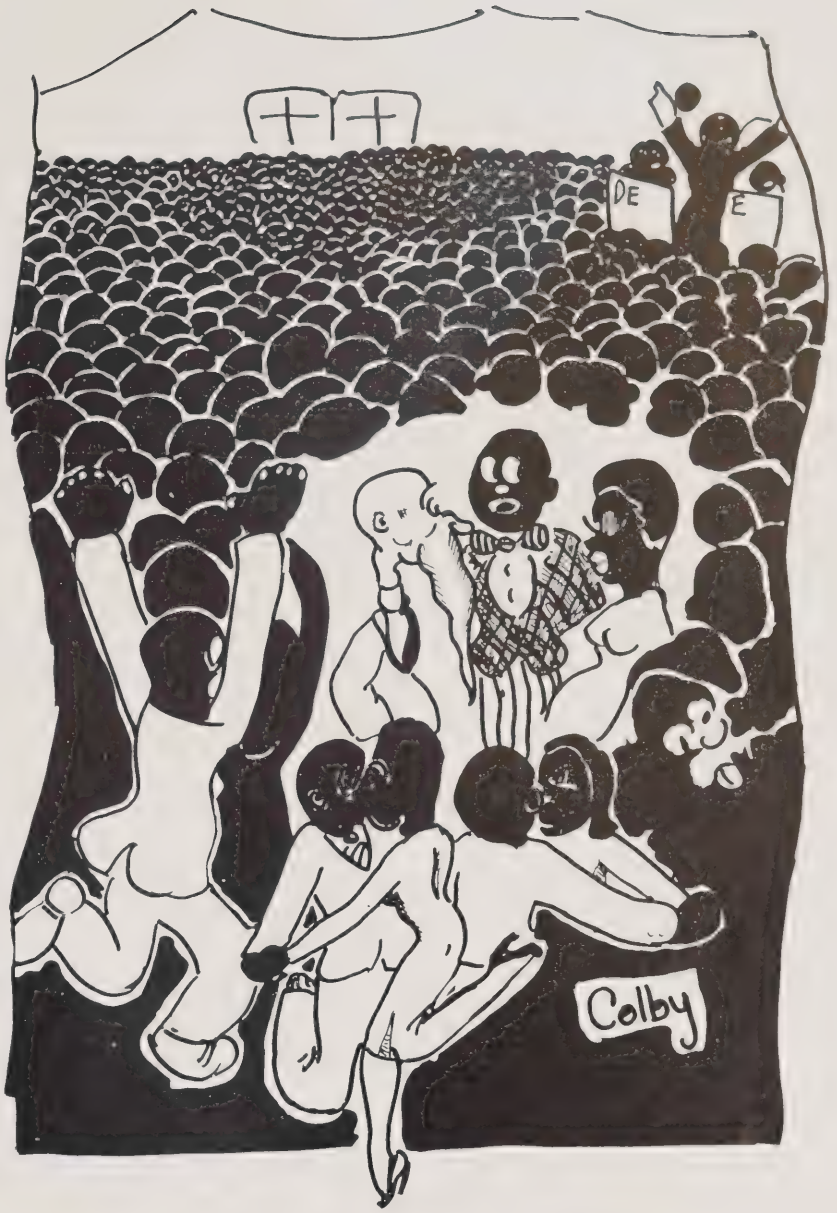
"Music Sweet with a Dash of Heat"

CROSSED
and
Double---Crossed
by XXX

Mickey Warren presents the startling spectacle of a coed, who could have five dates a night if she wanted to, deliberately keeping herself out of circulation. Mickey has a severe case of heart trouble, the cause being a West Point Cadet, and has adapted for her theme song,"I'm Saving My Love for You." So, whenever there is a big dance week-end, Mickey goes home to Monroe, traipses to New Orleans with her mama, or manages in some way to go into hibernation. In short, Carolina's loss is the old Army gain. . . . Joe Dawson called up a coed a few nights before the Phi Assembly dance to ask her if she'd sponsor a friend of his in the figure, the friend's date being unable to come at the last minute. The girl told him she already had a date. "Well, then," exclaimed Joe, "get anyone you can find. We just *can't* be choosy." . . . Jean McIndoe of the shipshape figure and sulky face has added Ben Turner to her list of ex-beaus and is now giving gridiron hero Bill Faircloth a chance to prove whether or not he's got something on the ball . . . .

Due to the diabolical workings of the University Dance committee, Lois Barnes will be available for tripping the light fantastic throughout the entire winter quarter. . . . Speaking of Vance Hobbs, you may have heard this little anecdote by now, but it's worth repeating. Vance was conducting one of those Kay Kyser Kollege of Musical Knowledge programs in Graham Memorial and one of the contestants was fetching Mary Wood Winslow. As Nuddy walked to the front of the room to be questioned, all the males in the audience began to catcall and whistle in their most delicate East Franklin street manner. Vance turned around and said a la Kay, "You're wrong." . . . Hooey Hobbs, the law school branch of the prosperous Hobbs family, turned up at the Duke game (known, like the Civil War. as the late lamented incident between Durham and Chapel Hill) with a large sign which read "Drinking at public events will be forbidden and will be prosecuted" and which he used to wrap around a bottle of decidedly fermentable liquid. As the bottle got lower, Hooey got higher—and soon began shouting greetings to various people in the stands. Seeing a friend of his sitting a few rows down with a pretty brunette, Hooey shouted, "Who is that young lady? She looks vaguely familiar. She looks vaguely lovely." "In your condition," responded the friend, "anything would look vague." . . .

Cupid Scoops the Fourth Estate Dept.: The Morris Rosenberg, Zoe Young, Charlie Barrett triangle has diminished into a duet, with Mr. Barrett voluntarily withdrawing and Zoe celebrating her understanding with Rosie by treating him to dinner at the Toddle House in Durham.



"Dr. Livingston, I presume?"

HONK
CLICK
1000 LB
COED CATCHER
FOR THOSE WHO HAVE FAILED —
COED (A), WHILE STROLLING THRU ARBORETUM, TRIPS OVER → STRING (B) WHICH CUTS ON FAN (C). FAN BLOWS PERFUME (E) TO WAITING MALE, WHO PEDALS BICYCLE (G) TO OVERTAKE COED, PEDALLING CAUSES COG (H) TO TURN, THUS TURNING WHEEL (I) TO WHICH FISH HOOK ATTACHMENT (J) IS FASTENED. FISH HOOK GRASPS STRING (K) PULLING SQUIRREL (L)'S TAIL. SQUIRREL STARTS TO RUN, TURNING TREADMILL (M) WHICH BLOWS HORN (N). HONK (O) SCARES BIRD (P) WHICH TAKES WING, PULLING CORK (Q) FROM BOTTLE (R). CHAMPAGNE (S) GUSHES FORTH INTO WATER-WHEEL (T) TO WHICH STRING (U) IS TIED. AS WHEEL (T) IS TURNED, STRING (U) IS PULLED, FIRING GUN (V) WHICH SHOOTS BULLET (W). BULLET SNAPS CORD (X) WHICH TIPS BOTTLE (Y). ROT-GUT SPILLS, EATING THRU STRING (Z). THUS THE WEIGHT IS RELEASED, NEATLY TRAPPING COED. (B)(O) AND (D) ARE USED TO COLLECT CHAMPAGNE WHICH (F) DRINKS BEFORE APPROACHING COED — P.S. BUT WHO THE HECK WANTS A COED?

So You Want To Go Christmas Shopping?

So you want to go Christmas shopping? So what? It isn't an original idea, is it? Didn't I go Christmas shopping myself *once*. Why, of course I did. And wasn't I in bed all Christmas day and had to eat nice turkey soup while everyone else had to be contented with just plain turkey. Certainly. And didn't I get to stay at home by a nice warm fire when everyone else had gone to exchange their gifts for something they really wanted. Sure. But wasn't I lucky in receiving that nice red and yellow matched tie and "hanky", the new pansy-flowered pajamas, and the pale gray shirt with pink stripes. There was no reason for me wanting to exchange my gifts, was there? Of course not.

Then do you hear me kicking? Don't you think the sacrifices I made Christmas were worth a new set of teeth, ... and a nice tight-fitting pair of arch supports, ... and the elastic belt I get to wear around my back all the rest of my life? Why I should say they are.

Alright then! If you want to go Christmas shopping, go ahead. I went *once* and you can hardly tell it. Furthermore, I will never forget it, ... and you won't either. (P. S. Patronize our Advertisers.)

Bulletin: The Editor of the Pennsylvania humor magazine was "booted" this past month for corrupting the morals of the school. It is reported the Editor is very indignant towards the action.

Buccaneer Editor's Note: He doesn't know how well off he is.

Santa Claus Is A Heel

Large, scurrying white flakes tumbled down out of the gray sky and danced above the white earth in little whirling currents of wind. Little Percival Cicero Dingelheifer looked out of his window and clapped his hands in childish glee. His great detective brain, now in the first stages of development, quickly deduced that it was snowing. "Look, Mumsy," he said almost logically, "it's snowing."

"Yes, dear." Mrs. Dingelheifer bent over and kissed the top of her son's curly head. "Go in to supper now. Daddy is waiting, and it's getting dark. Pretty soon it'll be time for you to go to bed, and you know who's coming tonight, don't you?" She gulped from the sheer happiness which was choking her, and could scarcely restrain herself from kissing him again.

Percy looked up at his mother triumphantly. "Yes," he said. "Yes, Mumsy, I know who's coming tonight."

"Who?" gasped Mrs. Dingelheifer, hardly able to control her bursting emotions.

"Aunt Sudie," said Percy innocently. "She comes every Christmas Eve, doesn't she?"

Mrs. Dingelheifer went into a paroxysm of good humor. "Albert! Albert!" she choked, struggling to regain her breath. "Did you just hear what Cicero said? It was the *cutest* thing!" She rushed into the dining room, dragging Percy with her, and presented him, a little frightened at his remarkable wit, before his father. "Cicero," she said eagerly. "Tell Daddy what you just told me. I can't say it like you did."

Percy stood up straight and proud, and prepared to repeat his unintentional witticism for the benefit of his father, who stared at him unenthusiastically from behind a turkey leg. "I didn't say nothing," he said, "except that Aunt Sudie is coming tonight, if she ain't dead."

Albert Dingelheifer swallowed half the turkey leg and split. He hung over the back of his chair with his head almost touching the floor and expelled burst after burst of cacophonous mirth. Mrs. Dingelheifer shook him frenziedly, and yelled into his ear, almost with anger. "Albert!" she shouted. "Albert, listen! That wasn't the one he told me! That was another one! I meant Santa Claus, you know, and Cicero said Aunt Sudie, and I—Oh, damn you!" She flung her apron in his face and stalked out of the room, dragging Percy with her.

"I refuse to let you eat supper with that man," she said. "He doesn't know a joke when he hears one. You're going to bed right now, without your supper, to wait for Santa Claus to come. Goodnight, darling." She threw back the blankets of his bed, kissed him hastily, and went out, leaving him to undress himself. Percy crawled into bed with his clothes on and covered up. It was very warm here. He lay for a long time somewhat bewildered at the great power of humor that dwelt hidden, and without his being conscious of it, within him. He marvelled at the stupendous quality of his wit that could make his mother and father clash without his knowing what it was all about. He hadn't meant to say anything funny tonight, but still he had brought the house down

(next page)

A Heart-rending Story

by MACK HOBSON

"Could I bother you for the one cent sales tax, please?"

"Daddy, Mama says between Santa Claus and the stork, she never gets any rest."

with a few sincere words about Aunt Sudie.

"Is it any wonder," he thought there in the darkness of his room, "that I who speak great words of wit without effort shall someday be heralded by the whole earth?" This thought comforted him, and he snuggled up closer to himself in the warmth of his bed. For a moment he felt a pang of hunger for the supper he had missed, but almost immediately this was forgotten, and he was whirling at dizzy heights over vast snow-fields and jagged mountain-tops. A great exhilaration filled him, and he seemed to go faster and faster and higher and higher about the snow-banked earth, until soon it seemed only a blur beneath his cold, clear eyes.

Suddenly he became entangled in a flurry of snowflakes, and spun down to earth in a spiral of white. He landed upright on the snow, and out of the blankness in front of his eyes, he heard a voice say, "Hiya, chum."

Percy knew him right away, from his voice. "Hiya, Santa," he said. And then he saw him.

An old, bent figure of a man came out of the snow. He was dressed in a pair of red flannel underwear and a beard. He had a torn sack thrown over his shoulder, and from the holes in the sack protruded the heads and shoulders of tin soldiers.

"How about giving me a couple of them, bud?" said Percy.

"Nope," said Santa Claus. "I'm a heel."

"Well," said Percy, "can you tell me where I go from here? I am only human, and I am liable to freeze here in the snow, you know, with nothing on but this thin suit."

"How about me?" said Santa Claus. "All I got on is underwear."

"Besides," continued Percy, "I am hungry. Can you tell me where I can find something to eat?"

"Don't tell anybody I told you," said Santa Claus, "but there ain't nothing—not in this part of the country. Why don't you go home?"

"I don't know the way," said Percy. "Besides, I don't even know how I got here. Will you take me home, Santa, when you go Christmas?"

"Nope," said Santa Claus. "I got a load already. Besides, I don't like your looks." He trudged off through the snow, leaving Percy there to die.

"Well," said Percy, "it looks like I'm done for. Santa, please come back."

"I am a heel," said Santa Claus.

Percy buried his face in the snow and began to weep bitterly. Suddenly he realized that his pillow was wet, and that the light was shining in through his window. He looked up, and there stood Aunt Sudie and Mumsy and Pops standing beside his bed looking down at him. "Merry Christmas," they shouted, and then drew back startled as they saw his red eyes.

His father turned reprovingly to his mother. "You see, Bessie," he said, "I told you you shouldn't have sent him to bed without his supper. He's been crying."

Percy only stared ahead of him blankly. "Santa Claus is a heel," he said bitterly.

His parents folded in the middle. Aunt Sudie, who was usually very matter-of-fact, collapsed on the foot of his bed and quivered.

Percy felt that same strange stirring in his breast that he had felt last night, only this time it was a dozen times as strong. "I must really be a genius," he said aloud, and stopped up his ears against the storm of appreciation he knew would follow.

THE END

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HERE'S WHY MARIA WAS MAD AT HIS BRIAR!

HAVE A HEART on your husband, ma'am—don't bawl him out for smoking. After all, it isn't his *pipe* that smells bad, it's that hot-and-heavy *tobacco* he always buys.

NO MORE FIGHTS. Some friend switched him to Sir Walter—two ounces of cool-smokin' burley—so mild it *never* bites the tongue—and a wife-winner for *aroma!*

New!
CELLOPHANE TAPE around lid seals flavor in . . . brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO FOR CIGARETTES PIPE
UNION MADE
IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—*Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House," Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.*

Are You Telling Us?

By Y'all

Dear Editor,

I read your second issue of the November Buccaneer from cover to cover. I think it is the best yet. Would you consider conducting a Student Forum Sunday night? The subject for discussion will be "Under the Double Eagle" or "Both Barrels for Peace."

A Presbyterian Minister

Ed. Note: Now, we are really getting somewhere. Nuts to you students.

Dear Editor,

I have been trying to find out who won the Duke-Carolina game. I live in Chapel Hill, but I can't seem to find anyone who knows anything about it?

Rabid Sport Fan

Ed. Note: What game did you say? The writer must be crazy. There was no such game.

Dear Editor,

I am a little girl thirteen years old. I know by now that I wasn't a product of the stork, but I am still not quite sure just where I did come from. A playmate of mine from across the tracks told me to subscribe to the Buccaneer. Please place me on your mailing list. I'm dying to know the truth.

Weened

Ed. Note: Someone has been kidding you. The next thing you know, you'll think there is no Santa Claus.

Dear Editor,

I am a coed. Everyone says I am very beautiful. However, I am a little on the plump side. How can I reduce?

Bulgy

Ed. Note: Why not try going to class nude some day, and see how little you feel.

Dear Editor,

I am dying to get on your staff.

Beautiful

Ed. Note: We are dying for you to try.

Dear Editor,

We have just finished reading your last issue, and we are greatly disappointed. Just because we had one of your issues condemned is no reason for you to change your magazine. Couldn't you tell it was all just a sham to save our own necks. If the next issue isn't dirtier, we will have you "booted."

The Administration

Ed. Note: Aw nuts.

Dear Editor,

I just read a copy of the letter sent to you by the Administration. The Dean must be crazy.

Assistant

Ed. Note: And to think we thought the Assistant was his shadow.

Dear Editor,

Accept this as an application to get on the Buccaneer. I can't draw, write, or take pictures, but I am willing to learn.

Ambitious

P. S. I am trying to get in a lot of activities, so I will be something on the Campus.

Ed. Note: I'm sorry. We don't accept amateurs. We suggest the Carolina Magazine. Think of the honor to be connected with such a set-up.

—Photographs by Ike Bynum.

1923

She: Do you know Bill?
He: What's his last name?
She: Whose last name?
He: Bill's.
She: Never heard of him.

1919

He: I love you so much, I could never do anything to hurt you.

She: You wouldn't kid me, would you?

1917

Some place, somewhere, on this planet earth there lived an old-maidish Aunt with two very pretty girls—time passes on—

One day their possessions were taken over by a revolutionary chief who demanded everything, including the women.

"We are weak and cannot fight you back," exclaimed the girls, "and therefore we will submit, but please spare our old Aunt."

"You girls mind your own business," snapped the Aunt, "WAR IS WAR."

—Medley

1936

The professor rapped on his desk and yelled: "Order!"

The entire class shouted: "Beer!"

Dated Jokes

(with apologies to Chase and Sanborn)

1926

'What an unusual pair of socks you have on—one red and the other green."

"Yes, and I have another pair just like them at home."

1938

Meade: "What's the big idea, wearing my raincoat?"

Moose: "It's raining. You wouldn't want your suit to get wet, would you?"

Lampoon.

1926

The newlyweds on their honeymoon had the drawing-room. The groom gave the Negro porter a dollar not to tell anybody on the train they were bride and groom. When the happy couple went to the diner for breakfast next morning all the passengers pointed and eyed the couple knowingly. The groom called the porter and demanded: "Did you tell anybody on this train we were just married?"

"No, suh," said the dusky porter. "I told 'em you all was just good friends."

"Let him alone. I want him to learn not to be afraid of animals."

1938

She has a queer way of getting even with the telephone company. She uses my car to knock down their poles.

—Gargoyle

1936

"My end draws near," said the wrestler as his opponent bent him double.

—Covered Wagon

1776

Tr. Delt: "Which do you like best; the sentimental type of College Bob who wants to neck, or the other kind?"

"What other kind?"

CHRISTMAS GIFT HINTS

For Mother: A gold fish. Tell her to name it for you. She will anyway. It will serve as a reminder of you while you are away.

For Father: A neck tie. One that you like. Accidentally pack it when you return to school.

For Sister: It depends upon her age. If over thirteen, we suggest Four Roses; If under, a good book, preferably "Sane Sex Relations". They are never too young for this book.

For Brother: Again it depends upon the age. If he is over ten, a quart of Four Roses; If under ten, a quart of Four Roses.

For Girl Friend: Something nice. We personally recommend the "works". Better still, a nice Gruen.

For Grandmother: Grandfather.

For Grandfather: In this case, a coffin.

For All Relatives: The run-around.

For all other enemies: The Carolina Magazine.

For All friends: The Buccaneer for a Buck a Year.

"Turn on the radio. Church should be over by now."

Drink, Drank, . . . Drunk

The stockings hung over the fireplace
Black, green, orange, and pink;
And red of face, with droopy eyes
Daddy hung over the sink.

The Christmas tree stood in the parlor
And holly was scattered about,
And in one corner beneath the desk
Mommy had long since passed out.

The turkey was in the ice box,
In the window were cedar boughs.
And sister was on the sideboard
In the dining room practically soused.

And Santa Claus came down the chimney
To wish "Merry Christmas" to all.
But, instead, he got high on my Daddy's rye
And messed up the rug in the hall.

—St. Clair Pugh

Jingle Bells, jingle bells,
Jingle all the way.
Buy a present for your girl.
Take six months to pay.

'A Girl

I saw her in the Grill, first,
'A talkin' to some dopes,
I wanted so to meet her,
But all I had was hopes.

I saw her on the campus
Her curves 'A makin' faces
They seemed to be 'A sayin'
Come on and take me places.

I saw her at 'A ball game,
'A cheerin' for dear life
And then one day I met her
She was 'A students' wife.

—Jak

I used to believe in Santa Claus
But I know now instead.
I put some poison in St. Nick's food,
And the next morning Daddy was dead.

—St. C. Pugh

DR. J. P. JONES
DENTIST
Upstairs—Next to Post Office
Telephone Office 5761
Telephone Res. 6836

Visit
JEAN'S
The Shop
"Featuring Fashion Classics"
Raleigh, N. C.

Christmas Eve was awfully swell.
I got a new sport car,
A thousand bucks, and ten new suits,
And I dated Hedy Lamarr.
I dined with her and danced with her,
And she was the perfect lamb.
I kissed her twice and held her tight,
And then I woke up. Damn!

—St. C. Pugh

"I want something for my neck for Christmas,"
Said the wife, expecting a fur;
And was she surprised on Christmas day
When her spouse sent a garrote to her.

—St. C. Pugh

I knew a girl named Passion.
I asked her for a date.
I took her out to dinner
And gosh! How passionate.

Co-Ed

Her gums were not lovely,
Her teeth were not straight
Her figure was gawky
Her eyes full of hate.
The clothes that she wore
Were at least three years old.
The things that she said
Were not clever or bold.
She went to a girl's school
And studied so well
That she transferred to Carolina
And rated like hell.

—Jak

RECORDS

Well, Jan Savitt has two more hits on Decca (2771). You've guessed them; *720 In The Books* and *El Rancho Grande.* Bon Bon really does his stuff on both sides of this platter. Bon Bon is the only Negro singer with a white band.

Bluebird is now in the process of re-releasing Benny Goodman's old Victor hits. *Can't We Be Friends?* is his first.

Abe Lyman's *Dancing With A Broken Heart* (Bluebird 10475) is due to be a definite hit. Eddie Holly sings this one with pathos. It is coupled with a novelty tune *Little Red Riding Hood.*

Larry Clinton's new Victors are out. *Can I Help It?* and *A Table in the Corner* are sung by Terry Allen. Mary Dugan sings *How Long Has This Been Going On?* and on the other side Larry plays and Terry sings *At Least You Could Say Hello.*

The songs from the show *Too Many Girls* are becoming very popular. Both Hal Kemp (Victor) and Mary Jane Walsh (Columbia), the star of the show, have made *Love Never Went to College* and *I Didn't Know What Time It Was.*

Jimmie Dorsey's new arrangement of *My Prayer* has just been recorded and by the time you read this it will be on the market.

Glenn Miller, with blond Marion Hutton doing the vocal, has waxed *I Just Got A Letter;* and with Ray Eberle, *Bless You, Speaking of Heaven,* and *Can I Help It?* All of these are up to the usual Miller standard.

Tommy Dorsey's *So Many Times* (written by brother Jimmy) is the best record of the month. It is coupled with *Baby, What Else Can I Do.* Anita Boyer, his new singer replacing Edith Wright, takes this vocal. She seems to be a cross between Bea Wain and Maxine Sullivan.

Artie Shaw has released a Shawie record of *If What You Say is True* and *Many Dreams Ago.*

THIS MONTH'S BEST SELLERS

Victor—
Beer Barrel Polka
—Glahe Muzett

Bluebird—
Moonlight Serenade
—Glen Miller

Decca—
An Apple for the Teacher
—Bing Crosby

—*Charlie Barker*

Crossed

Shelley Rolfe, Tar Heel sports editor and glamor boy, has been courting quite regularly Phyllis Galumbeck who now knows all about "what I said to Jake Wade and what Jake Wade said to me." Shelley called Phyllis up one night for a date. "What'll we do?" asked Phyllis. "Well," answered Shelley with masterful subtlety, "There's always Kenan stadium." Ray Stroupe and Shirley Hobbs were hitting it off first-rate until Ray got the wanderlust and ran off to South America. Patiently waiting for Miss Hobbs is Larry Ferling whose papers seem to circulate better than he does—and there have been complaints about them, too. But the hottest journalistic affair of them all is the one between Rush Hamrick

GO FORMAL

CORRECT EVENING WEAR AFTER SIX
Tuxedo . . . . Tails
PRITCHARD-BRIGHT & CO.
DURHAM
WATTS BOOTH—23 Steele—*Campus Representative*

and Vivian Gillespie, one of the more interesting fillies in the Tar Heel stables. Don't be surprised if wedding bells ring soon. . .

Bill Darden (Trudy's Twin) and Rosemary Johnson went to Fayetteville together for the celebration and decided they liked each other so well that on the way back they got pinned up. . . . Several boys are wondering what's happened to Pauline Ames. Melville Corbett would know better than anyone else. . . . Ed Rankin, who hails from the metropolis of Spencer, walked into the room of a friend who was tenderly examining some newly bought and definitely expensive champagne. "My," said Ed brightly, "what a big bottle of Grenay!" . . . Prize jackass of the year is the freshman music major from Spartanburg, S. C. who stormed into the Tar Heel office loudly protesting because a news story had the temerity to say that Brahms was better than Mozart. When one on the staff got disgusted, called him a "scum" and almost threw him bodily out of the room, our hero marched into the business department and almost scared Andy Gennett to death by exclaiming that "I will *not* be insulted by the Tar Heel. I will go to every department of the paper. I will go to the administration. I will withdraw my subscription." He even woke Editor Harmon up the next morning to cry on his shoulder and when last seen, he was headed in the direction of Morganton. . . . . Several coeds would like to become acquainted with Phi Kap's extraordinarily photogenic Bob Williams, who looks like the movie version of a Princeton playboy.

The Pi Phi and A. D. Pi pledge dances went off smoothly with plenty of beauteous coeds and Charlie Wood's mellow Moon River voice announcing the names and escorts of all the girls in the figure. The Pi Phi affair was one of the year's best, because the stag line was restricted, only one fraternity, the Betas, received a blanket bid, and the pledge class was so nice looking that it not only surprised the campus but positively overwhelmed the Pi Phis. Biggest rush was probably given Dolly Ericson, Stacy Crockett and Judy Duke. Stacy has gone over with one of the biggest bangs this campus has ever heard. Secret of her success doesn't lie in her looks, which are very pleasing to the eye but still no Helen of Troy; her figure, which is mediocre; her personality, which is most agreeable but not the startling Warren-Johnston-Patten kind; but in the fact that she is probably the sweetest and friendliest coed in Carolina—the type of femininity that every boy would like his best girl to be. Dolly, who displayed a luscious pair of shoulders (fooled ya, didn't we?) in a striking black and red evening gown (no, this is *not* Helen Plyler's column) used to be the mascot of the third floor of the Y, but her habit of dating Jack Burton and Mac Nesbit on the same night and acting nasty toward any of their friends she didn't like left her out in the cold. But Dolly was smart enough to see what the score was and changed her tactics so successfully that she may be able to explain those disturbing rumors that all is not well in the Bowman-Broadfoot menage. Judy, who is rated by many the best dancer on the campus (she's learned the basic rule that it isn't the steps she knows that makes a girl a good dancer—it's the steps she can follow) had so many cuts that Buddy Nordan made all the males line up in single file and await their turn. She's the pet of all the Student party boys who don't mind making dates three weeks in advance. . . .

The A. D. Pis gave blanket bids to five fraternities but minimized this defect by holding their dance in Hope Valley Country Club, which prevented a lot of stags from attending, and inviting their Duke chapter, who were plenty cute and intelligent enough to apologize for going to the wrong school each time they danced with a Carolina boy. Some of the outstanding coeds there were Sarah Rouark, who looked just like a Park Avenue debutante ought to look; Frances Dyckman, who proved conclusively that she is a beautiful creature to gaze upon and that Foy Roberson definitely has sumpin' there; Martha Clampitt, who jitterbugged with Alex Bonner and sat on everyone's lap; Georgia Poole, who was worried she wouldn't know anyone because she'd been sick so long and got one of the nicest rushes at the dance (Georgia was introduced to Jim Lalanne whose first words to her were "Are you a Chi O?"); and Margaret Henderson who not only is attractive but, along with Murdoch, Mann, Hobbs and Crosby, is one of those rarities of nature—a graduate student with oomph.

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DURHAM

Fads And Fashions

For Betty

Christmas time is the time for gifts and everybody is just bursting with good will. You hum carols, hang holly, and listen to family jokes. But here let us pause and wish a Merry Christmas and a prosperous New Year to those advertisers who have helped make the Buccaneer possible. To each of you coeds, do your Christmas shopping early and PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS in Chapel Hill, Raleigh, and Durham.

Our gift of the month is perfume. Its most fascinating characteristic is its power of creating illusion. What would women be without perfume (pause for thought)? The newly appointed fashion staff has endeavored to look among the coeds and choose a definite perfume to reflect their own magnetism.

For Mary Tudor Hudson we have chosen a cologne with an entrancing fragrance, subtly blended of rose petals and spice, light but with a tang of freshness.

Jane Putman's taste wavers between spice and sweetness. For daytime wear we suggest something as blithe as a breeze, woodsy and delightful, for evening a more subtly exotic blend of carnations and gardenias.

We have selected for Sara Frances Crosby an old fashioned eau de cologne with lemony freshness or the fragrance of apple bloosoms and pink clover.

A lucious fruity odor with a suggestion of incense or wood smoke is typical of Frances Dyckman.

Then we have the lavender and old lace type, shyly debonaire, coyly seductive, as exemplified by Mary Spencer Watkins.

For Frances Gibson we recommend an exotic touch, heavy, odorous, alluring. the pungent touch of tropical flowers.

One of the few girls who does not need perfume to bring out her personality is Mickey Warren, though we might suggest something vivid and audacious.

In choosing perfume let us always remember to select something intimate and personal.

Confidentially to you males who have a hard time selecting gifts—Perfume is truly appreciated by all types, kinds, and species.

Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year everybody! ! !

—Helen Plyler

For Joe

This becomes more apparent with each passing comma. The time has come, fellows, for the annual shopping surge—and because we love you every one we hereby set ourselves up as chief clue-givers. However, no matter how conscientious our efforts may be, we forecast the usual quota of purple neckties, beige hats, magenta socks, and the inevitable weird military sets. It's all too sad that such neurotic gifts ever find their way out on Christmas day—especially since there are so many really nice things (at the same price) at large. We ask only this: Read further.

In nearly any store you choose you will undoubtedly come upon that godsend of the harried shopper, the silk foulard dressing gown. There never was a nicer present. It creates a boudoir elegance seldom seen but often desired. If possible get this number in the Paisley design—or, in any of the more colorful figured patterns. They last forever and will be a perennial joy to the giftee. While on this touchy boudoir subject, don't pass up those Norwegian type peasant slippers. Not only do they strengthen the will to stay at home, they knock the idea of table-hopping absolutely out.

Are you thinking of sweaters? We have always had a decided preference for two types. One is the cashmere edition with the V-neck. The most popular shade is natural tan which has been in favor around the Hill since Carolina beat Duke 48-7. Economically speaking, however, dark green is a better bet. Somewhat less expensive, and very good, is the same idea in Australian wool.

And why, in the name of the

(twenty-six)

Woollen socks will again be strong this winter.

The Doctor: "So God has sent you two more brothers, Dolly?"

Dolly (brightly): "Yes, and He knows where the money's coming from. I heard Daddy say so."

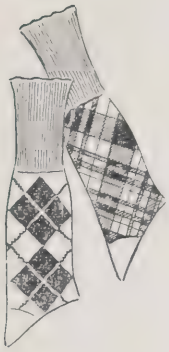
—*Brigadier*

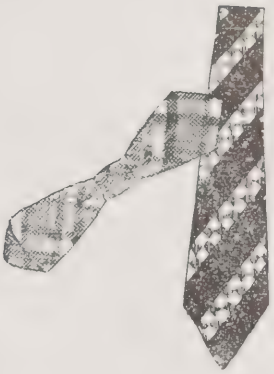
She: "John, dear, I wouldn't let anyone else kiss me like this."

He: "My name isn't John."

We heard a very poetic woodsman the other day describing how he labored all year cutting down trees to make chairs for little lads and little lasses.

May We Wish You All A Very Merry Christmas





CHRISTMAS GIFTS?

From the 'teens to the sixties—If it's for Him
You will find It at the

Thames Clothing Shop

Complete New Stock — Under New Ownership

R. S. Smith, *Prop.* Skipper Bowles, '41 Chunk Jenkins, '41

The January Buccaneer

The January issue, usually just another Buccaneer, departs from its old policy to bring you a conglomeration of everything.

featuring

Stories and Cartoons by Ex-Buccaneer Editors

Predictions for 1940

Coed of the Year

plus

Our First Book-Length Novel at No Extra Cost

(Watch for it next month beginning on this very page!!!!)

Goodman's Ladies Shop

The little shop around the corner

Corner of Hargett & Wilmington

Be sure to try us for price, individuality, and quality.

RALEIGH, N. C.

Cinderella

—please tell me that you'll marry me."

"Excuse me," said Cinderella, "but the clock is striking midnight, and I'm on the twelve o'clock shift." She rushed off, leaving her glass slipper and one leg in the prince's hand as a token of her esteem. As she ran out the door, her glass eye dropped from its socket and rolled across the floor. "Seven come eleven!" shouted her sisters sympathetically.

The prince was broken-hearted. He was afraid he might never see Cinderella again. He was an optimist. She stuck her head back in at the door and thumbed her nose at her sisters, then dashed off into the night again. This enraged her sisters, and they contented themselves with strolling around among the guests, making amusing remarks about what they'd do to her when they got home. Pretty soon they had the guests rolling on the floor. "You all sure do kill us," said the guests, squirming in glee.

On the following day, the prince launched throughout the kingdom a great search campaign, with the slogan "Cinderella or bust." Pretty soon this was changed to "Cinderella and bust." Thousands of women all over the land gouged out their right eyes, each one hoping that her charming cavity would be the one that fitted the sparkling glass orb. This was a good joke on them, because the eye had come from Cinderella's left socket. Millions of toes were shorn off, in desperate efforts to make unwieldy feet fit into a dainty glass shoe. It was all to no avail. Cinderella remained unfound.

But then, one day, the searching party came to the home of Cinderella. As the knock came on the door, Cinderella's three sisters hastily completed amputating their heels and took a final jerk at their dangling eyeballs. Then they pushed Cinderella a little farther down the drain and rushed to open the door. "Maybe you'd better do it, Mama," they said. "We'll act nonchalant." They lined up against the wall and began to whistle "Cinderella Stay in My Arms."

Cinderella's step-mother hobbled over to the door and opened it. She was immediately slugged, and a marble was thrust into her eye. "It fits!" yelped the prince, and he seized the old crone in his arms and covered her death's-head with kisses. Somebody seized her foot and stuck it into the glass slipper. It fitted perfectly. She was carried off struggling by the prince, kicking and yelling curses at the universe in general.

The three half-breed half-sisters stood propped up against the wall, just as they had fainted.

"I think I been chewed," said Cinderella. "Now I'll have to get me another eye."

THE END

CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS

STETSON SPECIAL

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The demure little bride, a *trifle pale, her lips set in a* tremendous smile, slowly walked down the aisle, clinging to the arm of her father.

As she reached the low platform *before the altar, her dainty* slippered foot brushed a potted flower, upsetting it. She looked at the spilled dirt gravely, and then raised her child-like face to the sedate face of the old minister.

"That's a hell of a place to put a lily," she said.

Old Line

There was a busy young bee,
Who resided in dorm number three.
This sweet little honey
Took all of my money
For the best things in life aren't free.

"Rib"

My nearest, dearest,
To a Buccaneerist,
Was when I told
A joke too bold.

"Rib"

Santa Comes—

kiddies. She was just *saying* that.)

"Oh, but it's the truth. I've got my credentials. Would you like to see them? They're very impressive."

"Never mind." remarked Sylvia "I'll believe you. But how did you get in here?"

"Down the chimney, of course." replied Santa. "That's the way I always make my entrance. My car is waiting for me on the roof."

Sylvia crossed her legs very properly ("legs should only be displayed from the thighs down" —Emily Post) and bent forward.

"Can I do anything for you, Santa?"

Santa glanced at her admiringly. "Oh man," he exclaimed. "If this wasn't the Christmas issue!" He sighed and leaned back in his chair. As a matter of fact, though," he continued. "I came to do something for *you*. I've brought your Christmas present."

Sylvia jumped up and down gleefully. "Oh, goody, goody! What is it? Tell me quickly."

"Now, child," said Santa patiently, "don't be so impulsive. I'll give it to you in a little while. But, first, I must ask you a few questions."

"Yes, Santa."

Santa got up and put a paternal arm around Sylvia.

"Have you been a good girl, Sylvia?"

"Yes, Santa."

"Do you always do what's expected of you?"

"Oh, but definitely." And she smiled enticingly.

Santa beamed with utter benevolence and gave Sylvia a fatherly squeeze.

"My child, you have proven yourself worthy of the present. I shall give it to you immediately." Suddenly, he broke off and tears welled in his eyes. "Oh Sylvia. I'm just a lonely old man and you don't know what the sight of purity and innocence such as yours means to me. You bring joy and gayety into my drab life."

"Now, you musn't talk like that, Santa." remonstrated Sylvia. "I think you're mighty sweet and attractive. It just breaks my heart to see you so blue. Come sit down on the couch with me and make yourself nice and comfy."

They sat down and Santa placed his head on Sylvia's shoulder.

"Santa, you're just a big baby. You need someone to inspire you. Do you think I could bring out the best in you?"

"I'm sure you could." replied Santa, who was rapidly regaining his customary spryness.

There was a moment of deep relaxing silence.

"Santa." said Sylvia softly. "May I have my present, please?"

"Now?"

"Now."

"O. K." said Santa and smiled to himself. . . .

Sometime later Sylvia stood by the fireplace watching Santa Claus as he climbed up the chimney to continue his journey.

"Goodbye, Santa." she called. "And thank you for my present. I'll always keep its memory deep within me. Can't you come again sometime. . . . . tonight.

"Alas, no," was the sad response. "Santa Claus comes but once a year. And with a leap, he was gone.

"Poor Santa." sighed Sylvia. "He misses so much in life."

The telephone rang. Sylvia answered it. It was her banker.

"Hello, darling." she gushed. "I've got the biggest surprise for you. Guess what Santa Claus gave me for Christmas."

Campus Headquarters

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Carolina Men's Shop

Robert Varley '37

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We specialize in better values

RALEIGH, N. C.

From the Economics Dept. comes the neatest "last word" story that we have yet found. It concerns another of those professors who, always anxious to improve their course, add as the last question of their final exam, "What have you thought of this course?" The prof in question, upon reaching the end of what had been one of the worst of his papers, found the following notation: "I think that this was a very well rounded course. Everything not given during the semester has been included in the final examination."

"A man of large calibre, isn't he?"

"Yes; he is a big bore."

—*Exchange.*

Onward, onward, time in thy flight!

Make the bell ring before I recite!

His best friends wouldn't tell him so he flunked the exam.

Suits Made to Order

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DURHAM, N. C.

Ross

Kantrowitz of Hartford usually plays lead, but he is temporarily out of the band. Roy Cole, of Johnson's crew is sitting in for the time being.

Freddy Gillman of New Haven takes the tenor parts, and doesn't do bad for a youngster. He is a transfer student from Connecticut State College. He loves to jam and will swear that George Auld is the best tenor man in the country.

Donald "Duck" Dean of Stonesville is the last of the three. He joined the band last summer at White Lake, and does all the clarinet solos.

The Brass section boasts of three native Tarheels, Elwood Pearce, Phifer Fullenwider, and Sammy Kluttz.

Pearce, "Pee-Wee" for short, plays lead on all the sweet stuff. He is the band's scat singer and claims, "I enjoy my vocals even if the band doesn't." He is not proud of the fact that he was the band's most unsuccessful romeo at White Lake last summer.

Phifer is the latest addition to the section. He is a freshman this year, and formerly played with Paul Moore in his native Raleigh. Whenever the band jams, he does the trumpet work.

Sammy Kluttz, who took his marital vows five and a half years ago claims to be the world's authority on "Why Not To Get Married." He has played in night clubs, "vodvil," road shows, and everything else imaginable. He was once with a circus but was not good enough to play in the band.

The rhythm section is headed by Russ Sheffield, the drummer, who was selected by Simon for his All-Campus band last spring. Russ plays pretty much of an unorthodox style, and got it from Al Huger who taught him. While learning to beat rhythm, he was threatened with eviction from Manly dorm on three different occasions.

Hubert "Goon" Wheeler holds forth at the piano. Hubie spent most of his freshman year bumming around campus with Bud Gridley trying to start a band. He claims to have owned more cars than anyone on the campus. He and Pee-Wee now own a blue Shevvy of ancient vintage named "Rhapsody." Last spring he turned down an offer to go with Jan Savitt (no foolin').

Stuart Gregg, of Utawville, South Carolina, (rumored near Charleston) is the band's guitarist. He also does some vocals.

Delmas Hendrix, record salesman extraordinaire, is the bass fiddler. The band boys claim that this Gastonia lad is the most successful romeo in the band. Last spring, his fiddle fell off the stand and smashed to smithereens before his eyes. Since then he has been contemplating writing a book titled "How To Bust Fiddles."

This rounds out the entire crew.

Ted's theme, "Sophistication," is an original Ross tune, and is due to be heard around these and other parts quite a bit in the future.

THE END

YOUR WATCH IS VALUABLE

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Durham — 108 W. Parrish St. — Opposite Silver's
Carrboro — Ferrell & Hill

3 WATCHMAKERS

For Joe

jugular vein, don't people buy shirts that are comfortable? The idea of garroting oneself with those hyper-starched collars is one thing we never saw. We personally go on the block for the oxford round collar styles. You can find them in white, blue, brown, or green—and incidentally, they look smarter with tweeds than anything we know. Tabs are still acceptable, especially in solid colors—and more especially, when worn with formal suits.

We have dealt so far with the staple ideas. Running the gamut, though, we feel that jewelry should have its day. The time has come for a little more male sparkle. Why not ask for something in watch fobs? Not long ago we saw a nice twist (she was blonde—but then isn't that what you always tell yourself?). It's a

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DURHAM

Soles that wear the longest,
Heels that wear the best,
Business that is deepest appreciated—

Can be found at the

University Shoe Shop

revival of the old black silk fob set off with a gold ornament. For evening wear it's strictly ultra and will be seen a lot this year. And since we're all potential captains of industry, has it occurred to you that a key chain will be a virtual necessity? Look for a massive gold chain distinguished chiefly by the cameo clip which holds it to the owner.

In parting, we'd like to add a couple of thousand words in praise of a few standbys. When it's Christmas Eve and you've just remembered Cousin Pinafore's empty stocking, you'll retain his regard if you clip one of the following: the venerable black knit tie; any pair of socks in the colorful argyle wool; silk pajamas of any hue—that's one thing we like about pajamas—there's no limit; and last, give your all for one of those clubby, consoling ice packs. They're little gems on New Year's Day.

Aw, the Hell with it—go buy some handkerchiefs—and stop being mean.

Good buy!

Skipper Bowles

Look at me—I can't write and I was convicted of forgery—did I have a lousy lawyer.

Mary had a little pet
'Twas neither lamb nor gopher
For Mary had her little pet
Upon the parlor sopher.

THAT'S RIGHT; YOU'RE WRONG

1. Who built the Union Pacific railway?
2. Who said, "Give me liberty or give me death"?
3. Who led the "Great Crusade"?
4. What famous man conducted the longest filibuster in the Senate?
5. Bing Crosby sang "Small Fry" in one of his pictures. Who wrote it?
6. Who said, "They shall not pass"?
7. Who said "the Poles will never rise again"?
8. What is the "dark ages" in History?
9. Who lived in Sherwood Forest?
10. What famous man is registered in one of the Hotels in Durham?

(*Answers*)

1. Joel McCrea
2. John Dillinger
3. Bob Doty (strictly non-profit)
4. James Stewart
5. Sanford Stein
6. Rex Winslow, professor of Economics
7. The Student Council
8. Economics 35
9. Errol Flynn
10. John Smith

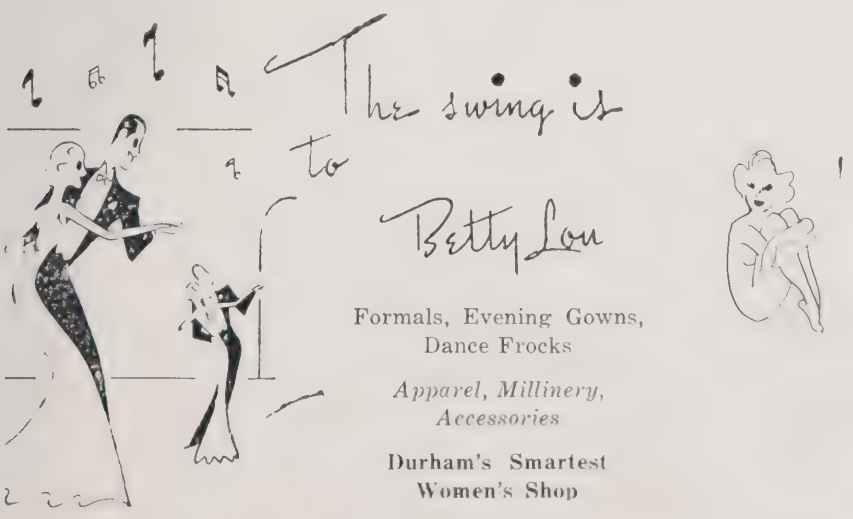
"There's only one thing wrong with me, blondie. I'm color blind."

"You'all sho' must be, mistah!"

Pullman Conductor: Boy, what's the idea of the red lantern on that berth?

Over-Zealous Porter: Look, here, boss. Here in rule thirteen, it says—always hang a red lantern when the rear of a sleeper is exposed.

—*Exchange.*



Formals, Evening Gowns, Dance Frocks

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Durham's Smartest Women's Shop

Durham
Pepsi-Cola
Bottling Company

For the Last Time—

A customer walked into the butcher shop.

"Give me a pound of kiddleleys, please."

"You mean kidneys, don't you?" asked the butcher.

"Well, that's what I said, diddle I?"

We laughed at the thought of taking exams, and when we received our grades, we busted out laughing.

And then there was the Negro woman who named her children Eenie, Meenie, Minie and Edgar because she didn't want no Mo.

She: Aren't the stars beautiful tonight?

He: I don't know, dear, I'm in no position to notice.

—*Green Goat*

You Are
Always
Welcome

at

WALGREEN'S
Cor. Mangum & Main
DURHAM
"At the Center of Town"

1939 in Review

the CPU in December. Although December isn't over as yet, we have been thoroughly convinced by some of the townspeople that this prediction was absurd.

We were so pleased with the outcome of our predictions (our percentage score was .773) that we can hardly wait to make predictions for the year, 1940.

Watch the January issue for this feature and plan your future accordingly. We think we're pretty good. We know what you think, but we have quit printing that type of stuff.

THE END

When in Durham . . .
Dine in Comfort
The Home of
Sizzling Steaks
Private Dining Halls
We Never Close
AIR CONDITIONED . . .
The Palms Restaurant
2 Doors west of Center Theatre
N. O. REEVES, *Proprietor*
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DURHAM, N. C.

1908

I had 12 bottles of whisky in my cellar and my wife told me to empty the contents of each and every bottle down the sink. I said I would and proceeded with the unpleasant task.

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle and poured the contents down the sink, with the exception of one glass, which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle and did likewise, with the exception of one glass which I drank. I withdrew the cork from the third bottle and emptied the good old booze down the sink except one glass which I devoured. I pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank. I pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink out of it and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and poured the cork down the bottle. I pulled the next cork from my throat and poured the sink down the bottle and drank the glass. Then I corked the sink with glass, bottled the drink and drank the pour. When I had everything emptied I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles and corks and glasses with the other which were 29. To be sure, I counted them again when they came by and I had 74 and as the house came by I counted them again and finally I had all the bottles and corks and glasses except one house and one bottle which I drank.

You should be more careful to pull your shades down at night. Last night I saw you kissing your wife."

"Ha, ha, ha! The joke is on you. I wasn't at home last night."

For those
HOLIDAY FORMALS
Glamorous New Evening Gowns
Co-eds, take your choice of this important new collection of evening dresses in all materials.
Raise your spirits with a new swing frock.
the Fashion
LADIES' OUTFITTERS
Be sure it's a Fashion Fashion

Your Printers . . .

wish to express to you and all
of their friends and customers

A Merry Christmas

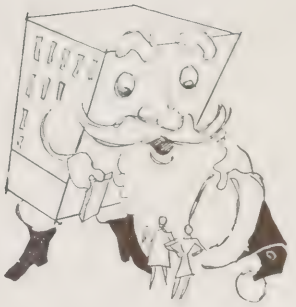
AND

A Happy New Year

The Orange Printshop

P. O. Box 271 . . Phone 3781

Ellis Stone & Co



EASTERN CAROLINA'S DOMINANT

CHRISTMAS STORE

Main Street . . . Durham, N. C.

Literally thousands of well chosen gifts for everybody in high qualities which have made this store the outstanding shopping center in a radius of a hundred miles of Durham.

COME TO ELLIS STONE'S TO COMPLETE YOUR GIFT LIST!

For Christmas . . .

Some Send ESQUIRE

Others Send:

The Carolina Buccaneer

With a Free Gift Card

Publications Circulation Dept.

Dear Sir:

Please send a BUCCANEER Christmas subscription to:

Name

Address

And bill

A Christmas Gift

CASH

For Old Text Books

Sell Now

at

The Book Exchange

"Uncle Sam Helped make tobacco better than ever!

...and Luckies have bought the 'cream' of the better-than-ever crops!" says Billie L. Branch, a tobacco auctioneer for 21 years.

Suppose you talked with this independent expert about Luckies:

You: "In recent years, you say, tobacco crops have been better than ever?"

Mr. Branch: "Yes, even though crops vary with weather conditions, new U. S. Government methods have worked wonders for farmers."

You: "Do Luckies buy this better kind of tobacco?"

Mr. B: "Yes, and they always *have* bought the choicer grades. That's why I've smoked Lucky Strikes for the last 15 years."

You: "What do the other independent experts like you smoke?"

Mr. B: "Among the tobacco men I know, Luckies are by far the favorite!"

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find that the "Toasting" process makes them easy on your throat —because it takes out certain harsh throat irritants that are found in all tobacco.

You'll also find out why—**WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1!**

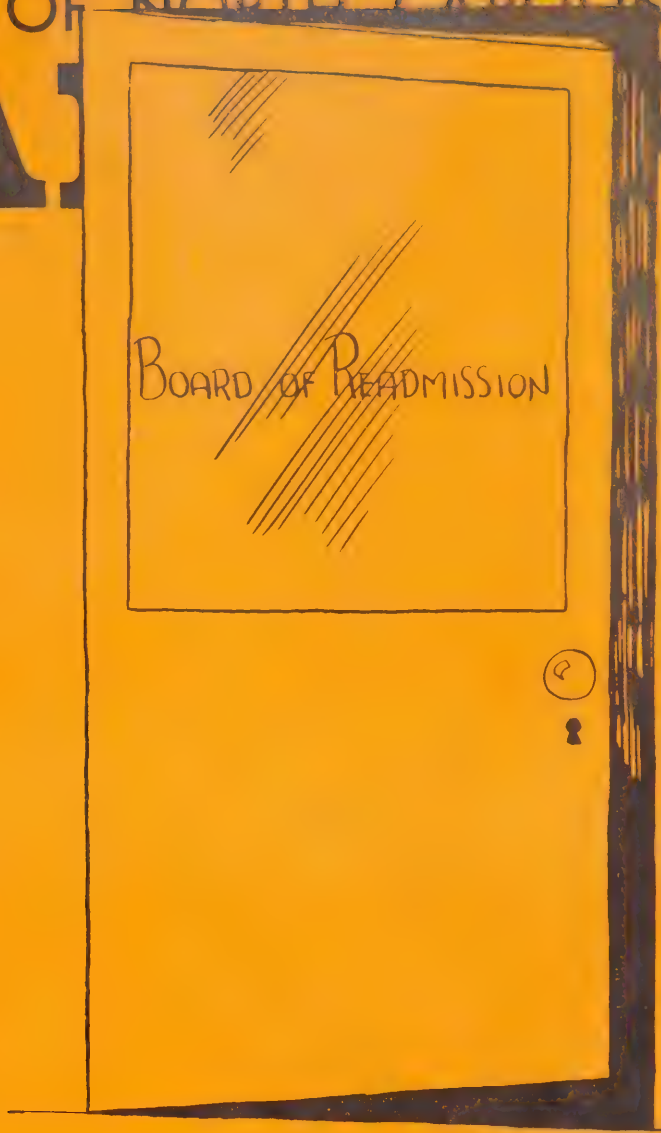
Ollie Mangum of Rougemont, N. C., proudly shows Mr. Branch his new tobacco seedlings, raised with the help of U. S. Government experts.

Copyright 1939, The American Tobacco Company

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

BUCCANEER

January, 1940



Beginning on Page 23, Our First Book-Length Novel

The Sun Shines Bright

By MACK HOBSON

15c the Copy

GOOD FRIENDS AGREE—

"THERE'S EXTRA PLEASURE . . AND EXTRA SMOKING IN CAMELS!"

NORTH, East, South, West, you'll hear the same story: One true yardstick of cigarette pleasure is *slow* burning! Kenneth E. (Nick) Knight *(below, left)* confirms the experience of millions of smokers when he says: "One of the first things I noticed about Camels was their slow burning. I figure that's why Camels smoke so much cooler, milder and taste so much better. Camels last longer, too." Howard McCrorey agrees on Camel's slow burning, and adds: "To me that means extra pleasure and extra smoking per pack."

Yes, the *costlier tobaccos* in Camels are *slower-burning!* And of course the extra smoking in Camels *(see right)* is just that much more smoking pleasure at its best—*Camel's costlier tobaccos!* Enjoy extra pleasure and extra value in America's No. 1 cigarette...Camels!

Whatever price you pay per pack, it's important to remember this fact: By burning 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them—CAMELS give a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

Cigarettes were compared recently . . . sixteen of the largest-selling brands...under the searching tests of impartial laboratory scientists. Findings were announced as follows:

1 CAMELS were found to contain MORE TOBACCO BY WEIGHT than the average for the 15 other of the largest-selling brands.

2 CAMELS BURNED *SLOWER* THAN ANY OTHER BRAND TESTED—25% SLOWER THAN THE AVERAGE TIME OF THE 15 OTHER OF THE LARGEST-SELLING BRANDS! By burning 25% slower, on the average, Camels give smokers the equivalent of 5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

3 In the same tests, CAMELS HELD THEIR ASH FAR *LONGER* than the average time for all the other brands.

MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF . . .
MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

PENNY FOR PENNY
YOUR BEST CIGARETTE BUY

Copyright, 1939, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company
Winston-Salem, North Carolina

Co-ed No. 1

Lana Turner

Although Lana has never been to college, we nominate her as the coed of the year for several reasons. First, if we had picked some Carolina, coed we would have been ruined for life. Second, Lana receives more letters from college boys than any other girl. Third, she is invited to more college dances. Fourth, she has made two college pictures —both were hits. And last, . . . but why keep kidding ourselves?

HER FAVORITE PASTIMES

Swimming

Uh—Well!!

Badminton

The Sacrifices We Make

•

He was as much a landmark as the old well that stood in the middle of the town. No one knew his correct age, or where he came from. No one cared very much. Everyone knew he was friendly, had a long white beard, and was usually addressed simply as "Uncle." Then, one day they saw him without his beard. They didn't recognize him at first. Then they remembered.

Curious, they asked him why he had clipped his beard—the beard of which he was so proud. He said that it was the only thing left to do.

One day while talking to some small tots, one of them innocently asked him whether he slept with his beard under the cover or on top of the cover. He had never thought of this before so he tried it that night.

First, he placed his beard under the cover and after several restless hours, found that he was unable to go to sleep. Then he placed it on top of the cover. This was equally as annoying. Finally, in order that he might get some sleep, he got up and clipped his beard. It was only in this way that he could get any rest at all.

It is easy to understand the old gentleman's predicament. We have tried our beard under the cover only to receive threats of condemnation. Then we placed our beard on top of the cover, and that proved equally unsuccessful. Now, we are going to clip our beard completely. We hope you will let us get some sleep.

—THE EDITOR.

THE UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA

BUCCANEER

Literally, a Comic Monthly

BILL STAUBER, Editor-in-Chief

MACK HOBSON, *Assoc. Editor* BERT L. PREMO, *Business Mgr.*

VOLUME XVI ISSUE 4 NUMBER 3

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FOREIGN—Allen Logel, Norman Stockton, Harry Jones, Bernard Nordan, Bill Young.

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Are You Telling Us?
By Y'all

Dear Editor,

I have been reading your "Are You Telling Us?" column every month. So far, I fail to see the humor in it. You undoubtedly write all the letters yourself, and they are far from funny. I think it is a waste of space. Why don't you do something about it?

Tight-wad.

Ed. note: Tight-wad is exactly right. We do write the column ourselves. But we see no reason for stopping the column. No one has kicked about it but you, and we wrote this one too.

Ex-Editor Issue—Results

It was our original idea to make the January issue of the Buccaneer one composed entirely of Ex-Editors. We thought it a novel idea and one that might be of great interest to the campus to see what the past Editors have got that the present one ain't got.

Martha Clampitt, recently of the Buccaneer, spent several days writing each Editor an individual letter. Out of the 16 letters written, we received seven acknowledgements with promises to contribute if possible. They came from:

Earl Hartsell, '24
Andy Anderson, '28
Pete Gilchrist, '32
Bobbie Mason, '33
Pat Gaskins, '35
Julian Bobbitt, '37
Carl Pugh, '39

Those that actually contributed were:

Andy Anderson
Pete Gilchrist
Bobbie Mason
Nelson Lansdale
Carl Pugh

We want to thank everyone that acknowledged the request in some way. For those who failed to answer, we can certainly understand your reaction to the idea. We have no doubt but what we will feel similarly when it's all over.

Three of the contributions, however, were so good that we did not feel we could overlook them in spite of the failure of our issue. Therefore, we present for your pleasure, contributions from three past editors.

ANDY ANDERSON—Poems
BOBBIE MASON—Cartoon
CARL "GRILL" PUGH—Cartoon

Incidentally, these three are still the most talked about around the Printshop.

New Year's Resolutions
We ain't gointa put out any more dirty magazines.
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We ain't gointa put out any more dirty magazines.
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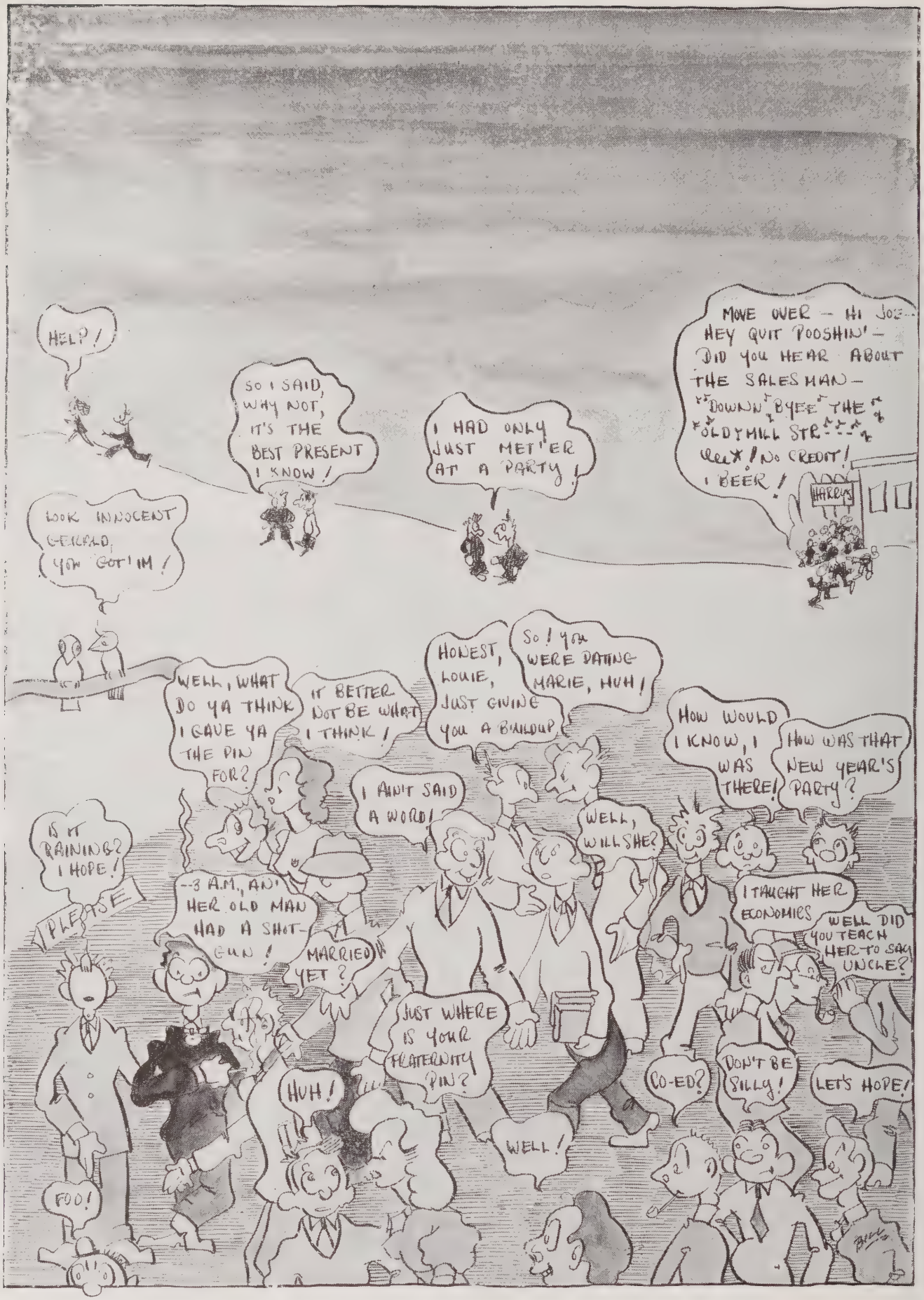
Full Credit

To Bill Seeman. This is Bill's second year on the staff, and although only a sophomore, he already holds the position of Art Editor. Bill practically monopolizes this issue by contributing the cover as well as a number of cartoons. His screw-ball style makes his work easily recognizable.

And to Sanford Stein. Sanford is a three year staff member. He has been a regular contributor to the Buccaneer as well as the other three publications, and hit his peak with Small Fry which turned out to be a whale of a column. We think he is too prolific as a writer to think about teaching school.


HELP!
SO I SAID, WHY NOT, IT'S THE BEST PRESENT I KNOW!
I HAD ONLY JUST MET 'ER AT A PARTY!
MOVE OVER — HI JOE — HEY QUIT POOSHIN' — DID YOU HEAR ABOUT THE SALESMAN — "DOWN BYEE THE OLDYMILL STR—" WHEE! NO CREDIT! I BEER!
HARRY'S
LOOK INNOCENT GERALD, YOW GOT 'IM!
WELL, WHAT DO YA THINK I GAVE YA THE PIN FOR?
IT BETTER NOT BE WHAT I THINK!
HONEST, LOUIE, JUST GIVING YOU A BUILDUP
SO! YOU WERE DATING MARIE, HUH!
HOW WOULD I KNOW, I WAS THERE!
HOW WAS THAT NEW YEAR'S PARTY?
I AIN'T SAID A WORD!
WELL, WILL SHE?
IS IT RAINING? I HOPE! PLEASE
—3 A.M., AN' HER OLD MAN HAD A SHOT-GUN!
MARRIED YET?
I TAUGHT HER ECONOMICS
WELL DID YOU TEACH HER TO SAY UNCLE?
JUST WHERE IS YOUR FRATERNITY PIN?
HUH!
WELL!
CO-ED?
DON'T BE SILLY!
LET'S HOPE!
FOO!

Back in the Groove

Mose Kicked the Bucket

A Blood Curdling Melodrama

By SANFORD STEIN

Swaying her 180 pounds back and forth like a very seductive hippopotamus, Mrs. Priscilla Mose gracefully descended the stairs in her modest little 25-room house. As she sailed into the breakfast room, looking like a schooner with four sheets to the wind, she beamed upon her two children (both of whom were souvenirs of a refrigerator salesman she had met casually one night in Central Park) and cheerfully chirped, "Good morning."

Toby, who was born a male and sometimes even acted like one, was recovering from a hangover and felt as if the fifteen martinis he had absorbed the night before had committed a blitzkreig on his befuddled brain (I. Q.: 60). Upon hearing his mother's greeting and seeing her Pollyana-like smile, he merely groaned, muttered "goddam" and quickly guzzled some more coffee. Ethel, a charming, uninhibited debutante, paid no attention—she was trying to figure out in what hayloft in Westchester she had left her pocketbook. Ethel was very popular with men because of her sweetness, her intellectual accomplishments and her strict morality, which enabled her to attain a score of minus three on a purity test. She loved flowers and whenever she strolled in the woods, she discovered that all her boy friends possessed an amazing interest in botany which they had never displayed in conversation.

Mrs. Mose sat down, shaking the foundations of the house only slightly. She smiled fondly as Parks, the family butler, entered.

"Good morning, Parks. I have decided to go on a diet, so I shall only have three soft-boiled eggs and two bloaters for breakfast this morning. I shall probably starve, but one must make sacrifices for one's figure. Don't you think so, Ethel dear?"

"How the hell would Ethel know?" growled Toby. "She's only sacrificed one thing in her life and that was when she was twelve."

"Oh, yes," mused Mrs. Mose vaguely. "We were living in Tennessee then, weren't we? By the way, Parks, where is Mr. Mose? He should be down now."

"I'm afraid Mr. Mose will not be down for breakfast this morning, madam," replied Parks politely.

"Why what on earth is the matter with him?"

"He is indisposed, madam."

"Is it serious?"

"Rather, madam. He's dead."

"Oh Parks, what an awful thing to tell me while I'm eating! You've quite ruined my appetite." And Mrs. Mose was only able to eat one bloater before continuing in a pathetic voice, "Oh dear, this is *so* distressing. And we had an important din-

(*twenty-six*)

"Well, you asked for it!"

1940 in Print

or

Confessions of a Nasty Spy

Last January, due to the fact that copy was scarce, we had the privilege of having had printed a very uninteresting article entitled, "Predictions for 1939." The results proved so interesting and the reading so uninteresting that we felt a similar article had a definite place in this January issue.

The Art of Prognosticating, however, isn't so easy as it seems. We can't be too good, or we will be suspected of having some hand in what happened. For example, I am certain Hitler will be assassinated within the year. I can't afford to predict such a thing though. The minute word is out that he is assassinated, which, by the way, will occur the middle of August, the finger will point to me.

Another thing, I know very well that Carolina will be eligible for a Bowl bid next December. Am I allowed to predict it? Why no! The Athletic Association would be on me before I could get out of town. It would cause over-confidence among the players.

So you see that to predict the future, one must be very careful, or there won't be any future at all . . . . for him.

Last year, we had the privilege of going to bed with a pound of crackers to make our predictions. This year, they won't let us go to bed with anything. Nevertheless, after devoting several class lectures, and one entire night looking through key holes, we have emerged with the following:

JANUARY. The Board of Readmissions sits and sits and sits and sits and sits.

FEBRUARY. Carolina wins Indoor Track Meet by slim margin. The White Phantoms go to the finals in the conference tournament. Do they win? This information will be furnished all self-help students. Carolina wins Southern Conference Boxing tournament.

MARCH. The wrestling team ties for Big Five championship. A certain tall, blond Junior will be spending sleepless nights wondering if he will be the next Student Body President. (A case of B. D.'s having T. D.'s.)

APRIL. Elections. The tall blond will win? Well, maybe. It is a cinch the DTH will remain in good hands in spite of the childhood dreams of one person. The Yackety-Yack will move back to a familiar frat house, and the Carolina Mag is destined to come out from under the long hair. The Buc?—I doubt if anyone runs for it at all.

MAY. F. D. R. announces third term giving as a reason the war in Europe. Carolina beats Duke in baseball. No kidding!

JUNE. The United States is frightened over the sinking of an American ship. Roosevelt uses this as campaign theme. You know, "Eleanor hates war, etc."

JULY. Too hot to handle. Everybody that isn't working will be attending the Chapel Hill Summer Resort.

AUGUST. We told you we couldn't predict this.

SEPTEMBER. Carolina will welcome more girls than ever. The list will include the admittance of freshman and sophomore girls. They will probably let me graduate this year just for spite.

OCTOBER. Beat Duke, and how! Note: We predicted us to lose last year.

NOVEMBER. Will Roosevelt win? This depends on one thing and that is whether our prediction of May was correct. If he runs, he will. What day will Thanksgiving come on? Quit kidding the Administration and look at your calendar.

DECEMBER. A Bowl . . . . no, No, NO. We can't say it, but you know what we mean. It should be the climax of Carolina's biggest year in athletics. We don't care who speaks for the CPU, but we do wish you a Merry Christmas.

"Oh, pardon me. I didn't know someone was already shipwrecked."

I, Adonis

Poems by Simons Roof

Illustrations by Bobby Koch

I

You ordinary folk,
you peas in pods,
you've heard of me, The
Night Life of the Gods:
poor people, spending
evenings sitting home,
who have no knowledge
of us dogs who roam,
shake loose the yoke that
binds you to the pod!
A dollar down,
You Too May Be A God.

II

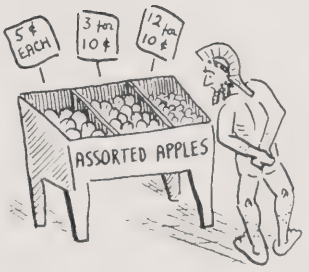
One night a Purple Cow
swapped bull with me,
and moo'd, 'My friend, let's
undertake a spree.'
My first suggestion was
a crate of beer,
but Purple Cow said this
was much too drear.
He sighed, 'For fun,
to meadow we must dart.'
This proves the best of
friends must sometimes part.

III

Another night a
Jabberwocky knocked
upon my door, and
quickly I unlocked.
Its hair was all the
colors of confetti,
its hair uncombed as
a dish of spaghetti.
I cried, 'You Thing,
you cannot exist!'
I swung at him—hit
mirror with my fist.

IV

One night I said my thoughts
were with the rain,
my love was gone, my
heart in blackest pain.
'Tonight,' I whispered sadly,
'comes the time
when I must try for
Byron's cloudless clime.'
A quart of gin inside,
I sat entranced
on eighteen Roman candles:
burned my pants.



V

Daytime I am a man,
at night a fool,
and metaphysicsize then
as a rule.
Before me thousand years
became the root,
and I was born, am
ages turned to fruit.
Each man is fruit
the ages have begot—
but some of us are green,
some ripe, some rot.

VI

I make no murky morals
from my life,
but know the uncut hand
must hold the knife.
The rambling that we bunch
of gods enjoy
is mostly moral-less,
with a Floy-Floy.
I only say I never saw
a Purple Cow,
but would prefer to be
this freak than Anyhow.

After All These Years—

The Casa Lomans

By TINY HUTTON

After two years of contenting itself with has-beens or those who show promise, the campus should be more than pleased with the selection of Glen Gray and the Casa Lomans to furnish the necessary rhythm for what is known in these parts as the Mid-Winter German dances. Gray and his band, which is not his band at all, but a corporation, are slated to open at the Tin Can the afternoon of February 16th for an extended two day engagement, consisting of two tea dances and two formal affairs.

The Casa Lomans are no ordinary outfit. In the first place, it is an unusually large organization, composed of fifteen members and no deadwood, all owning stock in the corporation. Just last summer they refused an offer of $50,000 from an up and coming musician to join the organization. (Walter Winchell)

Every member of the band, excluding the rhythm section, plays a minimum of three instruments, and when the Casa Lomans swing out, seven saxes, five trombones, or four trumpets are not uncommon. Murray MacEarchen (he will be the one hiding behind a conglomeration of instruments much resembling the regalia of a one-piece band) is indeed a versatile musician, playing trombone, trumpet, sax, clarinet, and violin.

Although the band is not currently acclaimed as a hot band, they can shell out on request. When most of us were still rating Good Morning to You as number one on the hit parade, the Casa Lomans were being denounced by the populace of Boston for their undanceable stuff—undanceable because the stuff was too hot. If there is any doubt as to this, lend an ear to their recordings of Casa Loma Stomp, Black Jazz, White Jazz, and Dance of the Lame Duck that they recorded for Brunswick back in '31.

The Casa Loma band started around a nucleus made up of several members of an old outfit known as the Orange Blossoms, which blossomed back in 1927. The original Casa Lomans however, did not come forth into this land of Lombardo looney musicians until the spring of 1929. Out of the original bunch, Glen Gray, Pee-Wee Hunt, Billy Rausch, Pat Davis, and Howard Hall are still with the band. At that time, Henry Biagini, former leader for the Orange Blossoms, was front man.

The first change came in the fall of the year when Stan Dennis and Tony Briglia came in on bass and drums respectively.

Biagini and the band split the following February and in April, the boys incorporated. With this beginning, they have turned into the country's most successful co-op dance band, having placed first as a sweet band in the recent Metronome poll.

Such bits as those caused the band to be known as a red hot swing crew, and in the summer of 1933, they grabbed the coveted spot at the Glen Island Casino. In the meantime Kenny Sargent had come in on fourth sax and vocals, Grady Watts on third trumpet, Clarence Hutchenrider on alto and clarinet, and Sonny Dunham on hot trumpet. The band had also recorded such sweet numbers as Under a Blanket of Blue, It's the Talk of the Town, and For You.

Starting with their stay at the Casino, their popularity grew, and that fall they moved into the famed Essex House, New York's home of top notch bands. That winter they started on the Camel Caravan, and for the following summer and fall, they returned to the Casino and the Essex House. During the winter, Jaques

Spike

Blanchette came in on guitar, and Art Ralston on sax.

In the spring of 1935, Larry Clinton came in as the band's arranger, and the following fall, the band appeared on the stage of the Paramount Theatre in New York, being the first dance band ever to do it. (See what they started?)

Early in '36 they played the Rainbow Room in New York and ended their radio program. They took a brief fling in Chicago where they took on a new lead trumpet, Frank Zullo, and then returned for a week or two at the Paramount, after which they went back to the Rainbow Room.

All this time, Mel Jensen, violinist and saxist, had been fronting the band. He left in March of 1937 and Glen Gray was chosen to front. Dan D'Andrea came in on sax. In the following fall Murray MacEarchren came in from Goodman's trombone section, and arranger Dick Jones left Dorsey to replace Clinton.

Then followed a long westward journey to the Palomar in Los Angeles, and the Burns and Allen radio show.

Last January, they moved into the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, and in April celebrated their tenth anniversary.

The band has left a wonderful supply of recorded style behind, and offers many different types to the record collector.

Probably the earliest one available to collectors today is Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet, and Alexander's Ragtime Band, which was made for OKEH around 1930, but has since been reissued by Vocalion. The Brunswick masterpieces have already been mentioned. Four top Casa Loma tunes are still in Victor's catalogue, Casa Loma Stomp, Dardenella, Lazybones, and Sophisticated Lady. They were made around 1933, and Sophisticated Lady sold more than any other dance record of the year.

In more recent years, the band has been recording for Decca. For You, Smoke Rings, I Cried For You, Memories of You, Drifting Apart, Sleepy Time Gal, Heaven Can Wait, Sunrise Serenade, and Tumbling Tumbleweeds are some of the best.

The band's idea has been more to feature smooth section work

(*twenty*)

Sarge

Pee-Wee

D. T.'s

By ANDY ANDERSON

Buc. Editor, '28

So this is a menagerie?
And what is that? A chimpanzee?
That's my mistake. I thought you'd say
It was a congressman at play.
I'm awful dumb about such brutes
So let's go see the bandicoots.

I've wished sometimes I were a ghoul
To change into an animule—
I'd never have to comb my hair:
That is, if I had any there.
Or if I had some hair and fleas
And were I someone's pekinese,
Someone would bathe me every day
And take me out. Alackaday,
I'm glad that I'm no pekinese
For I don't like old ladies' knees.

A gnu I know is nothing new
But I'd not like to be a gnu
Unless I knew the gnus all knew
That I was me, the same as you.

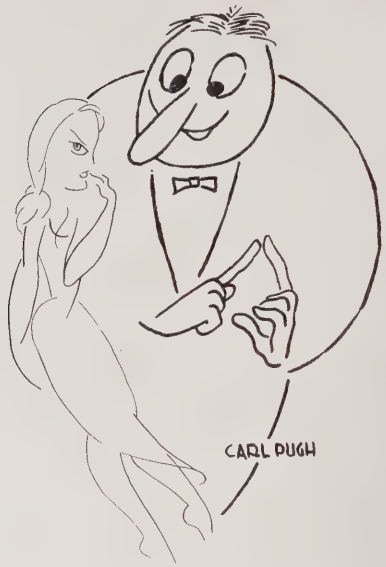
If I should some day pass away
And come to earth some other way
I'd be a big gray pachyderm—
You know, its nose looks like a worm.
But think how awful I'd get billed
If I had teeth that should be filled.
And if I had a stomach ache
I'd not know just what I should take
For in that region I should be
Quite large; and so it seems to me
That what might help one part get well
Would give another portion hell.
And anyway my manners are,
I think, correct and over par:
I'd be disgraced for all my life
If I could not use fork or knife
And had to substitute for those
A lengthy, elephantine nose.

How quaint to be a kangaroo
And hop about in some nice zoo.
Of course, its arms are not so long
But then its tail is good and strong
And he can box while she rears pups.
You never see him in his cups—
He's just a model citizen
Content to hop about his den.
What I like most about this runt
He's got his rumble seat in front.

Now, let's not see the octopus,
'Twould be too great a shock to us.
But if you want to catch an oryx
Sprinkle on his tail some borax.
Here's a darling little chamois,
Bet he looks just like his mammy.
Pity this poor albatross,
Let's console him in his loss.
What? You say you haven't heard?
An ancient seaman owned that bird
And now they're separated. Well,
Sherman said that war was hell.
Over there's a babiroussa.
Over here you'll find the moose, a
Splendid beast but quite a loafer,
He's an uncle of the gopher—
Maybe I mean tatonay
Or maybe still a dziggetai.
Anway, there's a gorilla—
I know he's no armadillo.

Here's our station — there's a dingo—
I'm damned tired of this lingo.

"Her Mother was frightened by Shirley Temple"



"There's nothing left for you but to slide down a nice, long, sharp razor blade."

"Did I? Sure . . . I killed a rabbit too."

She—"We were out on his yacht when he told me there was a big storm coming up, so, like a damn fool, I let him tie me to the mast."

There was an old lady who lived in a shoe
She had so many children—she didn't know what to do evidently.

Young man, visiting summer training camp (to good looking maid): "Who's major around here?"

Maid (demurely): "No one—yet."

—*Oklahoma Aggrievator.*

The prof's lecture was duller than a rubber axe; and not nearly as useful. Those students who were unfortunate enough to remain awake began to rise, one by one, and leave the room. The prof soon noticed this and became very much annoyed.

"No student may leave this room," he exclaimed, "unless he has a good excuse—one that holds water."

She: How was your party last night?

Voice on Wire: Oh, we're having a shwell time.

Jones (calling Smith over telephone)—Can't you come over tonight?

Smith (answering Jones)—I can't, I'm washing my B. V. D.'s.

Just here the operator accommodatingly remarked: "I'm ringing them."

The doctor was questioning the new nurse about her patient. "Have you kept a chart of his progress?" he inquired. The nurse blushingly replied: "No, but I can show you my diary."

—*Varieties*

She was only a tobacco-grower's daughter, but, oh, what a Chesterfield!

—*Vanderbilt Masquerader.*

An old darky got up one night at a revival meeting and said:

"Brudders an' sisters, you knows an' I know dat I ain't been what I oughter been. Ise robbed hen-roosts and stole haugs, an' tole lies, an' got drunk, a' slashed folks wi' mah razor, an' shot craps, an' cussed an' swor; but I thank the Lord der's one thing I ain't nebber done; I ain't nebber lost mah religion."

—*Exchange.*

Sign in girl's dormitory:

"If you need a man aften ten o'clock, call the janitor."

"Roommate? Hell, it's my English Prof."

Then there was the man who had a wife so ugly that he carried her with him rather than kiss her goodbye.

—*Dodo*

You can lead a girl to water, but
you can't make her.
You can lead a girl to drink, and
you can.

"Help your wife" says a love advisor, "when she mops up the floor, mop up the floor with her".

It's a terrible life—the life of a worm. For lack of something else to do during Christmas, we spent some two hours watching two worms crawl down the road. Finally, one worm stopped and the other crawled on.

Those were happy days when only one man in Europe thought he was Napoleon.

I had just met the girl; a Presbyterian minister's daughter I think she was. I offered her a scotch and sofa and she reclined.

In this modern world, a lucky man is considered to be one that has a wife and a cigarette lighter, and they both work.

A tipsy soap box orator who had reached the argumentative stage, sat down next to a clergyman in a street car. Wishing to start something, he drawled,

"I ain't goin' to heaven; there ain't no heaven."

No answer.

"I say there ain't no heaven; I ain't goin' to heaven." he shouted.

The clergyman replied quietly, "Well, go to hell then; but be quiet about it."

Gold helps those who help themselves, but God help those who help themselves on exams.

"I can let you have a cot in the ballroom," replied the clerk, "but there is a lady in the opposite corner, and if you don't make any noise she'll be none the wiser."

"Fine," said the tired man, and into the ballroom he went.

Five minutes later he came running out to the clerk.

"Say," he cried, "that woman in there is dead!"

"I know it," was the answer. "But how did you find out?"

Playmakers are often like oxen —They must have their little yoke.

The maid had been using surreptitiously the bath tub of her employer, an elderly bishop. He was a bachelor, very fastidious about his toilet, and desired the exclusive use of his tub.

He reprimanded the maid with much indignation:

"What distresses me most, Mary, is that you have done this behind my back."

The real trouble with our youth of today is that they were out all of the night before.

He: Pardon me, Miss, but has your dress slipped off, or am I seeing things?

She: Both.

—Maroon Bee.

History Prof: "How can you explain the great increase in population which occurred after the industrial revolution?"

History Shark: "Everybody went to town."

—Red Cat

The landlady brought in a plateful of extremely thin slices of bread and butter, which rather dismayed her hungry men boarders.

"Did you cut these, Mrs. Brown?" asked one.

"Yes—I cut them," came the stern reply.

"Oh," went on the boarder. "All right—I'll shuffle and deal!"

—College Humor.

A baby is: An alimentary canal with a loud voice at one end and no responsibility at the other.

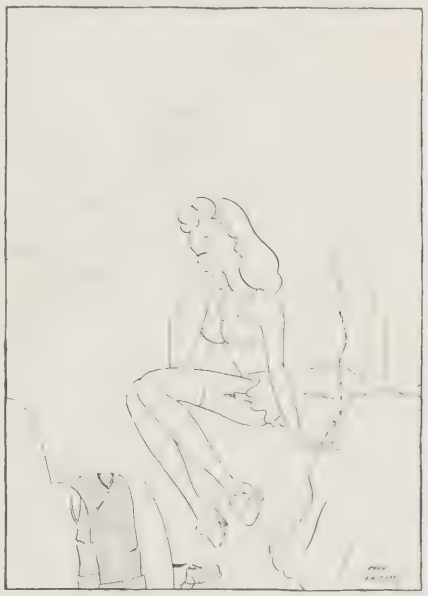
A fly and her daughter were walking on the head of a man who was very bald. "How things change, my dear," she said, "When I was your age, this was only a footpath."

She: "I'm hungry."

He: "What?"

She: "I said I was hungry."

He: "Sure, I'll take you home. This car makes so much noise that I thought you said you were hungry."



But first, let's settle this nasty old readmissions problem.

Frosh (bumping into gray-haired man on campus): "Say, where do you think you're going?"

Man: "Listen, I guess you don't know who I am. I'm the assistant football coach."

Frosh: "Pardon me, I thought you were the Dean."

—Ski-U-Mah

Hungry student: Professor, will you give me a dime for a sandwich?

Prof.: Let's see the sandwich.

"It won't be wrong now," said the co-ed as she was led to the altar. *—Froth*

The Sunday School teacher was from Boston and of course thought everyone said grace before and after meals. Nevertheless, she thought it best to inquire and see if new pupils understood the meaning of the prayer.

"Willie," she asked the first urchin, "what does your father do just before eating?"

"He says grace," replied Willie.

"And what does he do after eating?"

"He pushes back his chair and belches," was the eloquent reply.

The nurse entered the professor's room and said softly: "It's a boy, sir".

The professor looked up.

"Well, what does he want?"

—Jester.

'32: Would you care for a cigarette?

Girl: Sir! I will have you know that I am a coed.

'32: Pardon me! Have a cigar.

He was a fanatic on the subject of hygiene and cleanliness. But he was also a steady drinker. Suspicious of the quality of some liquor he had purchased from a bootlegger, he sent a sample of the spirits to a chemist for analysis.

When the chemist returned the liquor he attached a note thereto reading as follows: "Your horse is suffering from diabetes. Unless he is taken care of at once he will die within the week."

—Gargoyle

The difference between Princeton and Harvard is that at Harvard they have private bathrooms and you don't get to know anybody.

—Carnegie Tech Scottie

Sir

(Ed. Note: *To whom it may concern,*
bottom—you kno

About to fade out of the pictu
"I'm From Gawgia, Suh" Hob
"Bela" Orton. Bobsledder Zo
models the latest thing in dang
Ella T., Mrs. Hobbs donation t
well in hand.

(Back to the left again, dea
extraordinaire, peruses her fa
Woodchopper's Ball, Elaine Te
that we thought so, too. Hover
ghost in the night is Virginia
this) Jane Rumsey gets our vot
team, if you get what we mean

Scre

. . damndest machine *Regular Guy* *Matinee Idol* *Too, too divine* *And the Reins Came* *Did*

ens

ese snapshots read left to right, top to he same old stuff.)

via the spotless portals is Roselyn . Camouflaged in nature is Lib Traveller" Young of Arkansas g participles (legs to you guys). e grad school, has the door knob

eader) Jesna Prevatte, jitterbug nail. Undoubtedly Queen of the s. Ernestine Noe—need we add ; over certain males below like a y. Slap-happy (She'll kill us for r the most valuable player on the

—All photos by G. B. Lamm

wballs

now? *Hardy perennial* *. . . retired from politics* *Lochinvar* *Smooth* *. . . everything's R*

A darn good skate was Rose Marie,
But, boy, her *breath* was just Grade Z.
Won't you or someone else please hint
That she should try a Cryst-O-Mint?
CRYST-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

WINNER:

Snake Driver tells the one about an old lady at the World's Fair this summer. It seems Snake was hanging on to his struggle buggy without a care or passenger in the world when he was questioned by some old lady as to the building at his back.

"European," answered Snake, without batting a lash.

"Young man," she replied curtly. "I'll have you know that is my umbrella leaking."

Harry Driver
Mangum Dorm
Chapel Hill, N. C.

They Dared Us to Print This

This is to the traveling salesman group of jokes what Gone With the Wind is to the motion picture industry. It doesn't feature just one from this great body but three—three traveling salesmen in one joke. A joke to end all such jokes.

It seems that this very same farm house that you have heard so much about was still located in the same place, and darkness inevitably overtook these poor mortals, the salesmen, at said place.

It was seven o'clock. A knock came on the farm house door. The man of the house answered. It was a salesman. "Could I sleep here for the night?" he asked. The farmer said he might, but that he would have to sleep with him. The salesman, naturally, was a little disappointed but agreed to it.

A little later another knock on the door and another salesman with the same request. The farmer said he might, but that he would have to sleep with his wife. The salesman agreed.

Still later a third knock on the door and a third traveling salesman. The farmer went to the door. "May I spend the night here?" asked the salesman. The farmer consented, saying, "If you don't mind sleeping with my daughter." Now, the salesman was rather tired of sleeping with farmers' daughters, but he decided it would be better than nothing.

In due time, they all went to bed. The next morning the wife of the farmer woke up with an unusually strong desire for some wheaties for breakfast. Likewise, when the farmer came down to breakfast he requested some wheaties. The two salesmen expressed their desire for wheaties also.

A few minutes later, the young daughter came down accompanied by the third traveling salesman. "And what kind of cereal would you like this morning?" asked the wife.

The salesman said if it were possible, he would like to have wheaties. The daughter said she wanted anything but wheaties.

The farmer looked over his spectacles in a very sheepish manner. "Well," he said, "it just goes to prove the fact that five out of six eat wheaties."

Crime Wave

by

NORMAN LEVINSON

The scene is the Old Forum Hall in New York where an audience of intellectuals both rich and poor meet each week to hear the discussion of important topics which are broadcast over a nation-wide network. On the platform are seated the speakers. There is a tenseness over the audience as the program prepares to go on the air.

ANNOUNCER. The Forum Meeting of the Air. I now present your Mediator, Mr. Philip Z. Penny. [*Applause.*]

PENNY. Thank you. Well, friends, we meet again in the Old Forum Hall where our motto is "Every Man Forum Self." The subject under discussion for tonight is "Does Crime Pay?" We are fortunate in obtaining as our speakers Mr. Antonio Rodento, alias Two-Gun Tony the Rat, well-known gunman, who has escaped from Alcatraz so that he might be with us tonight. Mr. Rodento will speak to us shortly —very shortly. Our other speaker is Miss Daisy Littleworth, President of the Women's Division of the National Foundation for Delinquents, who has devoted her life to crime—that is, to its study. Miss Littleworth will discuss "The Cost of Crime," and I am sure she will show us some very interesting figures. Without further kidding around, I present Miss Littleworth. Will you assume the rostrum, please, Miss Littleworth?

"Now I lay me down to sleep, damnit!"

MISS LITTLEWORTH. Well! the very idea! You told me all I had to do was talk. I've a good mind to get out of here.

PENNY. Miss Littleworth, I simply meant will you make your address?

MISS LITTLEWORTH. In front of all these people? Say! what do you think I—

PENNY. No, Miss Littleworth, you don't understand. I mean will you deliver your speech now?

MISS LITTLEWORTH. Oh — yeah.

PENNY. I present Miss Daisy Littleworth. [*Enthusiastic applause.*]

MISS LITTLEWORTH. Before I begin, does anybody mind if I take off my shoes? [*Applause.*] I want to start my talk by quoting from the latest edition of the *Mask and Gat*, the yearbook of the Racketeers Protective Association. I quote: "For the fiscal year 1940, it is estimated that crime will cost the United States $2,974,728,356 — or enough to provide an air-conditioned padded cell for every man, woman, and child in America." Unquote. I wish also to call to your attention the rapid rise in the number of homicides. Murder is becoming too serious a thing for you and I to just sit back and laugh about it. [*Pointing.*] *You* may be next—or maybe you or you or you—[*Proceeds to point out everybody in audience of some 1200 people. Needless to say, this takes time—but* MISS LITTLEWORTH *has to fill up fifteen minutes somehow.*]

PENNY. Miss Littleworth—I think we get what you mean—

MISS LITTLEWORTH. You or you or you or you—

PENNY. Please, Miss Littleworth, we're on the air. We see what you are driving at—yes—

MISS LITTLEWORTH. You or you or—[*There is the sound of a shot and* MISS LITTLEWORTH *falls to the floor.*]

AUDIENCE. [*Pointing.*] Or *you.*

PENNY. This completes the first part of our program. We pause now for body identification. [*Pause, during which time the Sphinx Broadcasting Company has to answer 4796 telephone calls that the program being heard is not Orson Welles in the "War of the Underworlds."*] Now we return to the second portion of our Forum meeting. [*Orchestra in background is playing the program theme "Down on Forum").* By a rather curious set of circumstances involving the killing of a warden and the fatal shooting of a prison guard or two, we are proud to be able to present Mr. Antonio Rodento. Mr. Rodento, who obligingly cut short his prison term to be with us tonight, was convicted of tossing a bomb into the window of the First National Bank of Midville Swamps, Iowa. Mr. Rodento, however, protests his innocence saying he didn't toss the bomb—it just dropped. Mr. Rodento has entitled his talk, "You,

I like a little lemon
In my daily cup of tea,
A little in a highball is
The very thing for me.
Merangues you make of lemon
Make my gastric juices flow;
I like to squeeze the citrus
On my shad or on my roe.
I like a little lemon
As a lot of times I've said,
But one thing I won't stand for
Is to have one in my bed.
—*Andy Anderson, '28.*

I bought her a dish of ice cream
And she ate and ate
And then she gave her heart to me
To make room for another plate.

The moon is golden.
The stars are bright.
The breezes whisper,
"She's yours tonight."

I see us walking
Down Gimghoul lane.
Your hips keep swaying
Within the brain.

The time is ideal,
The best there is.
But here I am studying
For a derned old quiz.
—*x. x. x.*

A gay fop from old Monticello
Is really a terrible fellow.
In the midst of caresses,
He fills ladies' dresses
With garter snakes, ice cubes, and jello.
—*Lyre.*

She was young and fair and pretty,
She's a girl I'll never forget.
We were in a pullman sleeper
When by accident we met.
Yes, I always shall remember well
The girl, and time, and place;
I was coming from the upper berth
And stepped upon her face.
—*Drexerd.*

Into the grocery of Mr. Sears
To buy some peas, came old Mrs. Biers.
"Not tender? Too bad!
I haven't had
A real good pea in twenty years!"
—WSCP.

Cheek to cheek.

A blanket of snow lay o'er the ground.
The house tops were covered as well.
The trees all had robes of lacey white,
And I was as cold as hell.
—*St. Clair Pugh.*

I make resolution for this coming year
To study each day and each night,
And to get all the good from this year that I should,
And to keep all my habits just right.

I further resolve to omit picture shows,
And to give up my girls, every one.
But one thing I've missed! If I stick to all this,
How the hell can I have any fun?
—*St. Clair Pugh.*

There was a young lady named Starky
Who foolishly married a darky
And then for her sins
She had three pairs of twins,
One white, one black, and one khaki.

Why I'd never had a man, one could well understand;
For I certainly was no pretty girl.
Bald headed, horse teethed, bow legged, and knock kneed,
I was the homliest witch in the world.

But I finally, you see, found one ugly as me,
A gentleman with false teeth and boils.
We became man and wife for the rest of our life,
And raised us three little gargoyles.
—*St. Clair Pugh.*

Mary had a little skirt
And it was very tight.
Who gives a damn
For Mary's lamb
With Mary's calves in sight.

To kiss is oh, so very base—
I never do!
To smoke or drink is in bad taste—
I never do!
I don't believe in love and mate,
I never, never stay out late,
You wouldn't think I'd get a date—
I never do!
—ALICE LEWIS

There once was a young fellow named Breeze,
Who pulled in his M. A.'s and D. D.'s;
But so great was the strain
Said the doctor, "'Tis plain
You are killing yourself by degrees."
—*Exchange.*

In finer homes we all know that
A gentleman always removes his hat,
But up at Paw's house we all choose
To keep on our hat, pull off our shoes.
Lee

A jitterbug went out to swim.
Alack, too late he found
The current grim too much for him.
"Hep! Hep!" he cried, and drowned.

Mary had a little lamb,
Some salad and dessert;
And then she gave the wrong address
The dirty little flirt.

—*Exchange*

Little Ozzie had an axe
It's edge was like a razor
His sister Audrey's underground
He only meant to graze her.

There was a young lady of Trent,
Who said she knew what it meant
When men asked her to dine
Gave her cocktails and wine
She knew what it meant—but she went.

Cheek to cheek.

I shot an arrow into the air
It fell to earth I know not where.
I've lost more damned arrows
That way here lately.

There's the wonderful love of a beautiful maid,
And the love of a staunch, true man.
And the love of a baby that's unafraid.
All have existed since time began.
But the most wonderful love—the love of loves,
Even greater than that of a mother
Is the tenderest, infinite, passionate love,
Of one dead drunk for another.

—*Duke 'n' Duchess.*

I gave my girl some garters
From Woolworth's five and ten;
She gave them to her mother.
That's the last I'll see of them.

I'd love to go to Sweden,
Or Switzerland to ski,
The weather's grand in Chile,
And in England I would be.
I've travelled quite a bit before,
Seen Java and Siam.
Bought tulip bulbs in Holland
And a toothbrush in Japan.
I've seen the Ganges River;
Watched the monks pray in Tibet.
I've drunk beer in old Vienna,
And in France tried crepes-suzettes.

So you see I'm not a novice
When I speak of far-off lands.
And once more I'd like to travel,
But I can't make any plans.
No, I didn't lose my fortune
In the crash of '29.
On the contrary, I'm filthy rich,
And I've got lots of time.
Yet, in spite of my desires,
To a far clime I can't go—
For each time I ask the Warden,
He gets mad and hollers, "No."

—*Al Solomon*

A freshman are a funny beast
And most extremely dumb.
He hardly ain't no sense is got
In his thick cranium.
The mostest thing he is good for
Is carrying the clothes
Of upperclassmen, proud and strong
Who mostly is his foes.
They worries him and bothers him,
If they can get a chance,
And bend him over to the floor
And lightly dust his pants.
The freshman are a simple thing,
His head a vacuum,
And doesn't even got the sense
To out the rain to come.
How come is he no brain ain't got?
Why for do he so act?
Are he so different from the rest
Of us who him attack?

—*Scripts 'N Pranks.*

Dedicated to A. E. A.

On New Year's Eve we supped at eleven,
But had served many highballs before.
Too many for Grandma, it seemed, because she
Passed out at the dining room door.

The butler and maid were a little tight too,
And performed as an acrobat troupe.
And Grandpa at last succumbed to his needs
And lost all his drinks in his soup.

Then Daddy spit in Mommy's eye,
And she hit him in the belly
With a heaped up platter of good pork roast
Garnished all over with jelly.

The whole world, so it seemed that night,
Was in an inebriated state;
'Cause even the New Year 1940
Staggered in nine minutes late.

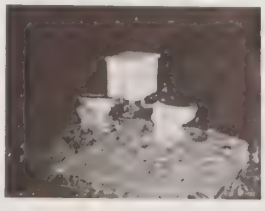
—*St. Clair Pugh.*

He kissed Helen,
Hell ensued:
He left Helen,
Helen sued.

—*Drexerd.*

A flunked test
Calamity
Breeds the best
Profanity

They came and stole my garments,
My furniture and door;
But they could not steal my jokes,
For they were stolen before.



Cheek to cheek.

REC RDS

Jack Teagarden, one of the world's best blues singers has made *The Beale Street Blues.* Jack sings this number better than usual, in fact, very much better. He plays on the other side of this excellent platter a Killer-Diller, *Swingin' on the Teagarden Gate.* This one is *groove.* (Columbia 35323).

U. N. C.'s Kay Kyser scores again with Sully Mason doing the vocal in *Holy Smoke (Cain't Ya Take a Joke?).* Harry Babbitt is featured on the opposite with this advice *What Every Young Girl Should Know.* This is on Columbia 35326.

Will Bradley, newcomer, has just started his band. It's a fine outfit too. Ray McKinley, world famous drummer, has joined him and together they should go places. This month they have waxed the *Johnson Rag* coupled with *Hallelujah* from "Hit the Deck." Both are good fox trots.

Tommy Dorsey, our old favorite, records two more sweet-swing numbers — *The Starlit Hour* and *Deep Night.* Tommy is up to our expectations again on the trombone.

Becoming as sensational as Glenn Miller's *Careless* is its coupling, *Vagabond Dreams.* The newest Miller offering, however, is *Faithful To You,* and *It's a Blue World.* Worth hearing and purchasing are: *On a Little Street in Singapore* and *This Charming World.*

New York's over-night rising star soon faded because of ill-health. Such was the fate of Artie Shaw, whose last recording will go down in history as a memorial to the most popular band in 1939. It is: *Do I Love You* with *When Love Beckoned (In 52nd St.)* from "Du Barry Was a Lady," on the other side.

—*Charles Barker.*

The Casa Lomans

rather than hot solos. Only one of the above mentioned is all solo, that being Memories of You, which belongs solely to Sonny Dunham, a truly great trumpeter.

The band boasts of no girl singer, but depends on the efforts of Kenny Sargent and Pee-Wee Hunt for the vocals. Hunt handles the hot work in a manner all his own, and Kenny can not be touched in his way. His I Cried For You will always stay in a class of its own as a sweet vocal.

Yessir, You lovers of sweet music. It looks like a big week-end ahead. Personally, we can't wait to try out our old one-two-slide again. Our hat's off to the German Club and especially Louis Sutton, its secretary, who is doing a swell job this year.

The strip-tease dancer met a drunk at a party. The drunk ignored her.

"Do you know who I am?" she said to the drunk.

"Naw," said the drunk. The stripper dropped her shoulder straps.

"Now do you know who I am?" said she.

"Naw," said the drunk. She loosened the topsal' and weighed anchor.

"Yes?"

"Naw." She threw her shoes in the corner, fiddled about, and came up with only a small patch of white cloth withal.

"Now?" she said.

"Sure," said the drunk, "Floyd Gibbons!"

—*Rutgers Anthologist*

It's better to be broke than never to have loved at all.

CROSSED and Double---Crossed by XXX

Dear Editor:

Please forgive me for not leaving the usual column under the door this month. I was out gathering material one night when someone emptied their fountain pen through a keyhole. I have been blind ever since.

Snoopingly,
XXX

Cop: "Didn't you hear me yell for you to stop?"

Lady Driver: "No, sir."

Cop: "Didn't you hear me whistle?"

Lady Driver: "No, sir."

Cop: "Didn't you see me signal."

L. D.: "No, sir."

Cop: "Well, I guess I'd better go home. I don't seem to be doing much good around here."

Quip

Old Paw was in his rocking chair on the front porch, rocking due E. and W. Beside him was Sonny Boy, an innocent of 40, rocking N. and S.

Presently Paw said, "Son, why wear yo'self out thataway? Rock with the grain and save your strength."

—*Yellow Jacket*

"Should I marry a man who lies to me?"

"Lady, do you want to be an old maid?"

"Don't you ever get Johnny and Bill confused?"

"Yes, mother, I get Johnny confused one night and Bill the next."

According to college students, it seems the main thing is not the parking problem—it's the problem after parking.

Mr. Scribbler: "How much board will you charge me for a few weeks while I gather material for my new country novel?"

Hiram: "Five dollars a week unless we have to talk dialect. That's three dollars extra."

"There's something odd about you this morning," said the dictator to his chief lieutenant. "Yes—I know what it is. For the first time since I've known you, you've left off your medals."

The lieutenant looked down at his chest.

"Good heaven!" he cried, "I forgot to take them off my pajamas!"

"I want to grow trees in my garden. Can you sell me a few seeds?"

"Certainly, madam," replied the assistant. He fetched her a packet.

"Can you guarantee these?" she asked.

"Yes, madam, we can."

"Will the trees be tall and thick in the trunk?"

"They should be, madam."

"And quite strong at the roots, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes, madam."

"Very well, I'll take a hammock at the same time."

—Exchange

Minister: Would you care to join us in the new missionary movement?

Co-ed: Sure thing! Is it anything like the Lambeth Walk?

Dentist: Stop waving your arms and making faces sir. Why, I haven't even touched your tooth.

Patient: I know you haven't but you're standing on my corn.

She: "What about me do you like best?"

He: "Well, now, that's hard to say. You see, the things I like about you are intangible."

She: "What does 'intangible' mean?"

He: "That's a hard one, too. When a thing is intangible . . . oh, . . . Well, you can't put your finger on it, but it's there just the same."

—Froth.

"My Mother wasn't scared. She thought there was safety in numbers."

"Stand behind your lover," said the Scotchman to his unfaithful wife, "I'm going to shoot you both."

—Jack-o'-Lantern

"Sneagle."
"Snoteagle, snowl."
"Sneither, snostrich."

The only foreigner who came into this country and didn't make any money was Christopher Columbus.

Two stuttering blacksmiths had finished heating a piece of pig iron. One placed it on the anvil with a pair of tongs.

H-h-h-h-h-h-h-hit it", he stuttered to his helper.

"Wh-wh-wh-wh-wh-where?" asked the helper.

"Ah h-h-h-h-h-hell, we'll have to heat it again now".

Sarge: "Brown".

Voice: "Here".

Sarge: "I don't see Brown. Who answered for him?"

Voice: "I did. I thought you called my name".

Sarge: "What is your name?"

Voice: "Stevenopotski".

A new musical production came to town. The billboards read: "50 Beautiful Girls—45 Georgeous Costumes." Three students and two policemen were trampled in the rush at the opening performance.

—Frivol

"What are those cops watching?"

"That revolving door. It's been going around with the wrong people."

—Log.

Patient (in waiting room of doctor's office) : How do you do?

Second Patient: So, so. I'm aching from neuritis.

First Patient: Glad to meet you. I'm Mendlebaum from Chicago.

The rich farmer was paying a visit to his son at the university, and thought it might be a good idea if they had their photograph taken.

The photographer suggested that the son should stand with his hand on his father's shoulder. The farmer objected.

"It would be much more lifelike," he said coldly, "if he stood with his hand in my pocket."

—Balance Sheet.

Fads And Fashions

For Joe

For a number of years the average English college student has replaced his vest with a slipover sleeveless sweater. At first the sweater was worn exclusively with flannel slacks and a tweed coat. Later undergraduates began wearing them with double and even singlebreasted suits . . . and when they left college they began wearing them to offices, until now the average Englishman between twenty and forty has a supply of these slipovers and the chances are about one to ten he could not produce a vest if he tried.

The slipover sweater is now making great strides in American colleges and universities, and it is very near the perfect campus garment. Usually made of soft wool in a variety of colors, the sweaters are not expensive. Two very good colors are natural and pastel blue. Wear them without a coat if you like on warm days, and when cold weather sets in you will find them an indispensible part of your wardrobe.

Do you remember the movie "Second Fiddle"? Well, Tyrone Power wore slipover sweaters in half his big scenes in it. Well, if he can, why can't you?

* * *

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., who has several times been selected as one of the best dressed men in America, has spent almost as much time in England as in America during the past five years. He's a top notch customer for several Bond Street London tailors, but one thing he's always stood up for are American shirts, particularly those of oxford cloth with button-down collars. He says they are the most comfortable shirts in the world, and to prove it he has worn them over most of the world in the past few years.

* * *

Sweaters and shirts may bring the glamour of Tyrone Power and Doug Fairbanks forward but the most glamorous piece of wearing apparel that I have seen in many a year is being shown on the campus of the University of North Carolina by myself, the Joe College of the Campus. I, Skippy to my friends, am sporting a brand new pair of long red flannel underwear which my best girl gave me for Christmas. They can be worn to the greatest advantage with the shirt sleeves rolled up—thus exposing about seventeen inches of man and red underwear.

If I can—why can't you?

* * *

A last second hint for smoothness: a buttoned cardigan jacket made of cashmere in natural color.

Good buy!!

—Skipper Bowles

Wanted: A good stonecutter.

For Betty

Our beloved editor has been drastically worried for the past two weeks wondering if the coeds would be dressed in this issue. Let's not disappoint him in this obnoxious weather—so we'll instigate something new, startling, and unique in their own peculiar way. You guessed it the first time — SWEATERS. Dresses have taken such a small part in our wardrobe this year that we seriously wonder if they exist.

Long, full cardigans seem to be the craze this season—soft pinks, blues, and yellows—w-a-r-m and fitted snugly around the neck and wrists with only a slight hint of band at the waist. To add a completely ravishing touch we suggest dickys, that new campus created fashion, in snowy rayon sharkskin. And finally, fluffy mittens and a matching parka set in downy softness for flattery and warmth. Too, always remember those cardigans may be worn just as effectively buttoned down the back; with all the individuality of costume jewelry, pearls, scarfs, and lockets.

Another new note in this season's bid for warmth are those sweaters with suede fronts, lined with rayon, and ribbed knit jersey backs.

Finally, for evening we find the ever so-o-o-o soft chenille jackets, sequin-sprinkled, with a host of tiny baby buttons winking down the front. These gaily colored necessities will liven any costume.

Recently, we noticed all of six coeds appearing in ear-muffs. Though this isn't our own creation, it's progressing toward the originality that we may accidentally stumble upon.

—Helen Plyler.

"Rusty" Smith, *New Owner*

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The BUCCANEER is proud to present its first novel. Complete in this issue, THE SUN SHINES BRIGHT is indicative of things to come. It is all about the Civil War period and junk, and is presented as an answer to UNCLE TOM'S CABIN, GONE WITH THE WIND, and three other books by the same name.

The Sun Shines Bright*

By MACK HOBSON

Chapter I

In which the little orphan, Angus, comes to Derrold Plantation looking for food and shoulder.

The dust trailed behind his aching feet in twisting ribbons of gray, as little Angus Peabody trudged along the hot Virginia roadway. To the right, a group of slaves worked happily in the fields, their cheerful voices raised to the strains of "Dixie." Angus noticed that one crouched down alone at the end of the long rows, whistling "Yankee Doodle" stealthily to himself.

As Angus approached, the black boy leaped startled to his feet and cringed backward in fear, mumbling frantically, "Don't hit me, chum." After he had done this a while, he smiled sweetly and tried to hide his disconcertion by biting off the ends of his fingers. Then, seeing that

** The University Press is warned that this novel is copyrighted, and that we won't take nothing off of nobody—much.*

the white boy meant him no harm and didn't give a damn what he was whistling, he threw down his hoe and shouted subtly, "Vive la revolucion!"

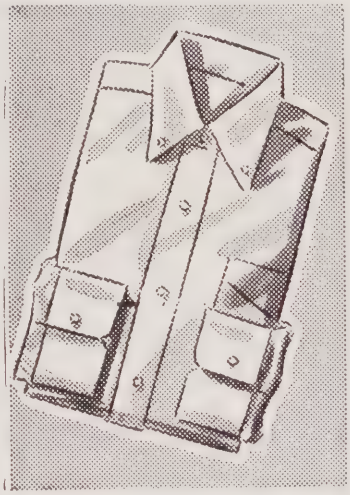
"Sorry," said Angus, "I don't speak Ethiopian," and continued on his way in happy oblivion.

But as he proceeded farther Southward, he began to grow conscious of a strange, almost electrical tenseness that filled the atmosphere. At each succeeding plantation that he passed, this tenseness seemed to become more pronounced. At first, the slaves in the fields only stuck their noses in the air and looked indignant as he passed by. But before he had passed many plantations, they began to whisper excitedly among themselves, gesticulating frenziedly and staring at him with black looks on their faces. Sometimes one of the more reckless ones would call out mysteriously, "Hello there, white folks!" But Angus paid little attention to them and continued on his way, little suspecting the grim holocaust which was about to sweep over the South.

By this time, his already aching, throbbing, and burning feet had begun to hurt slightly. The rough stones along the road beat against his ankles with every step he took, and whenever he would step into one of the thousand little gullies which ran across his path, his foot would turn over, flinging him forward on his face and sometimes pitching him delicately over on his ear. This soon came to be a habit, and even when he had come to a part of the road which contained no gullies, his foot continued to turn over at regular intervals, flinging him forward on his face and sometimes pitching him delicately over on his ear. Soon he tired of this practice, however, and decided to discontinue it.

And as he forged on, starving and bleeding, Angus began to wonder if perhaps he had not made a mistake in undertaking this hazardous journey into the South. Too proud to ask for food and rest at any of the plantations which he passed, and not wanting to break the million dollar bill which he carried in the bottom of his jeans, he stumbled on toward his destination and the girl with the magnolia blossom shoulders. And the moment he thought of her—of this lovely, sweet, and adorable girl

CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS



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—of the beautiful Patricia Derrold and her magnificent ice cream shoulders, he reproved himself for having considered for a moment that his journey might be wasted. Was any journey too hazardous, any sacrifice too great, for a glimpse into heaven?

He fell beside a brook which ran down the center of the road and cooled his burning face in the clear, cool water. Then he cooled his burning feet and drank long and deep of the refreshing draught. Having done this, he relaxed with his favorite pipe and book and thought over the events of the past few months.

He recalled how, four months before, his father had had as his guest old John Derrold, Southern plantation owner who had come North on a business trip dealing with the sale and transportation of niggertoes from Brazil and from Derrold Plantation. He recalled, too, how old John Derrold had been accompanied by his daughter, the lovely Patricia; and he recalled how he, Angus, had been entranced by Patricia and her shoulders — by her exquisite, incredible, milk-and-honey shoulders which glowed with a softness from heaven. He shuddered with delight at the memory of those shoulders, and he squirmed with ecstasy in the brook at the thought of seeing them again. It had been a case of love at first sight with Patricia and Angus. From the moment their eyes had met across the Hudson River, they both had known that their souls were bound together inseparably and forever.

The three weeks that Patricia had spent at Peabody Park had been happy ones for the young lovers. They had strolled together among the trees and had swung hilariously from branch to branch with mad cries of wild joy. They had skated hand in hand on the frozen surface of the Hudson and had bathed recklessly in the little fish pool in front of the house. At night they had stood together on the little balcony overlooking the river, and he had whispered sweet nothings into her ear, and his words had echoed back with a hollow sound.

But such happiness cannot last forever. Old John Derrold strolled in one day, casually humming "Carolina Moon" beneath his breath, and Patricia sensed at once that her father was about to bring their stay in New York to an end. She flung herself about her sweetheart's neck and wept tears of bitter sorrow down the back of his shirt. As soon as Angus caught

on to what was going on, he flung himself about his sweetheart's neck and wept bitter tears of sorrow down her heavenly sodium bicarbonate shoulders.

"Marry me, angel," he murmured desperately. "Marry me now. I can't let you go out of my life forever. I will die without you. Marry me now, love."

"Okie, dokie," she said, lifting her tear-stained face to his lips.

"On second thought," said Angus, "I can't. My father would cut me off without a cent. He doesn't want me to get married, the heel. What do you think of that?"

And so the two thwarted lovers had pledged their undying love and had parted. She had promised to wait for him always, and Angus had sworn that as soon as a million dollars and his old man's ashes were tucked away in his pocket, he would come to her.

Now he was on his way to her with a song in his heart and a hell of a big blister on his right heel. Three weeks ago, his parents had died of boredom, leaving Angus an orphan and the whole of the Peabody estate. Angus had lost no time in selling the place, including the Hudson River, for a million dollars; and thinking every moment of Patricia and her lemon meringue shoulders, he had set out at once for Derrold Plantation.

He stirred by the brook and came out of his reverie. He looked at his watch, which had stopped, and seeing what time it was he climbed to his feet and yawned scholastically. "It grows late," he said dramatically. "I must go on."

As Angus drew near to the next plantation, the slaves went into a huddle. "Yonder comes a white man," they said fondly. "Let's chunk rocks at him." Angus was puzzled at their unpleasant glances as he passed by, and was unable to understand why they flung jeers and insults in his direction. "Hello there, you old white-skinned human, you," they would shout derisively, falling over each other in their mirth. Then they would chunk rocks at him to see him jump. "He sure can dodge good, can't he?" they would say, appearing to be somewhat interested in what was going on. After a slab of granite had caught Angus behind the ear and pitched him over on his face, he began to suspect that perhaps all was not right in the South.

Soon the rough, uneven road leveled off and widened into a smooth, broad highway. "I must be in North Carolina now," said Angus. He noticed that the sky was bluer and the grass greener than any he had ever seen before. "This is wonderful," he said, breathing deeply of the rose fragrance in the air.

Derrold Plantation would not be far now. He walked on with a vigor in his step which had not been there before, drinking in the loveliness of the spring.

As darkness began to fall, Angus saw before him the outline of a great mansion. He recognized it at once as Derrold Manor, from post card pictures he had seen in Jersey City. He quickened his pace and was soon entering the yard. His heart missed a beat as he saw a slight, lovely figure come down the steps and walk across the yard to meet him; and as a pair of soft, marble shoulders glistened in the fading twilight and drew near to him, he gave a gasp of joy. It was Patricia. On her face was a look of great tenderness and happiness, and as she held her hand out to him in the growing darkness, he saw that her eyes were wet with tears of joy.

"What in the hell are you doing here?" she said.

Chapter II

In which we learn about old John Derrold, his plantation, and his family.

John Derrold was a wealthy man. Derrold Plantation covered a whole county, and every bit of that county was populated with strong, healthy young slaves belonging to John Derrold.

It was said by his many friends that John Derrold looked like George Washington. It is true that Derrold was a living likeness of Washington himself, and certainly no facial similarity to any other person could have been more appropriate.

For, although it could not be said that John Derrold was first in war, first in peace, or first in the hearts of his countrymen, it was well-known to everybody that he was the father of his county.

Chapter III

In which we meet up with the Butler twins, Rat and Rot.

Rat Butler was not only a skunk and a rascal; he was also a heel. He was handsome in his rough, uncouth, and dirty-fingered sort of way, and he was always using his good-looks to charm unsuspecting young wom-

en into one-sided non-aggression pacts.

He arose from the bench on which he was sitting and threw away the stick he was whittling. "I'm getting tired of this place," he said. "I want to go back to Joisey."

"Yes," said his brother, Rot. "They don't like us down here in Georgia. Let's go back to Joisey."

As fate would have it, dear reader, the course of their journey was to take them directly by Derrold Plantation. . . . Oh, cruel fate!

Chapters IV-XXXIV

In which we cover a hell of a lot of territory.

"Marry me, darling. The old gray man is dead."

"Okie dokie."

"How much, parson?"

"Three dollars, chum."

"Got change for a million?"

* * *

John Derrold leaned against the mantelpiece, grim and stern. His listeners strained forward anxiously, so as to miss no single word of what he was about to say.

"Fellow planters," he began inexorably. "I have made my decision. Derrold Plantation is seceding from the Union tomorrow!"

A deathly silence reigned in Derrold Manor after these shaking words. No one spoke for a long time, and the drop of a pin could easily have been heard.

Maybe that is why it made such a racket when the house fell down all of a sudden.

* * *

"I want to buy some sugar. Here is a million dollar bill to pay for it."

"That money is no good here. It's Federal money."

"In that case," said Angus, "United States, here I come!"

Shoulders forgotten, Angus began the long trek back to Peabody Park.

* * *

Sherman looked behind him at the flames and destruction and smiled. His lieutenant touched his arm.

"Doesn't that look like a poor old widow-woman going yonder with a baby in her arms?" he said.

"Yes," said the general. "That was her house we just burnt."

"For two cents," said the lieutenant, "I'd shoot her legs out from under her."

"I'll owe you the two cents," said Sherman.

So the lieutenant shot her legs out from under her.

Chapter XXXV

Epilogue

Angus returned to Derrold Plantation years later, but Patricia gave him the cold shoulder.

The lieutenant never got the two cents.

I wonder what became of Rat Butler and his brother, Rot?

Out of the great catastrophe which engulfed the South, emerged the sun. And it is still up there, shining bright.

THE END

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Mose Kicked

ner engagement tonight, too. Are you quite sure he's dead? It may be just one of his epileptic fits."

"I made quite sure, madam," answered Parks courteously but firmly in his best Hobokenesque Oxford accent. "In fact, if I may be permitted the liberty, I should say he has been murdered."

Silence reigned, broken only by the melodic sound of Mrs. Mose chewing her other bloater.

"Whatever gave you that idea?" asked Ethel finally.

"Why you see, miss, I noticed that he had been stabbed twice through the heart and hit over the head with a hatchet, so I suspected foul play."

"How clever of you, Parks! You ought to be a detective," said Mrs. Mose admiringly.

Parks blushed, then murmured modestly, "Oh it was really nothing."

Suddenly Ethel exclaimed, "Oh good lord!"

"What's wrong with you?" inquired Toby who was busy figuring out how many polo ponies and chorus girls he could support on his inheritance.

"I was just wondering if we'll

have to wear black," said Ethel in a worried voice.

"I'm afraid so, darling," said her mother sympathetically. "The Astorbilts always wear black when they're in mourning. It's become so fashionable that they're thinking of wearing it permanently if Roosevelt gets reelected. But you won't have to wear it long, dear."

"But I've got a date with Larry tomorrow night!" pouted Ethel. "And he says he hates to see me in black dresses."

"Don't worry, pet," remarked her brother sweetly. "If I know you, he won't be seeing you in one long."

"Why you little—," shouted Ethel, and soon she and Toby were engaged in a friendly brother and sister tussle which ended when Ethel broke a flower pot over Toby's head.

"Aren't they just too cute for words?" gushed Mrs. Mose to Parks. "I remember when Toby threw Ethel thirteen floors down an elevator shaft. It cracked her skull open. She was very uncomfortable for a week. Dear Toby is so impulsive." She sighed wistfully at her beautiful memories.

"Would you care to view the corpse now, madam?" asked Parks in his most soothing deferential voice. He had served the family faithfully for twenty years, had graduated cum laude from Leavenworth, and outside of a slight kleptomanic tendency which caused him to lift anything he saw worth over five dollars, he had a very admirable character.

"Why thank you, Parks. I should love to."

She waddled upstairs and two minutes later Toby and Ethel heard a shrill scream. They ran to the second floor and found their mother sitting by their father's body and weeping copious tears.

"Heavens, mother, whatever is the matter?" asked Ethel wonderingly.

"It's your father," wailed Mrs. Mose. "He's so bloody. And he's all over my new Persian rug. And I just *know* I'll never be able to get the stains out."

Toby and Ethel finally calmed their grief-stricken mother and then Parks, ever the resourceful, suggested that the police be called to remove the body.

"Oh let's do," cried Ethel with girlish glee. "I just adore policemen. My first boy friend was one. He just swept me off my feet."

"And," added Toby, "you've been flat on your back ever since. My love, you ought to marry a mattress salesman."

Ethel's retort would be appropriate in a dog kennel but nowhere else. (Courtesy *"The Women"*).

"Well, perhaps you'd better, Parks," said Mrs. Mose whose mouth had often been called by scientists the living proof that perpetual motion was a reality. "I don't want Mr. Mose cluttering up the place when the chambermaid cleans the room. Oh dear, there's so many things I have to do. I just won't have a minute to spare. I'll have to make an appointment with my hairdresser today, buy some new clothes and send out invitations to the funeral. I think I'll have Elsa Maxwell put on the funeral. She did such a divine job with John D. Rockefeller's. Everyone had to come as one side of a dime. The men came as the heads, the women as the tails. It was too enchanting for words. And then I believe I'll—"

Suddenly she stopped. "Children," said Mrs. Mose. "Something has just occurred to me. I know I shouldn't be thinking about it when there's so many really important things to do. But I wonder who killed your father?"

"He wasn't there again today."

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Crime Wave

Too, Can Be a Gunman." I present Mr. Antonio Rodento—Will you assume the rostrum, Mr. Rodento?

RODENTO. Say, wait a minute, Buddy. I ain't getting paid to do nothing like that.

PENNY. Oh, for Heaven's sake, let's not start that again.

RODENTO. O.K., Buddy, I get ya. [*Walks to microphone, flourishing pistol.*] See— I'm a high tariff man. I believe in protection. Ha—ha—ha— [*Slaps knee and doubles up with laughter. Audience laughs meekly. Twirls pistol around one finger.*] Well, I'll tell you, folks. I ain't got but a minute, but I'll give youse de lowdown, see. Dey say crime don't pay. Well, dat depends—see. If ya can get into the big time racket—see, there's plenty of dough in it—see. [*His gun accidentally goes off, blowing off his left arm.*] Kinda nicked myself dat time, eh? Ha—ha—ha. [*Audience chuckles nervously. There is a general movement toward the rear of the hall.*] But you gotta know the ropes—see. Ya gotta have pull wit the big mugs—see. Am I makin' myself clear?

PENNY. Thank you, Mr. Rodento, for your excellent interpretation.

RODENTO. Oh—a collitch man, eh? Go 'way pal, before I slug ya. Can't ya see I'm talkin'? So get this, folks. If you're countin' on breakin' into the racket, don't go into it small time—see. The small stuff don't pay—see, but if you work big time, ya can bank a roll as easy as bumpin' off a G-Man. Are ya followin' my drift?

PENNY. Thank you, Mr. Rodento. And now—

RODENTO. Pipe down, you candidate for a corpse. [*Holds butt of revolver threateningly and steps toward* PENNY, *who runs and hides behind a chair.*] Is dere any questions? [*Turns to telegraph boy who has just entered, reads telegram, and then turns again to audience.*] Here is a telegram that has just come in. It is a question for Mr. Rodento. It reads "Where have you been?", signed, "The U. S. Department of Internal Revenue." Is dere any more questions? Just fire away. [*Someone fires away. Two men remove* MR. RODENTO *after muttering a prayer over his body. This apparently is the signal for general warfare, for pistol shots ring out from every part of the auditorium.*]

PENNY. Please, friends. We are still on the air. Let us have order. [*He holds up his hands as one by one his fingers are blown off. After a while the confusion dies down and* PENNY *resumes.*]

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3 WATCHMAKERS

Friends, we have had a very enjoyable session this evening. The untimely deaths of our guest speakers prevented a question period following their speeches, however as we expected the topic "Does Crime Pay?" has proved to be one of great controversy, and we feel we have accomplished our purpose if we have stirred up a little thought.

AUDIENCE. Boooooh!

[*At this point the gunfight resumes, drowning out all further words of the hard-working* MR. PENNY, *who has just dropped dead anyway.*]

ANNOUNCER. You have just heard The Forum Meeting of the Air. Tune in next week at the same time when you will hear the following topic discussed, "If You Drink, Don't Drive; If You Drive, Don't Park."

New Year's Resolutions

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Volume XVI-Number 5

HERE'S ROY CONACHER (No. 9), HIGH-SCORING FORWARD OF THE BOSTON BRUINS, WORLD CHAMPIONS of '39...

IN THIS ACTION SHOT he's come in like a bullet from an express rifle...he takes a pass. But the opposition's defense stops him—this time.

HE'S AWAY! He burns up the ice—a spectacular solo dash...nimbly he dodges the defense ...draws out the goalie and scores.

AGAIN a furious flash of speed...a split-second of stick magic...and the puck shoots home for the goal that wins the match.

His hockey's fast and hot!

BUT HE SMOKES A SLOW-BURNING CIGARETTE FOR MORE MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR

When it's easy-chair time after the hockey match, you'll find Roy Conacher of the Bruins enjoying a milder, cooler, more fragrant, and flavorful cigarette... Camels, of course.

"SPEED'S fine in hockey but not in cigarettes"—Roy, how right you are!

Research men may use fancier language—but they say exactly the same thing about cigarettes.

Scientists know that nothing destroys a cigarette's delicate elements of fragrance and flavor so mercilessly as—*excess heat.* And cigarettes that burn fast also burn *hot.* Your own taste tells you that.

Slow-burning cigarettes *don't* burn away these precious natural elements of flavor and fragrance. They're milder, mellower, and—naturally—cooler!

And the *slowest-burning* cigarette of the 16 largest-selling brands tested was *Camel*...they burned 25% slower than the average of the 15 others. *(See panel at right.)* Why not enjoy Camel's extra mildness, coolness, fragrance, and flavor? And extra smoking equal to 5 extra smokes per pack. *(Again, eyes right!)*

In recent laboratory tests, Camels burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

FOR MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR

CAMELS *SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS*

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina

". . . and, lo, the wind blew, and the cold hurt, and the snow covered all the earth. Even as a blanket it covered the earth. And the people saw what had come to pass, and they fell down in the snow, and it hurt. And they built images from the snow, and the learned also, they built images, until everywhere there were images. And then the sun came and melted the derned stuff away."

—My Diary, Chapter XXIII, page 101.

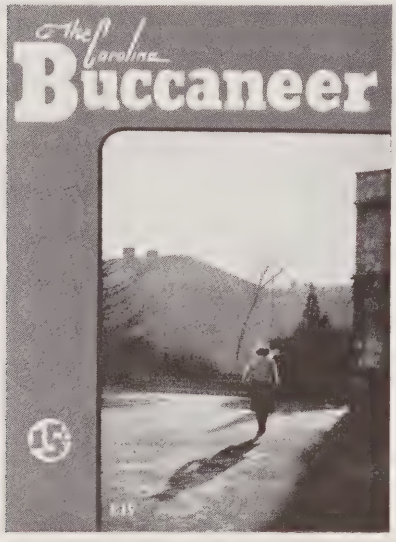
Full Credit

Goes to Skipper Bowles, but we don't know exactly why. Skip has been penning the male fashion column this year, and as an assistant to Rusty, is the logical boy on the campus for the job. His columns are indeed enlightening and helpful, when he really settles down to his job. He has one big fault, and that is meeting the deadline.

●

Cover

Caught by Jack Mitchell on the way to an 8:30. It was a cold morning (note frosty breath) and the girl, like Jack, was running late. Needless to say, it is typical of February.



The Carolina Buccaneer

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STRAW

RAKED UP BY THE EDITOR

Comment

I am tired of writing editorials. I'm not going to write any more editorials. Editorials are a means to no end, and I have no desire to accomplish nothing. It makes no difference to me if State College has decided to quit walking on the grass and subsidize the football team from Chicago. Or is it Chicago that is going to walk on State College's grass? You see, it is all very confusing. At least, I can't seem to keep up with it, or anything else for that matter. Besides, it's too much trouble trying to think up editorials. Ain't that an awful attitude?

Liberalism

If it can happen on the streets of New York, it should be safe to print it. It seems that one of our staff was running wild in New York during holidays, dashing from one show to another, and becoming confused in general when he was interrupted by a crowd gathered on one of Times Square's too few corners. Curious, he investigated further and found that the attraction was the sale of toilet tissue. This was too much, he thought, and waded in deeper. The real attraction was that each sheet in each roll bore a picture of Hitler. God bless America.

World Affairs

The ASU is of the opinion that the Tar Heel should carry a column on the world situation, and it brings a laugh. It is not that the Tar Heel is not capable of turning out such a column. They could no doubt devote their entire space to such, but what would it amount to. Can't you visualize such columns as "The Future of Europe" by Philip Carden, "This Ever-Changing World" by the Editor, or "Tomorrow" by Sam Green. Even Adrian Spies could turn out several reams on a boy he knew living in a mill town that was affected by the European War. There would be no end to the possibilities, but what would it be? Junk! No, the Tar Heel is much like a woman. The place for it is in the home. Let's leave the world situation to the mimeograph of the ASU.

Substance

"The primary element in writing is substance," said Phillips Russell, and with this bit of advice he asked the class to write a short paragraph on something that had happened before they came to class. The best paragraph ran something like this:

"How do you like the snow?" I asked the yankee who had stopped to speak to me.

"Fine," he replied, "and how do you like it?"

"I can't get used to the ice," I replied.

"It doesn't bother me at all. I am used to ice," he continued, as he slipped and fell upon his complimentary close.

According to Mr. Russell, this is real substance. It might be added that it is solid substance as well.

It is a problem.

Professional

I thought it was a good idea, but I didn't think it could be done. When Carroll McGaughey said he was going to stage a Student-Faculty Day Jamboree with original skits, songs, novelty acts, etc., it was hard to believe. No doubt, some kind of program could be thrown together, but who could put it over. Well, Carroll did. True, he had help. Jack Page and Jim Byrd came up with some swell lyrics, Sanford Stein wrote words on top of words, but the real credit goes to Carroll. He wrote half the script, directed the entire show, and even took the lead in the best act on the program, "The Grail Dance Ballet."

Now, plans are underway for a musical comedy. It is to be an organization similar to the "Wig and Mask" which went on the rocks a few years back. With Carroll at the head, it is not likely this one will meet with the same fate. The suggested name is "Hammer and Tongs." There is a place on the campus for such an organization. There is a boy on the campus with the ability to put it on. Let's make him do it.

Well, damn

The other day someone introduced me to Bert Premo, Business Manager of the Buccaneer. It was quite interesting. He told me all about how hard he worked to get ads for the Buccaneer and I tried to give him some idea the hell I went through trying to find something "funny" for the campus. The unusual thing about our meeting is that it brought to light a paradox unrealized until now. Bert sells ads for the Buc but is a journalism major. I am in the commerce school, major-

ing in advertising. There is some mistake somewhere. That makes the Buccaneer a b- - - -d publication.

Buc Review

Reviewing the Buccaneer is one of the assignments of Walter Spearman's reviewing class. After Mr. Spearman has finished with the reviews, he turns them over to the Buccaneer. Instead of resenting the criticisms, on the other hand, we have found them very helpful. The thing that hurts is that they have no suggestions how the Buccaneer can be improved. Well, the staff has. They suggest that the reviewing class, supposedly the best writers on the campus, because they are in journalism, contribute to the Buccaneer. How about it?

In reviewing the January issue, their individual preferences were the pictures, features, gossip, jokes, and cartoons respectively. The vote on the issue as a whole was as follows: Good—0, Fair—11, and Poor—14.

Drivel

Congressman Drizzle, in a recent campaign speech, bared his latest plan to end unemployment which resolves about the President's appointing an Unemployment Commission made up of ten men. Each member of the commission will then appoint another commission of ten members and so on, carrying out the chain letter formula, with everybody who has been appointed to a commission appointing a commission of his own. With this method, it won't be long before everybody in the country will be on a commission.

Everybody on every commission must then make a report. This will stimulate the paper and pulp industry as well as the ink manufacturers who can begin making black ink on a large scale again.

Every citizen will be expected to read these reports which will mean a lot of work for the printers, and a whole lot of work for the opticians. This in turn will stimulate the glass industry.

New warehouses will have to be built for the storage of these reports, so the building trade will pick up. Trucks will be needed to cart the reports to these new warehouses. Thus, not only will the truck manufacturers be busy, but there will also be a big call for truck drivers.

More truck drivers will mean more traffic cops, and more traffic cops will mean more crowded traffic courts, and a consequent appointment of additional judges. Additional appointments of judges mean prosperity for politicians. Prosperity for politicians means more work for bank clerks and an immediate cry by the "reformers" for an investigation. All the investigators will demand a "seat for every investigator in the courtrooms." This will help the furniture companies.

Congressman Drizzle admits one flaw in the plan. He hasn't yet figured out where the money for the original commission is to come from.

P. S.

Do you think this column should be cut?

"Now, what will we use for an excuse?"

Miniver Cheevy, Freshman

**To Be Taken with a Grain of Salt,
Said Grain Preferable in a Beer**

By LARRY FERLING

Now Miniver lived on Main Street in Barrentown, in Sterile County, in the Land of Opportunity.

It wasn't everyday that a lad like Miniver came along. He was, forsooth, quite the boy. When Miniver came along, he came along too late—or yet too soon, and the World was sore annoyed.

It was at once a Wise and Foolish World and it frowned upon him. Again, it was the best of times; it was the worst of times. Fleeing far before Miniver, many romantic and vital things were on the rout.

But, said Miniver, this is no sign, and he was bound to catch up with them. Now he was the boy with the know-how. To Chapel Hill went Miniver.

UNC HAILED AS LEADER OF LIBERALISM

Enrollment Reaches 3,847

FDR To Speak At 150th Anniversary

Now Miniver came and stood in the registration line for the first time. It took no time at all and the coeds were beautiful. There were almost too many of them to go around, but he didn't mind a bit. Liberal coeds. A great thing.

GRAHAM SOUNDS CHALLENGE TO FREEDOM, DEMOCRACY

Columnist Calls Student Body Smooth

LIBERALISM EXCHANGED FOR HEROISM

It was a great place. It had everything to offer. Freedom. He roomed in the Quad and went to classes and slept in the afternoons a lot. It was great to sleep when you felt like it. He liked to sleep.

"Miniver Cheevy, child of scorn . . .

CHAPEL HILL HAILED AS CENTER OF SOUTHERN CULTURE

German Club Signs Larry Clinton

Tar Heels!!

It was a great place. College was a great place. It wasn't everybody who could come to college. The chosen few. It had everything to offer. Classes were stimulating. Bull sessions were better. Liberalism. Conquest. He was all for it.

"Miniver loved the days of old
When swords were bright and steeds were prancing;
The vision of a warrior bold
Would set him dancing . . .

He loved the coeds. He took them to the Germans. He loved to dance. He was a smooth dancer, but so were all the boys. Sometimes he would get up on the bandstand and play an instrument or something at intermission and all the girls would look at him. He looked great in his tails at Fall Germans. Valiant was no word for Miniver.

"Miniver cursed the commonplace,
And eyed a khaki suit with loathing;
He missed the medieval grace
Of iron clothing . . .

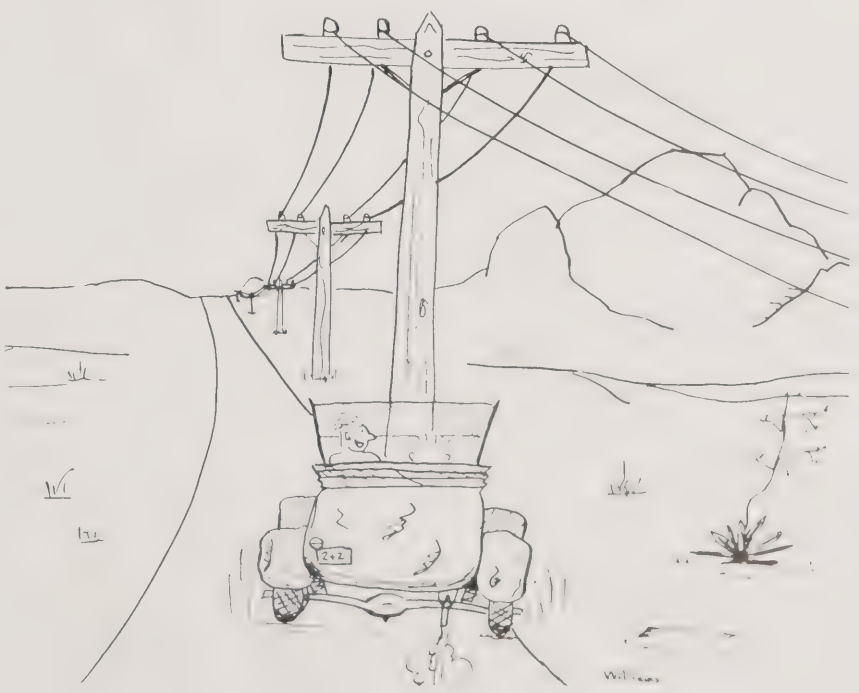
STUDENTS EXPELLED FOR WRECKING HOUSE

Robberies Reported In Fraternities

Hash House Operator Has Had Interesting Life

"Miniver loved the Medici,
Albeit he had never seen one;

(twenty-four)



"Bread and Butter!"

"Miss Gold, the City Editor wants to know if you can take six inches in your column."

BOYS	POSITION	GIRLS
VAUGHAN WINBORNE	R.E.	VIVIAN GILLESPIE
LOUIS SUTTON	R.T.	HELEN PLYLER
FRED WEAVER	R.G.	MELVILLE CORBETT
GEORGE GLAMACK	C.	MARJORIE JOHNSTON
RICHARD NICKSON	L.G.	LOUISE JORDAN
TOM STANBACK	L.T.	BARBARA LISCOMB
CY JONES	L.E.	RUTH CROWELL
JOE ZAYTOUN	Q.B.	NANCY TAYLOR
ALLEN GREEN	H.B.	MICKEY WARREN
LEE MANNING WIGGINS	B.B.	ZOE YOUNG
JIM DAVIS	F.B.	DOROTHY COBLE

The All-Campus

You know who they are.
Now read why they are.

By MERCILESS MURPHY

Every fall, from Thanksgiving to the middle of January, the newspapers are filled with all-teams. They pick them from all-America down to all-County, and we read them and forget them. Only once did our hearts beat faster, and that was the morning Paul Severin was announced by the Associated Press. But these moments are too few. Being only human, and Carolina students are human regardless of the rumors, we like to read of things we know about. Thus, the Buccaneer presents the Carolina All-Campus teams.

Right End: Vivian Gillespie for being right in on everything the Tar Heel tries to do. That continuous search of hers to find a feature drives us mad. **Vaughan Winborne** who seems to be everywhere at once; be it politics, meetings, or mooching on your date.

Right Tackle: Helen Plyler for tackling the job of writing the Buccaneer fashion column and remaining on the staff long after the Editor grew weary of the others. **Louis Sutton** who accepted the position of secretary of the crippled German Club. Tackling a thankless job, he has brought the Club back to its former standing.

Right Guard: Melville Corbett whose duty is to protect the unsuspecting coeds from those dens of iniquity, the frat houses. **Fred Weaver** whose almost impossible job is to guard the morals of our great University.

Center: Marjorie Johnston who proved to be the most charming Student-Faculty Day Queen in the history of the celebration. **George Glamack** whose outstanding performances on the hardwood have made him the center of everything.

Left Guard: Louise Jordan whose YWCA keeps the coeds from "getting too far into the groove." **Richard Nickson** for donning sheep's clothing and taking Bill Ward's position as head of the Civil Liberties Committee. (It's great to sleep nights knowing that someone won't paint you red all over, or do we?)

Left Tackle: Barbara Liscomb and **Tom Stanback** who tackled the momentous job of heading Student-Faculty Day and gave the Campus the best holiday yet.

Left End: Ruth Crowell who really shouldn't have been (it's no place for women) but was left in the ASU for no reason at all. **Cy Jones,** who after retiring from politics, was left in the UP because they couldn't carry on without his democratic methods.

Quarterback: Nancy Taylor who would run everything if she could, but practically went crazy trying to give a dance in No. 1 dorm. **Joe Zaytoun** who tries to have his say in everything on the campus and pouts if no one listens.

Halfback: Mickey Warren who made one of the best records a coed has ever made here her junior year and then settled down to brood over her uniformed dream man all this year. **Allen Green** who spent so much time condemning the Buccaneer that his neglected magazine stinks worse than the Buc ever hopes to.

Blocking Back: Zoe Young who is found at numerous places giving the appearance of one who is wrapped up in her work. Actually, she is blocking any progress that might otherwise be made. **Lee Wiggins,** who dares to be different and furnishes plenty of comedy along with it.

Fullback: Dorothy Coble who, as a Tar Heel reporter, president of No. 2, and assistant to Melville Corbett, has had her hands full, but has come through like a veteran. **Jim Davis,** who has withstood abuse from all sides, including that of the Buccaneer, but has proven to the Campus that he has what it takes. There is none better.

BARBARA LISCOMB

LOUISE STIEFELMEYER

Wow!

"Hamp" CALDWELL

MARTHA LEFEVRE

Babs GOODRICH

JANE MOODY

VIRGINIA CATES

Joseph Twerp and the Seafoam Siren

An Epic in Seafoam

By ST. CLAIR PUGH

Joseph Twerp lived by the sea
With his wife and his mother-in-law.
A very noble man was he,
As noble as one ever saw.
He loved his wife, her name was Kate,
But he loathed her ma with malice passionate.
And yet he lived in a perfect state,
Until he met Cleo.

Now every morning he'd take a pole
And fishing he would go,
In weather warm or weather cold,
In sun or rain or snow.
His usual spot was down the beach.
This only he knew how to reach,
And it, for fishing, was a peach,
As fishing places go.

This place was just above some rocks,
Where millions of fishes stayed.
To sit upon, he had a box,
And trees to give him shade.
He'd bait his hook and drop his line
And pull in fish of every kind,
All of them big ones every time,
From among the rocks below.

One morning Joe went down the beach,
With his pole and line and bait,
To this place that only he could reach,
Prepared to fish 'til late.
He cast his line, as one must do,
And had already caught about thirty-two,
When all of a sudden he happened to view
A red-headed mermaid below.

At seeing a mermaid with hair so red,
Joe didn't know what to do;
So he thought a while, and then he said,
"Boop boop didem dadem wattem chew?"
The mermaid gave him a puzzled look
As if what he'd said she had mistook;
Then she winked and her tail she shook.
It was too much for poor Joe!

"Hello, Big Boy!" the mermaid said,
While smoothing out her scales;
And then she smoothed her hair of red
And shined her finger nails.
"Come on down and sit. You see
I'm just as lonesome as can be.
I'll tell you all about poor me
That you'd like to know."

And so Joe then climbed from his box
As fast as a gentleman could,
And joined the mermaid on the rocks,
Politely as he should.
"I'm from South Africa," she said,

"And across the seas I've fled
To spend the summer here instead.
And my friends call me Cleo."

"My father was an Irishman;
My mother was a herring.
One grandpa lives in Ireland;
One swims the Straits of Bering.
I have some cousins who are whales;
An uncle living now in Wales;

And some of my aunts are pickled in pails,
And sold in Tokyo."

"I haven't got much girlish glamour,
Like all those Hollywood stars,
But, boy, I've got the 'Sea-Food Mama,'
And, from now on, it's all yours."
So Joe and Cleo'd meet every day
And swim and talk and love and play
From sunrise 'til the dusk would say
That Joe would have to go.

Now Kate's ma started to snoop around,
To see where he went every day.
She camped on his trail like an old blood-hound,
And always had too much to say.
And so that Joe wouldn't be to blame,

1
ACME ADVERTISING INC.
2
3
ACME ADVERTISING INC.
4
ACME ADVERTISING INC.
5
" THE MOST BEAUTIFUL PAIR I'VE EVER SEEN"
6
COZY CORNER MONTHLY
DO YOU HAVE DISHWATER HANDS?
USE
"FOAMY SOAPY"
ACME ADV.
AL SEEMAN

The Carolinians

Metronome's Simon Voted Them
The Best Band on the Campus

By TINY HUTTON

The campus' most outstanding swing band. That's what George Simon of Metronome called Charlie Wood's band last spring, when he judged them the winner of the Battle of Swing. He went further and said that they showed results of a lot of hard work, and he gave a great deal of credit to whoever had been rehearsing the band.

Rehearsing is exactly what that band had been doing. They had started out in January of last year and had done nothing but a lot of conscientious practice until the battle. Originally a co-op band of thirteen musicians, the boys added Charlie Wood as a front man a few weeks after starting. Charlie eventually bought out the rest of the boys, and is now complete boss of the band.

When mentioning Charlie, and his start with the band, one must say something about Sam Galloway. It was Sam, Charlie's Kappa Sig brother, who first mentioned the idea of Charlie's coming in with the band and it was he who sold the band members on the idea. Sam's connection with the band was not limited to merely bringing in the front man. If any one person can be called the most potent force behind the band's rapid rise, it is Sam. It was he who took charge of those rehearsals that Simon raved about, and it was he who nearly drove the boys crazy with work until they reached the stage of perfection that enabled them to win the contest. Up until Christmas, Sam played second trumpet and took all of the "go" work. He had probably the most powerful blasting tone and, unquestionably, the most hardened lip on campus. Faulty attempts and ideas of improvisation kept this truly great trumpeter from the recognition that could have been his.

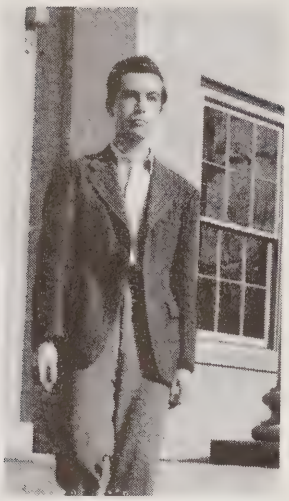
Among the original members still with the band, most credit can be given to Rowland Kennedy, the lead sax man. Rowland has done quite a bit of arranging and is mostly responsible for any individual style that the band might claim. He claims to use no one particular pattern for his arrangements, but shades of Shaw invariably creep in. He plays clarinet exceptionally well, and since the departure of Jeep Bennett from the Hill, is probably the best "ride" man here.

Rounding out the sax section are two All-Campus men as picked by Simon, Frank Justice and Buck Corey.

Justice plays "ride" tenor and is incomparable on campus. He has a real jig tone and is capable of playing some of the most wicked stuff that you'll ever hear from a college bandsman. He is Kennedy's sidekick from childhood days in Raleigh, and both have always played side by side in the same bands.

Buck Corey came with the band on section tenor this fall from

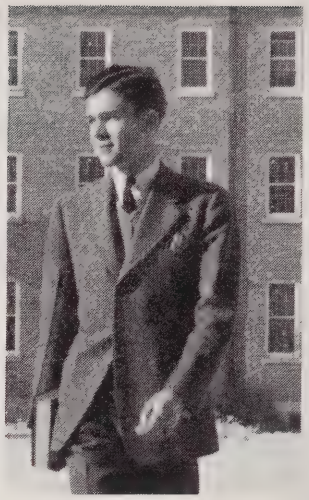
(twenty-seven)



SIMONS ROOF
Poems without Social Significance.

CHARLIE WOOD
Sultan of Swing.

HENLY OGBURN
Easy-going, no outlook.



BRICK WALL
Senior BSOC, Damn Good Boy.

WATTS CARR
SAE, Vice-Pres. Phi Bete.

Carolina Gentlemen

In All Their Glory

ED MEGSON
Prolific Writer, Fleece.

BILL OGBURN
Scrooge of the Tar Heel.

HENRY DILLON
By-product of the Pharmacy School.

ST. CLAIR PUGH
Seafoam Author, brother of Carl.

Secretary: Boss, I've got a new position.

Boss: Fine. Let's try it.

Ma: Daughter, do you know what virgins dream about.

Daught: Uh . . . no, what?

Ma: I suspected as much.

We'll have to rehearse that, said the undertaker as the coffin fell out of the car.

—*Mustang*

He: "Do you know that you look like Helen Brown?"

She: "Well, I look even worse in red."

"Oh dear, I've missed you so much—" and she raised the revolver and tried again.

Little Jack was absent from school one day, and the next day he took the following excuse to his teacher: "Please excuse Jack for being absent. He has a new baby brother. It was not his fault."

Dean: "Know you? Why, I knew you when your mother got kicked out of college."

Sweet Young Thing—"I love you more than *Life* itself, or any other ten-cent magazine."

She: Do you know the things they've been saying about me?

He: Whaddya think I'm here for?

"Is it true what they say about Chinese women, do they really eat rice all the time?"

Broad-mindedness is the ability to smile when you suddenly discover that your room-mate and your girl are both missing from the dance floor.

A monopolist is one who gets an elbow on each arm of his theatre seat.

Then there's the one about the girl who stole her mother's corset and didn't have the guts to wear it.

The world's greatest optimist is the old maid who pulls down a folding bed and then looks under it.

Toastmaster, introducing the speaker: "I'm sure that Mr. Jones, of the Soils and Fertilizer Department, will give us a pleasant half-hour. He's just full of his subject."

"What happens to naughty Egyptian girls?"

"They get laid in caskets."

"Mother, will college boys go to Heaven?"

"Yes, Son, but they won't like it."

Billy: Mamma, where did you meet Daddy?

Mamma: At a dance, darling.

Billy: Was I there, mamma?

Mamma: Run out and play, darling.

She: "Mmmmmmmmmmmm, but that popcorn has a heavenly smell!"

He: "Hasn't it? I'll drive a little closer."

And then there was Mary Wanna. Boy, there's a girl for you. She had all the boys dopey over her.

"I wonder if he will get out of that one."

I wish I were a kangaroo,
Despite his funny stances,
I'd have a place to put the junk
My girl brings to the dances.

A freshman once took chemistry,
Alas he is no more,
For what he thought was H-two-O
Was H-two-S-O-four.

Thirty days hath September,
April, June and November,
All the rest have thirty-one,
Until we hear from Washington.

A freshman who came from Decatur
Once took a late date with a Beta.
When she got in
She was wearing his pin.
But her house says it won't reinstate her.

My girl is suave and smooth and subtle,
But this is beyond detection;
While some hold hands as a token of love,
Mine does it as a means of protection.

Oh, mother, may I go out to swim?
Why not, my darling, daughter,
You're so damned near naked anyhow
You'd look better in the water.

"After all, Gerald, this is leap year."

ODE TO A DUCK

It flew through the air with the greatest of ease,
Carelessly lit near a moocher's knees,
'Twas gazed upon with savage lust.
He paused in reflection, then made a thrust—
His thrust was short by nearly a yard;
I beat him to it, now ain't I a card?
Full many a duck I've been forced to steal,
But damn this fighting for a Chesterfield.

"My wife ran off with the butler."

"What a shame that is!"

"I'm satisfied. Furthermore, my house burnt down and I haven't any insurance."

"Too bad!"

"I'm satisfied; and to cap everything off business is so bad I'm going bankrupt, but, in spite of everything, I'm satisfied."

"How is that possible with all your misfortunes?"

"I smoke Chesterfields."

—*The Mustang*

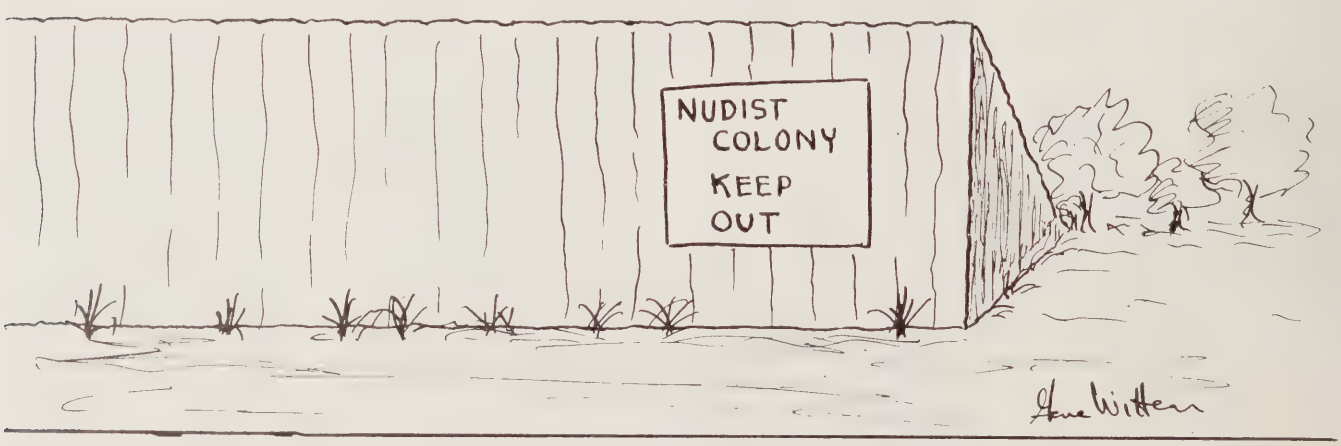
Ed. Note: We're getting dern-ed tired running Chesterfield plugs.

Newspaper Item: "Mrs. Lottie Prim was granted a divorce when she testified that since she and her husband were married he had spoken to her but three times. She was awarded the custody of their three children."

A poor soph, after sinking for the third and last time, quickly found himself supplied with horns and a pitchfork in the Lower Region. Then hardly had he gotten settled when he began ordering everyone around.

"Say!" spoke up Satan. "You talk as if you own this place!"

"You're darn tootin'!" the soph replied. "My first classman certainly gave it to me while I was on earth."



You dumb clucks will never get this.

Miss America
CHESTERFIELD'S VALENTINE GIRL
Patricia Donnelly of Detroit

A Pocketful of Pleasure

CHESTERFIELD

The real reason why Chesterfields are in more pockets every day is because Chesterfield's Right Combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos gives you a better smoke... definitely milder, cooler and better-tasting. *You can't buy a better cigarette.*

MAKE YOUR NEXT PACK CHESTERFIELD *They Satisfy*

Copyright 1940, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

SMOKY JOE HAD THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!

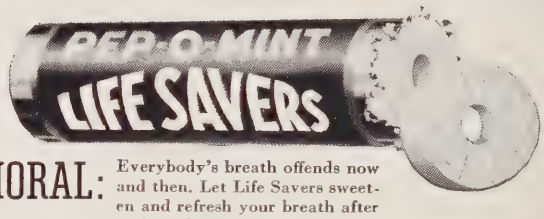
"GIDDYAP, NAPOLEON! Looks like this Romeo is trying his darndest to smoke us out. Phew! His tobacco smells like the backfire from Pa's flivver!" Just then

UP RIDES A RANGER, sniffs the pipe, says to clean it and refill with *mild* Sir Walter, a burley blend famous for aroma. It worked! Joe won her back!

New!
CELLOPHANE TAPE around lid seals flavor in . . . brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO
CIGARETTES
UNION MADE
IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—*Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.*

Because Drusilla's breath was horrid
Men wouldn't even kiss her forehead.
But Pep-O-Mints so turned the tide
She gets more kisses than a bride.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

FREE! A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST WISECRACK!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

THIS MONTH'S WINNER

Then there is the one about the man who saw his friend on the street and stopped to chat with him. During the course of the conversation the subject somehow got around to the party of the night before. The first man questioned his friend closely: "Hey, Joe, who was that lady I saw you out with last night?" The second man answered him with a broad grin on his face: "That was no lady, Jim, that was my wife!"

Bert L. Premo
Box 869
Chapel Hill, N. C.

CROSSED and Double---CROSSED

by XXX

Miss Frances Buckelew, that tall, stunning brunette from Lancaster, S. C. (the town that also produced Dolly Ericson and Schiaperelli's gift to Chapel Hill, Helen Plyler) wore a short time ago two fraternity pins, one of which belonged to Phi Kappa Sig's Bob Williams. It all wouldn't have been so bad if Frances hadn't flaunted both trophies at the same time—something that is never, *never* done in the best Chapel Hill circles. The average coed usually has a devil of a time getting even one fraternity pin and still manage to keep her amateur standing intact. . . . Best crack of the month was pulled by a member of the "Pinafore" cast who glanced at one of the elderly female leads as she appeared on stage in costume and remarked, "Hell, I've seen better bags on peanuts." . . .

By now most students know about the third party Bob McLemore hopes to start on the campus and which, 'tis whispered abroad, is being sponsored by the University party to sabotage Student party votes. But the story of how it was conclusively proven may prove interesting. Buddy Nordan, pride of Mangum and the Student party, bumped into Bob one day and promptly asked him if these political reports were true. "Oh, no!" exclaimed Bob. "You've got me all wrong. I've got too much work to do. I'm out of politics this year. By the way, I want you to meet two girl friends of mine from Smithfield." Buddy willingly acquiesced and was properly introduced. "So glad to meet you," remarked one. "Has Bob told you about the third party he's starting?" . . . And speaking of politics, it is almost certain that the A. D. Pi sorority will go U. P. in the spring elections and thus be one with the fraternity boys. To quote an old saying, "politics makes strange bedfellows." . . . Now that Virginia Kibler is back in school, she and Allen Green have resumed their beautiful literary relationship. In short, if you want to have something printed in the Mag, be sure to see Virginia first. . . .

Orchid's to Atlanta's and Daily Tar Heel's Carroll McGaughey, one of the cleverest boys this campus has ever produced and whose Student-Faculty revue was the most original and entertaining stunt night ever put on at Carolina. Orchids, also, to cooperative Jane Rumsey for her swell singing, to trim Olivia Rhodes (the journalism department's newest and cutest recruit) for her balleting, to the Med school's Eleanor Maupin for proving that she was really a human being after all, and to pretty Frances Gibson for her sense of comedy and ability to push the body around with a maximum of effect and a minimum of effort. . . . And a special box of pansies to

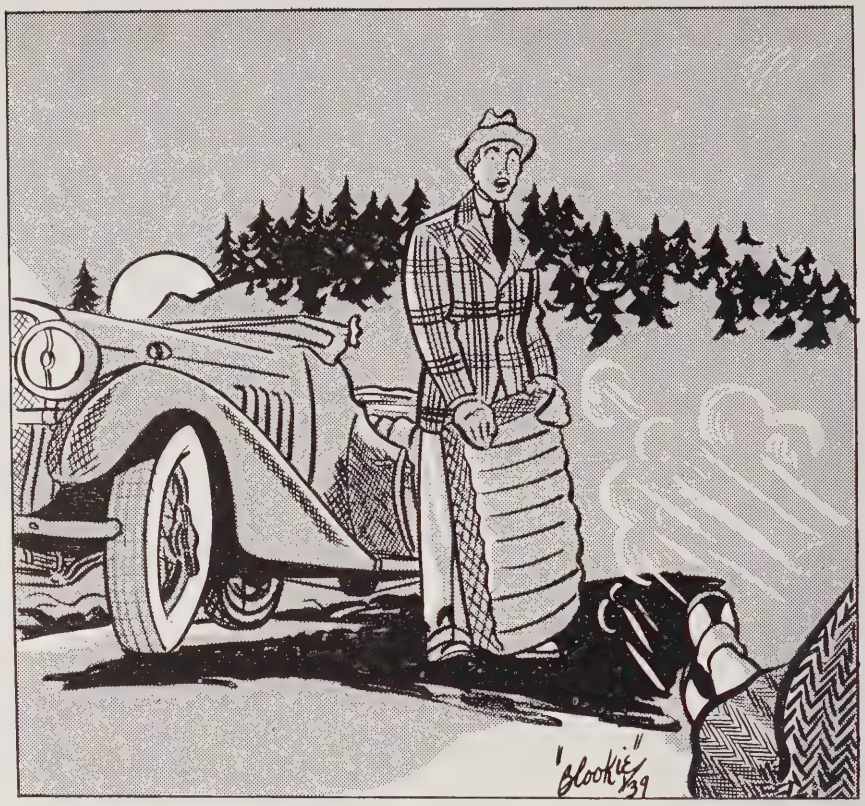
Rush "It's a Pity" Hamrick, our chief competitor for the title of Exalted Snooper. This picture is run in an effort to clear up rumors of what Rush was looking at in the small Tar Heel cut.

"I'm afraid we will have to let Albert go. He's getting to be too much of a realist."

Professor John E. Toms who discovered that one of his coed music majors was going to so far degrade herself as to appear in the stunt night show and actually sing a *popular* song. Lifting up his skirts in shocked indignation, he browbeat the girl so effectively that she was forced to withdraw from the cast. What with Toms and one Mrs. Burnam representing the music department, Hill Hall might as well give up the melody entirely or get rid of the discords. . . .

The romance between Diana ("Footsy") Foote and Lawrence Hooper, the Bible salesman, which started at the coed ball last September, is deader than the proverbial doornail. . . . Zoe Young went sledding one night with Bill Ogburn but wanted to go inside the dorm before the curfew tolled 11:00. "If you stop sledding," said Zoe, "you can kiss me good night. You'll have to choose." The sled was empty for the next hour. . . . At the time this column goes to press, the Woman's Athletic association has still kept mum on the date set for Sadie Hawkin's day. All the weekends, though, are filled with either dances or comprehensives. It's amazing how many boys flatter themselves by acting as if they've got something to worry about. So far the only chases definitely known are "Legs" Young after a track star (and even if he was Glenn Cunningham, we'd still bet Zoe would catch him), Vivian Gillespie after Morris Rosenberg, and Mrs. Cobb the beloved house mother of Woman's Dorm no. 1, after Boss Hill. . . .

Bob Farris is suffering from a severe case of dizziness after having b e e n wound around Frances Gibson's little finger so often. . . . As a tribute to the potency of Eunice ("Panther") Patten optics, a new word has been added to the vocabulary. From now on when any coed lures a man with her eyes, she "pantherizes" him. Another bid of word play was thought up by Syd



"Well, I didn't have you down this week-end for your health."

"Yes, darling. The boy just brought the chocolates. It's really more than I had expected."

"PEPSI AND PETE"
THE PEPSI-COLA COPS
AH ME — I AM DOWNED WITH EXHAUSTATION
O.K. PETE! DRAW YOUR PEPSI-COLA
HEAVY ANVIL CO.
COME, PEPSI- LET US AID THE POOR STEED!
GOOD! GOOD! GOOD!
PLENTY! PLENTY! PLENTY!
HEIGH-HO AND AWAY WE GO!
CLIPPITY-CLOP TO MEXICO!
HEAVY ANVIL CO.
"I MAKE SURE IT'S PURE AND TASTY"
"I MAKE SURE YOU GET A REAL HELPING-A BIG, BIG BOTTLE"
ACTUAL SIZE
FILLS YOUR GLASS TWICE
PEPSI-COLA
FAMOUS FOR OVER 30 YEARS
5¢
12 OZ. BOTTLE
A SPARKLING BRACING BEVERAGE
PEPSI-COLA
TRADE MARK
REFRESHING HEALTHFUL
12 OUNCES
ECONOMICAL — THE PEPSI-COLA 6-BOTTLE HOME CARTON
Keep a Home Carton—6 Big Bottles of Pepsi-Cola in your ice-box. Goes great with your lunch—or give it to the children after school. Have it handy when guests drop in. It's the economical way to buy Pepsi-Cola. The better-tasting, wholesome drink.
PEPSI-COLA
BIGGER · BETTER

Durham Pepsi-Cola Bottling Company

Crossed

Alexander in the first two initials of Mary Spencer Watkin's name. Since Spencer is so popular she has to be dated three months in advance (ain't it awful, Orville), she is now known as Maybe Sometime Watkins. . . . Roselyn Holmes has chosen the strains of Lohengrin as the number one song on her Hit Parade. . . . It is hoped that Laura Maie Shaver has stopped giving Harry Horton the well-known run around. After all, a potential governor's son is nothing to throw away for a little reservation straying. . . .

The elections for campus queen were an excellent example of the effectiveness of sorority politicking. The A. D. Pi's hung around the polls and mentally murdered anyone who dared vote for someone other than Frances Dyckman, who probably has the most beautiful face on the campus—and if Earl Carroll is a decent judge of feminine looks, that's the Carolina coed he must have picked for the Yackety-Yack.

The Chi O's backed Marjorie Johnston, the super It gal from Indiana, and when she won the election, it was the fifth time in a row that Chi Omega has given the school its queen. Pi Phi split its ticket, half the sorority voting for Bobby Liscomb and the other half voting for Spencer Watkins. And Alice Murdoch is the first graduate student ever to be a member of the Student-Faculty day court. But the happiest people of all were Sanford Stein and Jack Page who wrote a coronation song for the queen and gave a votive offering each night to the gods that Sherman Smith would be elected king so that he could sing the piece.

"There's a story been going around the faculty about the absent-minded professor and his absent-minded wife. It seems that the professor had just returned from a hard day's work and after dinner he and his wife settled down in the living room to enjoy the radio. Suddenly there was a knock on the door. "My Husband!" the absent-minded wife gasped. "My God!" said the professor and jumped out the window."

THE END

"No offense. Just the 1940 census taker."

Try
The Elite Shop
for
Evening Dresses That Suit Every TIME AND PLACE
Raleigh, N. C.

First Son: "Father, I did something awful last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father: "It's a lot of money, but anything to save the family honor." (Makes out check.)

Second Son: "Father, I got in trouble last night and I need ten thousand dollars or she'll sue."

Father: "It's all I've got in the world, but I guess anything is better than dragging down the family name." (Makes out check.)

Daughter: "Father, I did something dreadful last night—"

Father: "Ah, now WE collect."

Sarge: "Brown."

Voice: "Here."

Sarge: "I don't see Brown. Who answered for him?"

Voice: "I did. I thought you called my name."

Sarge: "What is your name?"

Voice: "Stevenpotski."

—*Exchange*

Women are taking a lot of jobs away from men these days, but there is one job they'll never take away. Can you imagine a woman auctioneer standing behind a bed asking, "Will anyone make me an offer?"

Tourist (to Indian): White man glad to see red man. White man hopes big chief is feeling tip-top this morning.

Indian (calling): Hey, Jake, come here and listen to this bozo; he's great!

Terrell Everett — Chi O Screwball. Nice in spite of slush.

Little Rosie, tears in her eyes, sat on the edge of the curb trying to sell some flowers. Her father had just been killed by a train while trying to beat it to a crossing, and her mother was starving herself to death in an effort to buy a coffin for Rosie's little brother who had just fallen out of an eighty-seven story window as well as to get food for Rosie's little sister who had been laid up seven years with double-pneumonia. This was quite a task considering that her mother herself had a very good case of cancer.

As Rosie sat there, a car came by and ran over her foot, and a policeman, seeing this, grabbed her undernourished arm, ragged sleeve and all, and told her to get along, at the same time beating her on the head with his four-foot night-stick. (Note: It was still daytime.)

But, just then, a great big Cadillac with two chauffeurs and no numbers on the license plate, drove up. A big, kindly-looking man got out, and looking down at Rosie, said, "I'll buy your damnflowers," and he laughed a hollow laugh as he gave her the lousy two-cents and threw the stinkin' flowers in the mud . . . .

—Jack Dube

Excerpts from Actual Letters Received by a County Health Department

"I cannot get sick pay, I have six children, can you tell me why?"

• • •

"This is my eighth child, what are you going to do about it?"

• • •

"Mrs. Brown has had no clothing for a year and has been visited by the clergy for a year."

• • •

"I am glad to say my husband who was reported missing is now dead."

• • •

"Sir: I am forwarding my marriage certificate and two children one of which is a mistake as you will see."

• • •

"I am forwarding my marriage certificate and six children. I have seven but one died who was baptised on half a sheet of paper."

"I am writing to say my baby was born two years old, when do I get my money?"

• • •

"Unless I get husband's money soon, I will be forced to an immortal life."

• • •

"Please find out for me if my husband is dead. The man I am living with now can't eat or anything until he knows."

• • •

"I am very annoyed to find you have branded my boy illiterate. This is a dirty lie as I married his father a week before he was born."

• • •

"In answer to your letter, I have given birth to a boy weighing 10 lbs. I hope this is satisfactory."

• • •

"You have changed my boy to a girl. Will that make any difference?"

• • •

"Please send my money at once as I have fallen into error with my landlady."

• • •

"In accordance with your letter, I have given birth to twins in the inclosed envelope."

• • •

"I want my money quick as I can get it. I have been sick in bed with the doctor for two weeks but he doesn't seem to do me any good. If things don't improve I will have to send for another doctor."

• • •

"I have no children yet. My husband is a bus driver and works days & nites."

• • •

"My husband had his project cut off two weeks ago, and I haven't had any relief since."

CAROLINA
HEADQUARTERS

Celebrating Our

14th Anniversary

With a New and Modern

Men's Store

Two doors from our present location.

SEE YOU SOON

Watch for Opening

Miller-Bishop Co.

112 Corcoran St.
Durham, N. C.

Fads and Fashions

Vote on Best Dressed Man.
Coeds Long for Spring.

WHO IS THE BEST DRESSED MAN AT CAROLINA? That is a very hard question for one man to answer—so—a vote will be taken this next month in each dormitory and fraternity to determine who is the best dressed man in each. After this vote is taken the BUCCANEER will select the best dressed gent of UNC. The results will be in this column next issue.

Speaking of well dressed gents, though — have you noticed VANCE HOBBS wear a hat? His hats—I mean hat—is worn better than any other on the Hill. CY JONES is a mean dresser. In his personal dress Cy epitomizes Shakespeare's famed quotation, "Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy—But not express'd in fancy, rich not gaudy. For the apparel oft proclaims the man! . . . ."

By the way, sport coats are being worn and worn these leap year days. Stripes in sport coats are new, and if their ever increasing popularity during the past three months is an indication of universal approval, most college men will own at least one by spring. Most of the new jackets are of shetland with a light basic background, with the modified blazer-stripe design over it in various colors. Stripes are usually in shades of brown, blue, and gray, with some maroon and olive green. So it's check and double check for sport coats. Looks like a definite tendency to bring these colorful clothes back is well on the wing. Score this sudden impulse as a positive carry over from the brash Tartans. Stylists say that a decided preference will be shown glenurqharts . . . The hound's tooth design will also be in the ball game.

These coats, incidentally, are almost all single breasted three button models, usually buttoned on the top two buttons. They are longer than last year's styles and seem even longer because of the stripes.

Some of "our boys" who wear good looking sport coats and wear them well are DUDLEY COCKE, BILLY HINES, JIGGS HARVEY and FRANK HANES.

Have you seen Joe Hough's new gray flannel suit? It is a three button single breasted number—one of these staple suits is an addition to any man's wardrobe. . . . For a smooth dressing little man glance at the Phi Delt's ALLEN HUMPHRIES. . . . For the big man the bets are on the Beta's "PORKY" MILLIS. . . . Strictly Yankee?—St. Anthony's Hank Stockton. Take a peep at PROF. K. C. FRAZER some Monday morning at 8:30; even then he is immaculate. (No, I don't have a class under him.) All of the fairer sex seem to like the way SAE IKE GRAINGER wears the glad rags—well—clothes do make the woman—I mean the man. . . . TOM WRIGHT of DKE and Winston fame is another fellow who is very fastidious about his wearing apparel. . . . JIM ROBERSON'S ties and scarfs are sumpin!! . . . .

Well, next month some boy will be hung with Best Dressed Man at Carolina . . . .

Goodbuy. . . .

Confidentially speaking, we are begging for spring. After a hectic season of frigid, bitter snow, gloomy, sombre, and dull clothes we are anxiously anticipating the cool balminess of spring, and the exquisite, warm-hued shades to be found awaiting the young elite.

For bewitching spring hours occasionally found in this month we must be prepared with a soft pink or blue wool with combination of rayon, very flattering and very smart.

The prices, too, seem reasonable, but one thing must always be remembered — buy clothes styled to fit your own personality. With literally millions of dresses on the market why not take a little extra time and energy and get something smart and appropriate?

It seems necessary to note here, and you probably have, that clothes seem more important than the old saying, "the way to a man's heart is through his stomach." I should pause here for a storm of criticism—the answer is whether or not we will admit it. What is trying to be said (and take up as much space as possible) is — it's not the dress that is important but the way you look in it.

Lana Turner, our number one coed, models what she calls "an outright wardrobe necessity." It consists of a flared skirt with all of twenty-four gores, artfully shirred collar and cuffs, and an exhilirating palette of dusty tones, with a contrasting plaid

Wide Selection of

SPORT COATS

Gray Flannel Pants Galore

Get in the Easter Parade with one of our suits made especially for you — Ten day delivery on all orders.

Prices from $25

Thames Clothing Shop

and Dry Cleaners

It's Snow Fun

Miniver Cheevy, Freshman

(From page five)

He would have sinned incessantly,
Could he have been one . . .

FAMED ECONOMIST JOINS UNC FACULTY

North Carolina Press Releases Three on Sociology

. . . OF SOUTHERN CULTURE

Tar Heels, Violets Clash . . .

Miniver valued the classes most of all. Learning. Knowledge. Progress. Literature and knowledge and theories and thought. It was great stuff. He was all for it. He spaced his cuts just right.

"Miniver sighed for what was not
And dreamed, and rested from his labors;
He dreamed of Thebes and Camelot
And Priam's neighbors . . .

UNC CITED AS PIONEER IN DRAMA

Dogs Will Eat . . .

PLAYMAKERS TO PRESENT 8,999th BILL

Students Applaud Anniv

He always tried to find time to go to the plays and the student entertainments. Everybody said the plays were excellent. The Playmakers had a worldwide reputation. They had a reputation in Chapel Hill. It was great work they were doing in the drama. All the students went to the plays. He had a hard time getting tickets to "No More Peace."

"Miniver mourned the ripe renown
That made so many a name so fragrant;
He mourned Romance, now on the town,
And Art, a vagrant . . .

GRAHAM TO SPEAK ON LIBERALISM, CULTURE

Dogs Will Eat Dogs . . .

Phi Settles War in Europe

CPU REJECTS KUHN

COUNCIL KILLS NOVEMBER 'BUC'

"Miniver thought, and thought, and thought,
And thought about it . . .

Now between the classes and the speeches and the plays and the meetings and the bull sessions and the games and the dances and Harry's and the sleeping, Miniver couldn't find time to do anything. His schedule was too hard to catch up with anything now.

"Miniver Cheevy, born too late,
Scratched his head and kept on thinking;
Miniver coughed and called it fate,
And kept on drinking."

Superior Quality
in
every piece of candy

Unique
are
all our drinks

Distinctive
is
every piece of pastry

DANZIGER'S
Candy and Coffee Shop

"Willie."
"Yes, maw."
"How many times must I tell you that cuspidor is to spit in?"

"Gosh, what rosy cheeks!"

Disfigurement

By Paul M. Platzman

With a dexterity acquired by years of experience, he undid the flimsy brassiere, placing it on the soft couch in his private office. After pausing hesitantly for a long moment he removed the flesh-colored panties. Like whiskers falling to a barber-shop floor, the pink garment dropped. His eyes caressed her perfect 36. With cruel wilting scrutinizations he stared at her, intensively. His handsome face expressed a rabid appreciation. He handled her gently, as if she were a delicate cream puff, and carried her to the couch. He gazed into the exquisite loveliness of her tranquil features, passionately. Suddenly his mouth dropped open and out poured an agonizing groan. Her front tooth was missing. Regretfully he attached a red slip to her hand: "Repairs . . . Wax model not ready for Macy shipment."

Hitler: "I regret that I have but four million lives to give for my country."

Joseph Twerp and the Seafoam Siren

(From page nine)

Cleo decided to bump off the dame.
And it wasn't long 'til she did the same,
So much did she love Joe.

One day Kate's mother went to walk by the sea
And she disappeared into thin air.
Kate was as sad as a daughter should be;
But Joe, he sure didn't care.
What became of her was a mystery
Until one day at a fishery,
They found her false teeth in a shark's belly.
And that's all anyone knows.

And when Cleo confessed to the crime
Joe loved her all anew.
And Cleo said, "When you see me next time,
I'll have a surprise for you."
And when Joe got home, it was almost night;
And he was glad, and his heart was light.
And he didn't grieve over Katie's ma's plight,
Since he had hated her so.

But that night Kate came up to Joe,
And she said, "I think maybe
That it is time you ought to know
We're going to have a baby.
And since I'm in a family way,
You can't go fishing every day."
And he said, "Well, I guess it's O. K."
For a noble man was Joe.

So Joe went down to the sea to tell
Cleo their affair was through.
But Cleo cursed and raged and yelled,
"You wait. I'll get even with you!"
Then Cleo had another affair
With a tiger shark that lived near there;
But even yet she'd always swear
Her vengeance on poor Joe.

So now Joe figured the thing to do
Was to leave Cleo alone,
In hope that for all her wrong-doing
And her curses she would atone.
Joe, Kate, and the baby then moved to a town,
A place which the sea was nowhere around.
And to a peaceful life they all settled down;
And here remained just so.

But one day to Joe a present came
From South Africa, a bowl,
The contents of which made Joe blush with shame,
Full of fish, all of reddish gold.
And one of the goldfish said "Hey Pop!"
And another of them said, "Surprise, Ol' Top!"
And a third said, "It's you who's going to adopt
Us according to mama Cleo."

THE END

MARTIN'S

featuring

KNOX HATS
ARROW SHIRTS
BOSTONIAN SHOES

Kuppenheimer
and
Varsity Town
Clothes
for
Modern Men

Fayetteville St.
RALEIGH, N. C.

When It Comes to Food . . .

Try Mother's Nearest Competitor

COLLEGE SANDWICH SHOP & CAFE
Next to the Pick Theatre

With an effort, Walter DeRodwick came to a decision. Looking through the vapours rising from the boiling cauldron between them, he scrutinized longingly the face opposite him. He loved that face; it belonged to a friend he had known practically all his life; his closest friend; the one he esteemed most highly in this world . . . He could hardly bring himself to do what he now had to do.

"But, after all, it's for your own good, you know," he remarked. He received no reply; but upon the countenance so dear to him came a look of resignation and decision. It seemed to await with half-closed eyes for what was inevitable.

DeRodwick picked up the gleaming blade and peered through the vapours. Quickly he worked, stopping only now and then to staunch partially the flow of blood from an open wound. Picking up a vial, he smeared the now pain-wracked face with a handful of green, oily liquid.

"Well," he said, "not so bad for my first shave with a straight razor."

A man and his dream.

DAVIS ESSO SERVICE
Washing, Greasing and Polishing

See us for tires, batteries and accessories.

It is worth your while to bring your car to Obie's.

PHONE 3091

ODE TO A CAROLINA COED

There you sit all broken hearted,
All alone without a date.
Long ago the "Germans" started,
But don't bewail the coed's fate.
Don't pretend you're persecuted,
Don't think up silly defences.
Don't you care. Go on and study.
Tear into those comprehensives.
You should know, O Little Coed,
How we'd miss you, were you gone.
Cheer up, you're essential to us;
You're our beauty, we're your brawn.
Stop thinking the boys don't like you,
Just because you miss one dance.
You know how we like variety;
Be a sport, give us a chance.
Don't you worry, Little Coed,
Don't you cry and don't you fret.
Although imports may take the "Germans,"
They don't attend Grail dances yet.

. . . . *St. Clair Pugh.*

DEDICATED TO A. P. S.

The boy across the hall had a bottle of gin
Enshrined in his top bureau drawer.
I waited there about, 'til I knew he was out,
Because I had a key to fit his door.

I got into his room and opened up the drawer,
Inspired with a manifold thirst.
But to my surprise, an empty bottle met my eyes.
Our janitor had gotten there first.

. . . . *St. Clair Pugh.*

Fashion

coat of the same background. For evening she chooses her "Queen of Hearts" dress set to the tune of gentle rustling taffeta—a fitted bodice—long, tight fitted sleeves—(the newest note) gently rounded neck and plenty of wasted material in the skirt.

Back to campus now, for absolutely the last word in footwear—the no-heel socks, designed to fit any footsie, no shrinkage or lines of demarcation—very similar to mittens except for the thumb. Snoods are back again, hand-crocheted of bright-colored chenille, shaped to cradle the tresses without covering the head. We like them—but then, we dress to please ourselves and no one else.

THE END

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3 WATCHMAKERS

The maid had been using surreptitiously the bath tub of her employer, an elderly bishop. He was a bachelor, very fastidious about his toilet, and desired the exclusive use of his tub.

He reprimanded the maid with much indignation:

"What distresses me most, Mary, is that you have done this behind my back."

". . . *that's where the hitch is!*"
"The Carolina Coed," Student-Faculty Jamboree.

The Carolinians

Freddy Johnson's band. He is, according to Charlie, able to give more kick to the section than any other man here.

At present, there is no definite replacement for Dave Henderson's vacated third alto chair. Dave left after Christmas, and John Matte and Willis Carpenter have both taken turns at the spot but neither has held it.

Bub Montgomery, the freshman first trombone, is easily the most outstanding man in the brass section. He is just a kid, but he plays blues figures like a seasoned veteran. His father being a former military bandsman and dixieland swingster on the same instrument, Bub has a solid technical background as well.

Hubert Henderson, Bob Saunders, and Warren Simpson are the three trumpet men.

Henderson was chosen as first trumpet by Simon last year, and possesses a nice clear tone. He is chiefly a straight man, and plays much in the style set forth by Charlie Spivak.

Simpson might be rated the best technical trumpet man on the Hill. He has played numerous symphony jobs, including the Washington Symphony orchestra. He is slowly but surely learning to "ride," and the boys think that if he ever quits living for classics and classics alone, he will make a fine jazz man.

Saunders is the latest addition to the band. He has taken over Galloway's second chair, and is fast developing into a nice ride man. He has the tone best suited to a swing man, and ideas for rides that are just as good.

Bob Simmons, president of the University band, plays second trombone. He too is chiefly a classical musician, but possesses the ability to play and play well any part set before him.

Johnny Satterfield, cymbal beater in the band, plays piano. His ideas run more on the boogie-woogie style with full harmonic figures rather than one finger stuff with the right hand. He is best known for his vocal efforts on "Pray For The Lights To Go Out."

Francis Fatell and Hurst Hatch round out the rhythm section. Fatell is one of the original men, and plays bass. Hatch, a freshman, plays drums. He is also a classical singer, having won the state tenor contest twice. He ranks with Justice and Satterfield as the screwballs of the band.

Jean Chandler of Durham does the female side of the vocals, and Charlie himself does the other half. Jean joined the band last summer, and has been responsible for the gleams in the boys' eyes (mainly Kennedy's and Montgomery's). She has a pleasant voice, and is easy on the ears as well as the eyes.

Charlie of course needs no introduction. He doesn't do a bad job with his vocals, and shows good possibilities. He is a stickler for three things: promptness, a dressy appearance, and a good job.

Last but not least comes George Spransey, truck driver, band setter-upper, general handyman, bodyguard, caretaker, valet, blues singer looker-afterer, and stooge. George joined up last summer, and takes the band wherever it goes, except during football season. He has taken upon himself the job as personal godfather and patron saint to Miss Chandler, and has been intramural heavyweight 'rasslin' champ for two years so, boys, don't get any bright ideas. He is definitely the favorite with all the ladies at the band's out of town jobs.

The band as a whole plays nice sweet stuff as well as swing, and should be able to go somewhere. Listen for their theme, "Out Of Space" and you'll be assured of a better than average dance.

THE END

Why can't two Chinese have a white child? 'Cause two wongs can't make a white!

Clerk — "What's the matter sonny?"

Little Boy—"Please, sir, have you seen a lady without a little boy who looks like me?"

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Are You Telling Us?
By Y'all

Dear Editor:

When I read your latest letter to yourself (see Jan. *Buc* advt.) I laughed out loud.

Did you?

Incidentally, I woke myself up writing a poem last night. You don't have to print it unless you want to.

I have a whistle
In my nose.
When I catch cold
My whistle blows.

Shucks, it's nothin'.

Mrs. S. Smith.

Ed. Note: Gee! Mrs. Smith. You don't know how good this made us feel.

Dear Ed.:

"Pity the poor seamstress who couldn't mend straight."

C. W.

P. S. This is respectfully submitted as the joke of the month. If I win, I would prefer that you use my pen name which is "Jeep S. Jones."

Thanks,
C. W.

Ed. Note: I'm sorry, C. W., but the only place we use pen names is in this column. If you are ashamed to put your name to a joke, undoubtedly, the joke is questionable. You must have forgotten. This is a changed magazine. Seriously though, we think your joke is one for the County Health Department.

Dear Editor:

I have just finished going over all the copy used in this issue, and I heartily recommend it as being the best Buccaneer ever published.

Sincerely,
The Editor

Ed. Note: Of all the letters we have ever received from you, we appreciate this one the most. When the Editor himself is satisfied with the issue, it must be good.

Dear Editor:

I have just read the letter above, and I have come to the conclusion you don't exactly hate yourself.

Sincerely,
The Editor

Ed. Note: Well, no. You aren't a bad guy yourself.

"I've been trying to make this all winter."

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Mr. Walker: "They're scientific ways of improving soil and plant food . . . that have helped farmers grow finer tobacco in recent years."

Q. "And that's what has made tobacco better?"

Mr. W: "The best in 300 years . . . even though crops do vary with the weather."

Q. "You say Luckies buy the 'Cream of the Crop'?"

Mr. W: "They sure do. That's why they're the 2-to-1 choice of independent experts—warehousemen, auctioneers, buyers. I've smoked them 10 years."

Try Luckies for a week. You'll find that the "Toasting" process makes them easy on your throat—because it takes out certain harsh irritants that are found in all tobacco.

You'll also find out why . . .

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

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March, 1940

The Carolina Buccaneer

featuring

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Bill Seeman
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Tiny Hutton
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Dave Blalock
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Henry Moll
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15¢

Volume XVI-Number 6

CANDIDATE AND VICTIM

"I GET

EXTRA MILDNESS

EXTRA COOLNESS

EXTRA FLAVOR

in slower-burning Camels," says Bill Corum,

famed sports writer and columnist

LIGHTNING-FAST in the press-box. Why, Bill Corum's been known to file 3,000 words of sizzling copy during a single big sports event. But no speed for him in his smoking—slower-burning Camels are Bill Corum's cigarette.

And here's Bill at work in the quiet of his office. Bill...typewriter...books ...pictures...and *Camels* —*slow*-burning Camels. "I find them milder and cooler—and thriftier," he says.

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

BILL CORUM'S sports news isn't just printed . . . it's *sprinted* . . . at lightning speed from press-box to press and the Five-Star Final. But when the candid camera catches Bill in his office with a cigarette—well, "No speed for me in my smoking," he says.

His own common sense and experience tell him what scientists have found out in their research laboratories—that "slow-burning cigarettes are extra mild, extra cool, fragrant, and flavorful."

Cigarettes that burn fast just naturally burn hot. And nothing so surely wrecks the delicate elements of flavor and fragrance as excess heat. No wonder you get a hot, flat, unsatisfactory smoke.

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MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF... MORE PUFFS PER PACK!

Camels — *the cigarette of Costlier Tobaccos*

Politician

Blessing on thy little pan,
Politician, Friend of man.
How I'd love to ostracize you
Hypocrite, how I despise you!

Goin' round a makin' friends,
Politikin' like old wet hens,
"Hello, Boys, Hold your coat?"
Anything to get a vote.

"Wait 'til I get in," he'll say.
"You never will regret this day,
Vote for me, support my slate."
(Wait, my friend—yeah, you just wait.)

Would there were no politicians,
Full of A. K. and ambitions.
Yeah! Sooner will the sun stop shining,
So I'll forget it, stop my pining.
If we have to have this thing,
Ah, my death where is thy sting!

—Jak Armstrong

Full Credit

GOES TO MACK HOBSON, Associate Editor of the Buccaneer who, in this issue, writes "The Buzzard," a parody on Edgar Allen Poe's, "The Raven." This is without question the best piece of writing this magazine has ever had the privilege of publishing, and it tops everything the prolific Mr. Hobson has ever done. Mack is the most consistent contributor on the staff. His work on the Buccaneer for the past three years includes stories, articles, poems, limericks, cartoons, design, and make-up. For whatever success the Buccaneer has attained this year, a big portion of credit goes to Mack Hobson.

●

Cover

Jack Mitchell comes through again this month with the cover picture. The "Candidate and Victim" is typical of Carolina politicians. The candidate suddenly realizes everyone is his friend. (Note the hand-shake and the pat on the shoulder.) The victim can't understand the over-friendly attitude (Note expression on face and cigar in hand.) It took Jack a week to get the desired effect, but it is just what we wanted.

The Carolina Buccaneer

VOLUME XVI MARCH, 1940 NUMBER 6

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STRAW

RAKED UP BY THE EDITOR

Editorial

The boy was out of bed at the first sound of the alarm clock. He stretched and yawned a couple of times and said, "Boy, I feel swell."

His roommate broke in, "So do I."

Together, they dressed, enjoyed breakfast, and, with a cheerful "Good luck," parted.

The boy took a seat in the class room. The professor passed out the exam sheets. The boy took one glance at the exam and began writing. One hour later he had finished. During Spring Holidays he received his grades, and the fact that he had made the honor roll didn't excite him in the least.

This boy didn't go to Carolina.

Confucius Say

Between Confucius and Shakespeare, there isn't anything left to say.

Politics

Elections come as regular as ground hog day, and by seventy-five per cent of the campus are just about as welcome, because this said per cent doesn't give a dern who wins what. The other twenty-five per cent bite their nails and curse over whether Joe Blow or Nick Gabb should be the next junior representative to the Protective League for Alaskan Goldfish. And Why? No one knows exactly. One politician said it was so the party could control the campus.

I had to stop and think. What is there to control? When you stop to think, there isn't anything to control except who leads the dance figure. And why does a person want to lead a dance figure? It's just so the little girl back home can be in it, they say.

The whole mess boils down to the fact that the reason they have political parties is to decide which will be in the dance figure, Joe Blow's girl or Nick Gabb's sister.

Silly, isn't it? But then I would say that. I'm a senior.

Scoop

Jack Lynch, Editor of the Yackety-Yack, confirmed rumors circulating the campus that the Yackety Yack for 1940 would be out in 1940. Jack, in a lengthy statement just before the Buccaneer went to press, said, "The Yackety Yack has a swell chance of getting out this year." Then after pausing to take a drink of water, he added, "well, maybe."

Aftermath

Knowing that past CPU Chairmen were now holding down good jobs political or otherwise, it was

quite a shock to hear Harry Gatton say that the future looked dark for him. In fact, he even predicted that when graduation exercises had cleared, he would probably be looking at the unattractive end of a dreamy mule back in Harmony.

Now, farming is a wonderful occupation. There is a lot that can be said for farming, (I won't do it here). But it grieves me to think that a CPU chairman would fall back on the soil for his livelihood, when he could be holding down some position similar to that of Gilmore's as fourth assistant to the secretary to the President's secretary. (In Winston-Salem, Gilmore's home town, the position is referred to as "secretary" to the President merely for the sake of simplicity.)

Undoubtedly, the reason Harry's future is so dark is because the campus thinks he is a slow leak, so to speak. They take the attitude that if Gilmore can have Roosevelt down, then Harry should at least be able to coax Hitler over here. A mere Senator or Presidential Candidate brings no more recognition than a freshman at sunrise.

Thus, Harry's popularity has wained. True, he has had his picture in the Tar Heel a couple of times. He has also had the privilege of seeing three or four burlesques in Washington. Neither of these are to be ignored as Vance Hobbs or I will admit, but this is not enough. I suggest an ASU petition.

Glamour in Pajamas

Johnny Jordan, of Lewis dorm and Winton, N. C., has plans to revolutionize pajama appeal. Johnny contends that the average college student does not use enough care in the selection of pajamas. The colors are drab and the material is cheap. Thus, a pair of pajamas put in use at the beginning of a quarter entirely loses all shape and appeal long before the quarter is over. Observe your roommate's pajamas. (Don't dare look at your own.) The buttons are all off, the collar is wrinkled, and the legs have worked up above the knees in accordian fashion. Furthermore, the color has faded off onto the bed sheets making them dingy when they aren't dingy at all.

Johnny doesn't resent the fact

that students wear such pajamas while they are in school, but he fears that it will be habit-forming, and that the happiness of Carolina gentlemen in future married life will be marred by this small detail. Johnny points out such a case where a Carolina graduate was married, and on his wedding night, the bride, on seeing her husband dressed in his pajamas, thought she had married a Duke man and leaped out the window, committing suicide.

Johnny Jordan's five point plan for revolutionizing pajamas at Carolina are listed below:

(1) Wear loud, inviting colors. Flower patterns, especially pansy and sun-flower, are good.

(2) Change pajamas either every six weeks, or when the legs have crawled above the knees, depending upon which occurs first.

(3) Always keep pajamas well-buttoned. It adds mystery to the bedroom.

(4) Have seven detachable mottoes for the pajama pocket. Each motto will be representative of one of the seven basic moods.

(5) Wear odd pieces occasionally for effect. Example: Striped top; pansy pants.

I think Johnny has a wonderful idea. Let us carry the "Carolina Gentleman" trademark with us to our next bedroom.

A Better Mag

The Carolina Magazine, half-brother to the Buccaneer, was the target for a few remarks from the Buccaneer last month, and on the basis of the January issue of the Mag, the remarks were well-grounded. That issue was the worst I have ever seen. The February issue, on the other hand, is the best I can remember, this year or any other. The Buccaneer humbles itself to the February Carolina Magazine.

De-emphasis Personified

For those who hate the mention of the word politics, they might enjoy the following incident concerning Roanoke College. Last spring, the students of Roanoke College became so wrapped up in their basket ball team, "The Five Smart Boys" that they completely forgot elections of campus officers. A few weeks before school was over, somebody suddenly realized that they had no officers for the coming year, and

"Follow that tank!"

they finally persuaded an election. It can't happen here, or, at least, it won't.

Ah's Regusted

Dewitt Barnett submitted the following, and although mellow with age, it is still worth a laugh or two whether you have read it before or not. Here it is:

Andy wished to purchase a birthday gift for Madam Queen and after much consideration decided on a pair of gloves. He accompanied Mrs. Kingfish to the ladies furnishing store to make the purchase. He made the purchase of the gloves and Mrs. Kingfish bought herself a pair of bloomers. Somehow the packages got mixed and the package to Madam Queen contained the bloomers and the following letter from Andy:

Dear Honey:

This little package is a token to remind you that I am keeping our date for your birthday. I chose these because I thought you needed some as you are not in the habit of wearing them in the evening when we are out together. If it had not been for Brother Kingfish's Battle Axe, I would have purchased long ones with a button, but she said they were all wearing short ones. They are a delicate color, but the lady I bought them of showed me a pair she had been wearing for three weeks and they were hardly soiled. How I wish I could put them on you Honey. I mean the first time, but no doubt many other men's hands will come in contact with them long before I have a chance to see them on. I did not know the exact size but thought I would be more capable of judging the size than any one else. After you put them on once, they will slip on easy and when you pull them off blow in them once before putting them away as they naturally will be a little damp from wearing. Be sure to keep them on while cleaning them, for if you don't, they will shrink. I hope you will accept them in the spirit in which they are given. Be sure to wear them to the dance at Aunt Lillian's Friday night, as I am just crazy to see them on you.

Honey, I still love you,

Andrew H. Brown.

P. S. Think of the number of times I will kiss the back of them this coming year. Mrs. Kingfish and Ruby Taylor said that the latest is to wear them unbuttoned and hanging down, as that gives the wearer a careless look.

"I love you, I love you, I love you! Now will your sorority change parties?"

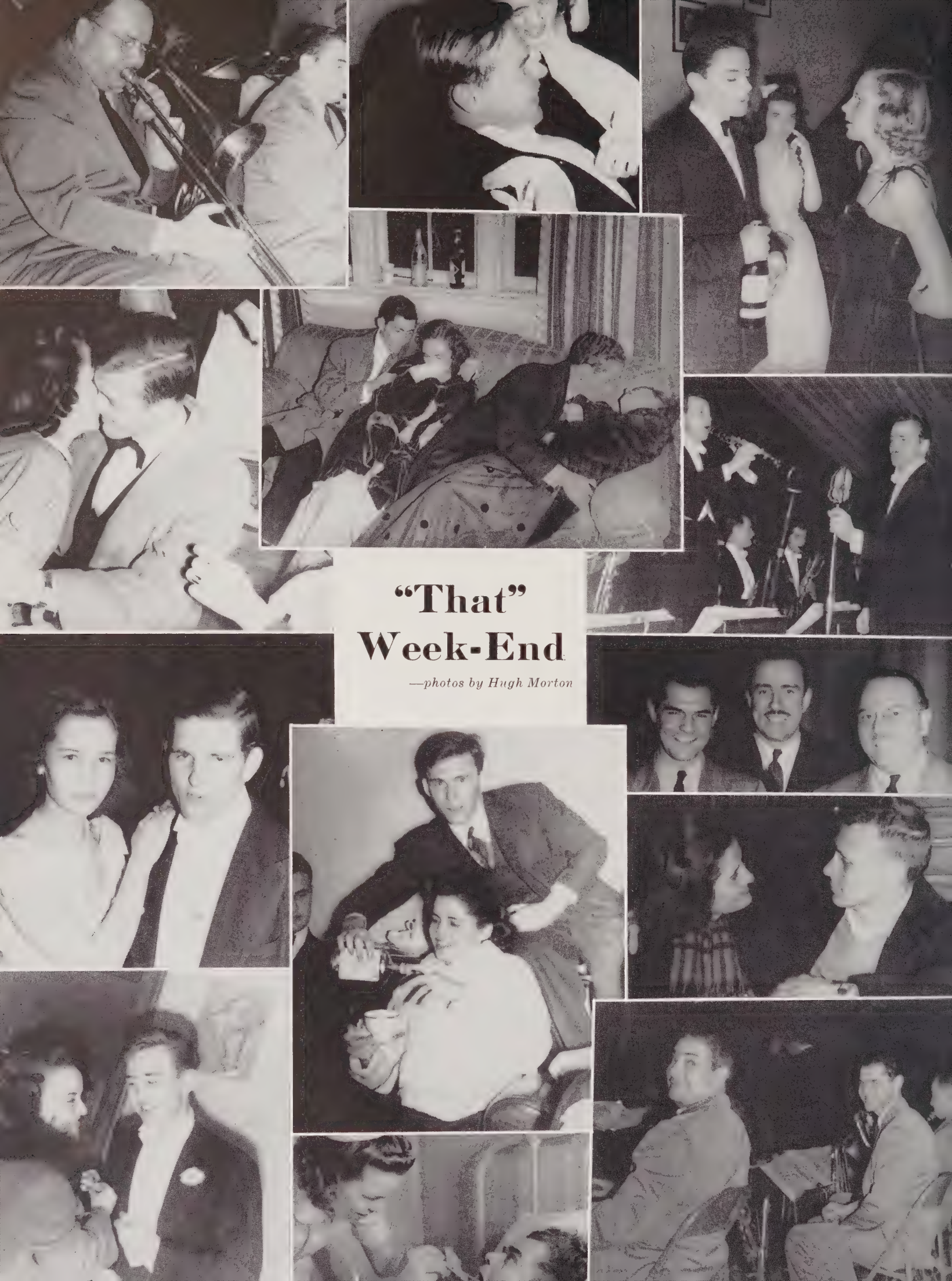
Powerhouse

Orchids to Miss Marian Okell of W. C. who undoubtedly has what it takes. Marian hasn't missed a dance at Carolina this quarter. Some of the unknowing ones think she is a coed. While the average girl dreams of that "week-end" at Carolina, to Miss Okell, it is more or less routine. To make it easier, I suggest living in Chapel Hill and commuting to Greensboro.

Quoting

From Bob DeGuzeman, who played the part of Dean Ratshaw in "The Trial of the Buccaneer":

This speech of mine is
long, I think.
Has anybody got a drink?



"That" Week-End

—photos by Hugh Morton

Mack Hobson's Immortal

Once upon a midnight skeery, when my eyes were red and bleary,
Red and bleary from the smeary, beery stuff I'd drunk before—
With bottles my new floor bedecking, suddenly I heard a pecking,
As of someone gently wrecking, wrecking my new chamber door.
" 'Tis some scavenger," I muttered, "pecking at my chamber door—"
For I heard him as he fluttered—"only this, and nothing more."

Even though I was not sober, I remember 'twas October
That this uninvited prober came as from some distant shore.
Eagerly I wished November and, soon after that, December,
Because Christmas, you remember, then brings joys by the score.
I could hardly wait for joys to be brought me by the score;
I was just like other boys—guess I will be evermore.

Then the curtains started shaking, and my courage started breaking.
With my aching heartbeat quaking, frightened as a sophomore,
I sat huddled, frightened, praying, while to myself I kept saying,
" 'Tis somebody just a-playing, trying to break down my door—
Only some sweet comrade joking, trying to break down my door."
But I wished this comrade choking—this I wished, and nothing more.

Then, my terror growing smaller, I rose up a little taller,
Spoke politely to my caller, "Please my attitude ignore—
Because I was almost sleeping, and so softly you came creeping—
And, besides, I had been weeping, weeping for my lost Lenore.
I am almost broken-hearted, thinking of my lost Lenore.
Ever since we twosome parted, life has only been a bore."

Saying these words to the knocker, I up-staggered from my rocker,
Screamed aloud, "You fiend, you mocker! stop your rapping at my door!
Quit your mad, eternal pecking on my door, which you are wrecking.
If I had your cursed neck in my two hands, you'd be no more.
All I'd want would be one jerk, and then your neck would be no more."
Quoth he: "That would be nice work, if you could get it! Nevermore."

Then I staggered, falling, sprawling, in a manner most appalling,
Sometimes walking, sometimes crawling, till I opened wide the door.
In there stepped a vulture birdie, on two legs all strong and sturdy,
Wiping, as he walked, his dirty feet upon my chamber floor.
I said, "You are sure a heel for wiping mud upon my floor.
Don't you know that I *weel keel* you if you do it any more?"

Then upon a marble statue leaped the buzzard; I cried, "Scat, you!
Get off that before I bat you! leave that bust above my door!"
Quoth he: "You are just a drinker; you are certainly some stinker.
You should be put in the clinker, where you can't get any more."
Ah, but you should all have seen us; how we both did rave and roar!
He upon the bust of Venus; I upon the chamber floor.

Now I'm drinking, still am sinking, sitting here unthinking, stinking,
While my red eyes stare unblinking toward some dark and distant shore.
And the buzzard still is sitting, and while sitting he is splitting,
For while sitting he is spitting, spitting on my chamber floor.
For he thinks it's very splitting, to be spitting on my floor.
That is why he's sitting spitting, will be spitting evermore.

THE BUZZARD

Of the Taking of Pictures There Is no End

—The Campus Looks at Current Legs—

Ushering in the Spring with a smile on their lips and a praper in their hearts (that they won't girls took time out to give the BUC a break as well be among the missing next quarter), the following as to bring glory to their home towns.

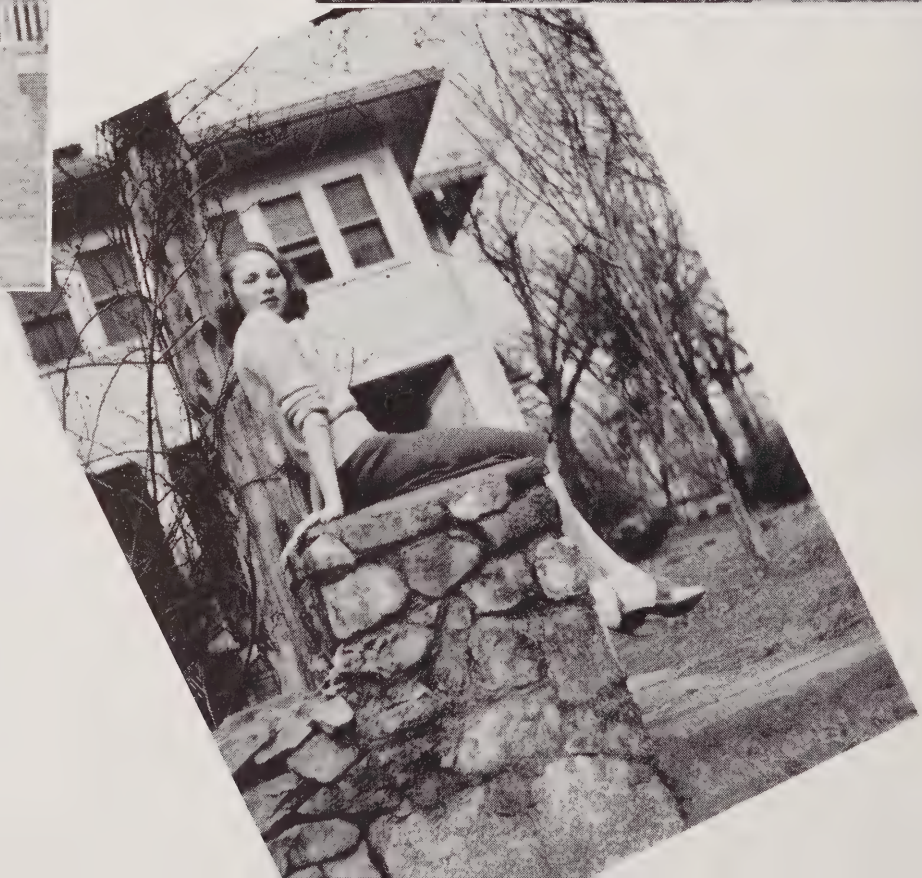
Below: Jane "I'm just shy" Gassaway, Lib "I tank I go home" Keesee, and Breezy "Ah's frum South Calina" Breazeale.

Opposite page, top: Mary "but Sis will do" Clinard and Dot "What's wrong with No. 2" Coble.

Center: Mary Simms Oliphant (Where is this town, Greenville, S. C.?)

Bottom: Olivia Rhodes, of the Grail Ballet, and Mary Wood, AKG president, shy, sweet, sincere.

—photos by G. B. Lamm



Tales My Mother Told Me---Series III

by MACK HOBSON

THE UGLY DUCKLING

"When you all grow up," said the lovely white lady duck to her youthful feminine admirers, "you will be able to lay eggs like me. This may be hard for you all to grasp, but every one of you came from an egg. Can you realize that? Why, I was once an egg myself. Does it seem possible that I was once actually laid?"

"You were laid?" they said. "Why, do tell. May we ask who laid you?"

"Of course," said the lovely, white lady duck. "It was my mother."

"Your mother?" they said. "How odd. How extremely odd."

"In fact," said the lovely, white lady duck, "the hour has almost come when these lovely white eggs upon which I am sitting will burst forth into glorious new life. Stick around a while and see how it's done."

"May we?" they said. "Are you sure we won't be intruding? Can it be that you wouldn't rather be alone at such a moment? This certainly is ducky of you, darling."

"You will observe," said the lady duck—"if you listen closely—that a slight cracking noise is heard. And after this, you will hear a tiny *peep-peep* from beneath my wing. Then a sweet, dimpled head looks out upon the world for the first time, and the lovely, white baby duck steps forth in all his beauty."

"This is certainly interesting," they said. "He is a cute little stinker, isn't he?"

"But," said the lovely, white lady duck, "there is another, and yet another. And another and another and another."

"This is most entertaining," they said. "Do you do this often? And if so, why?"

"Just look at them," she said fondly. "There they go, down to the river to look at this beautiful world. I hope they don't get drowned."

"Ah!" sighed the youthful feminine admirers. "They are wonderful! Do you think that we, some day . . .? But, tell us. Why do you go on sitting, sitting?"

"Because," said the lovely, white lady duck, "there is yet another egg—but hold! Something goes on below. Do you hear that peculiar cracking noise, and that abominable *peep-peep?* I shudder when I think of what might be taking place."

"Come on out, Ugly," they said, "and look at this beautiful, glorious world which you are about to disgrace."

The ugly duckling stuck his head from beneath the wing and looked at the beautiful, glorious world.

"It don't look so hot to me," he said.

JACK THE GIANT KILLER

Once upon a time there was a little boy who affectionately called himself Jack the Giant Killer. Ordinarily, Jack was a very mild-tempered sort of a person; but all that it took to turn him into a raging instrument of destruction was for a giant to come into the village and make off with a couple of maidens.

One day a giant came into the village and made off with a couple of maidens and an old hag. This caused Jack to become very angry, because one of the victims was his mother. He seized a club and tried to pick it up, but it was too heavy for him, and he set out after the giant armed only with a sub-machine gun and two flash salutes.

Several days later he came upon the giant seated comfortably by the roadside picking bones from his teeth. "My goodness!" screamed Jack as he recognized a skull lying on the ground. "Mother!"

"Your mother," said the giant sympathetically, "was a good woman, my boy. Yes—she was a *very* good woman." He spat out a tibia. "That was an unusually delicious tibia," he said.

Jack picked up the skull and looked at it off-hand. "Alas, poor Yorick," he said. (Yorick was his mother's name.) "You look so natural, even in death. Would you like for me to slay that old giant, maybe—huh?"

"Hell yes," she said.

Jack turned to the giant. "Prepare to die, kid," he said. "I am just before slaying you. Do you have any last words?"

"Yes," said the giant—"BOO!"

Both Jack and the giant lived happily ever after.

Up and Coming—

Skipper Bowles and His Band

Starting with one of the most star-studded personnels ever to hit this campus, Skipper Bowles new dance organization finds the campus playing father to six bands, as many as have ever been here at one time. The band is one of the largest ever to be organized here and is the only band which at the present time can boast of a four man rhythm section. While the rest of the campus maestros are content with piano, bass, and drums, Skip has added a guitar.

Skipper, clothes salesman, columnist and former soph president was looking for a few musicians to start a band, and an arranger to create a style and take charge of rehearsals. Hubie Wheeler had left Ted Ross and was looking for a little cash backing and a few musicians to start a band. It happened that yours truly came in contact with both boys about the situation, introduced the two, and so, the new band.

Wheeler took over the job as pianist and arranger. As yet, he hasn't perfected the style that he is looking for, but his ability as a pianist is well known. Last spring, Hubie received a telegram from Jan Savitt offering him a job with the Top-Hatters, but on parental advice, he turned it down.

Realizing that most of the good men on campus were already fixed with steady jobs, Skip went to Raleigh for musicians. He succeeded in grabbing Shimmy Harris and Country Perkins, both of whom had formerly played with the Jimmy Poyner band when it was proclaimed the best band in these parts. Also from Raleigh came Bill Asheworth, whose main claim to musical fame is that he played with the Key Scales band, another former topnotcher from around here.

Shimmy plays lead alto, and I do mean *plays*. You could black his face and swear that it was Johnny Hodges. He is without a doubt one of the best alto men that you will ever hear who is still out of bigtime.

Asheworth is one of the men that you never hear much from, and if you're looking for spectacular work, you'll never know that he's even in the band. His work is leading the brass section, and for that purpose, it's hard to find a much better man.

Delmas Hendrix and Stuart Gregg, two former Ross rhythm men, play bass fiddle and guitar. Both are definitely of the school of solid rhythmakers, and see to it that the band's one-two-three-four beat remains steady.

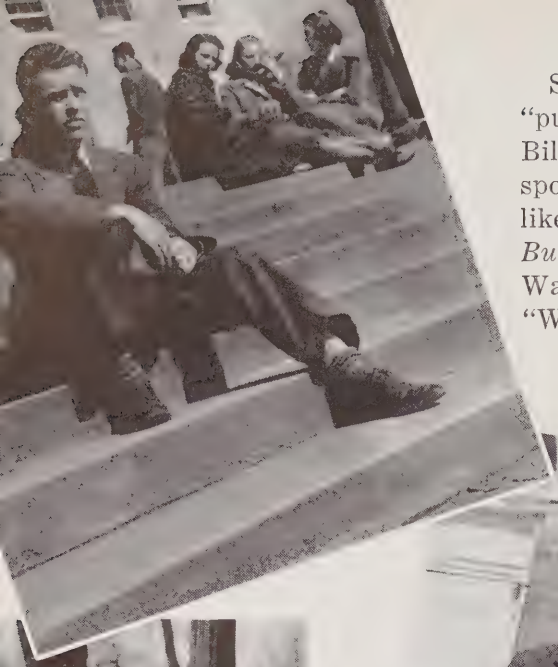
Roy Cole who has, in his short lifetime, played with nearly every band that has been here in the last few years is the *go* tenor. He, like Shimmy is another who is inclined slightly toward the darker side of sax playing. His take-off is very good and causes one to wonder why no one else has ever let him play it.

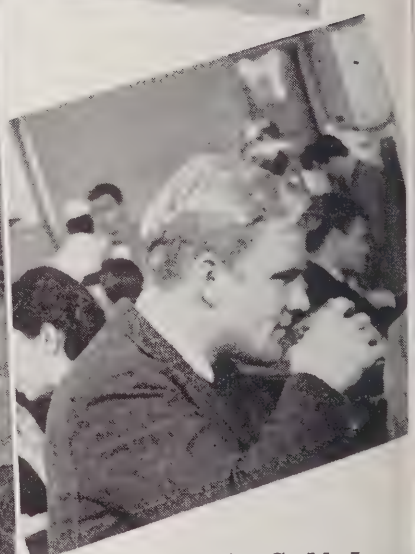
Ray Williams, All-Campus trumpeter with Jere King last year, holds down the hot trumpet chair. He, too, seldom ven-

Country is the third trumpet. He hasn't much of a lip, and seldom plays anything out of the staff, but he can stay inside the normal range, and give out with some of the nicer stuff. He is also a rather nice arranger, and the band will doubtless sport some of his stuff in the near future.

No! . . . . No End

Scattered over this page either because of their achievements or their "pull" with the photographer are: Doug Welfare, Lambda Chi pessimist; Bill Snider, *Tar Heel* editorialist; Shelley Rolfe, Napoleon of the *DTH* sports staff; Clyde Shaw, supreme floogie of finance; Bill McKinnon, a likely candidate; Bert Halperin, slave-driver of the *Yack;* Henry Moll, *Buc* and *Mag* paint-slinger; Hamp Short, sweet boy of Mangum; Wilson Wagner, Lamm's roommate; "Pooley" Brantley, sensuous devil; and "Wink" Norman, using Bill Rawlings et al for background.





—*photos by G. M. Lamm*

Ten Knights in a Bathroom

By BANK KNIGHT

"Come! Come! Ye galvanized gladiators! Drink your beer for thersh plenty more where thish came from," roared King Arthur.

The ten knights lifted their mugs; turned their "mugs" toward the ceiling; gave a toast to the girl in 307; brought their mugs to their "mugs"; and downed it with a single gulp.

"Tee-hee!" roared the King, as he wiped the foam from his leg. "Thish ish the life."

The table, worn round from the bellies which rubbed the side, had come to be called the Round Table. (Note: The legend that the round table was a result of being worm-eaten, said worms being the mother's-in-law of Arthur's first ten wives, is false.) In any case, it resembled a municipal lake, Lancelot giving one the appearance of a drowning man going down for the last time.

"Bring on the beer," the King shouted. Several servants returned from the stables with a fresh keg. Again they raised their mugs, but it was all Lancelot could do to raise his hand.

"What ish the trouble?" Arthur asked.

"May I be exchused?" Lancelot moaned.

"Yesh, yesh," said Arthur, "Come knave. Take him away. Ish the third door down the hall on your left. Now, men, let ush 307 to the drink in the girl."

Whee!

"What?" asked Sir Awgawoin.

"Whash the matter with you?" asked Arthur. "I said drink to the 307 girls." They did.

The wee, wee hours of the morning found the Round Table completely deserted. From underneath the table came the mumblings of King Arthur, the only one left. "Where did all thesh people come from. Every time I throw a little party, somebody hash to drag in the whole country shide. Whatcha shay. Letsh rooms to the drinks in 307 girls. Hand me my mug, somebody." A mug jarred from the table and hit him over the head.

"Thank you," he said.

"Thank you," he said.

"Oh no," he said. "I inshist I thank you."

"Oh, shut up," he said.

"I'm sorry," he said. And then he realized he had been talking to himself.

He closed one eye and sighted out through a bolt hole of his cocked helmet with the other. "Curshes," he roared, and then in a whisper. "I've been deserted."

He crawled down the hall and paused at the third door on the left. Placing his ear to the door, he could hear the groan of his knights. "Poor boys," shed Arthur, vomiting all over his armor.

He pushed open the door. The bath tub was three deep with knights and two feet with water. "Hash it rained?" he asked, vomiting all over his armor again.

"Ohhhh," said the knights.

"I thought sho," said Arthur.

He turned to Lancelot. "What are you doing on my throne?" he asked.

"Ohhhh," said Lancelot.

"Sometimes I think you would bump me off just to get my kingdom," said Arthur.

"Sometimes, I think I would too," said Lancelot.

"Can't I trust anyone anymore anyhow anytime?" asked Arthur, vomiting all over Lancelot.

"Me," said Guinivere, entering the door.

"What are you doing in here without any clothes on?" he asked. "Don't you know you will catch cold."

"But I must stay clean if I want to be in this mag," said Guinie.

"Thash right," said Arthur, vomiting down her back. "Come on, you guys. Get out of the tub so Guinie can bathe."

"Pardon ush," they said, as they fell in the other corner, their armor clanking all the time.

"Now, ain't thish a mess," said Arthur.

"Oh, it ain't so bad," said Lancelot, spitting on the floor.

"Lancelot," shouted Arthur, vomiting all over the floor. "How many times do I have to tell you it isn't sanitary to spit on the floor."

The water had now reached a level of four feet. Arthur looked around him. Five of the knights had drowned. He turned to Guinivere. "It's kinda damp, maybe. Don't you think, honey?"

"I hadn't noticed," said Guinie, trying to get the soap out of her eyes.

But anyone could see that it

(*twenty-five*)

THE Rameses Party

presents

For Your Sincere Consideration

(*Trade Mark*)

SLOGAN

"You might get our goat, but you can never steal our democratic principals."

Head Cheerleader—Rameses Himself

As you all know, Rameses has been on the cheering squad for a number of years. Furthermore, he is the standard bearer of the party. He has a cheer leading background. His father, grandfather, great grandfather, great great grandfather, and great great great grandfather were on the same squad. In other words, he has a lot behind him. When notified of the Rameses Party nomination, Rameses, in a lengthy speech from his campaign headquarters at Hogan's Lake, went out of his way to be original by saying, "If elected, I'll do my best."

Atheltic Association President

"Duck" Permiscuous

He has been a prominent member of the swimming team for the past three years, in other words, all his life. He loves his mother more than you know. Besides this, "Duck" is just an all round boy. He is a devil with the women.

Referring to his major sport, swimming, again, his mother says he practically lives in water. On receiving the Rameses Party nomination, "Duck" went out of his way to be original by saying, "If elected, I'll do my best."

Student Body President

Ellen Coy

Miss Coy has never done anything, but she is dying to try. When notified of her nomination by the Rameses Party, Miss Coy went out of her way to be original by saying, "If erected, I'll do my best."

NOTE:

(*This advertisement paid by friends and admirers of the Rameses party principals.*)

YMCA President

"Honest John" Mageheehee

For forty years, "Honest John" served as President of his Freshman class at Hangover Prep. After transferring here, we received a letter from one of the Hangover students which read, " 'Honest John' got better every year." Among his activities here are passing out in Harry's, Ambassador to Pittsboro, member of the "Keep off the Grass" committee. When informed of the Rameses Party nomination, Honest John went out of his way to be original by saying, "If elected, I'll do my best."

Three of the country's smartest fashion models
SUSANN SHAW
FLORENCE DORNIN
DANA DALE
Chesterfield Girls for March

Smart Girls

YOU CAN'T BUY A BETTER CIGARETTE

When you ask for Chesterfields the dealer will say with a smile... *They Satisfy.* You will find that Chesterfields smoke cooler, taste better and are definitely milder... *for Chesterfields have the right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.*

Make your next pack

CHESTERFIELD

Copyright 1940, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co

SMOKY JOE HAD THE DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!

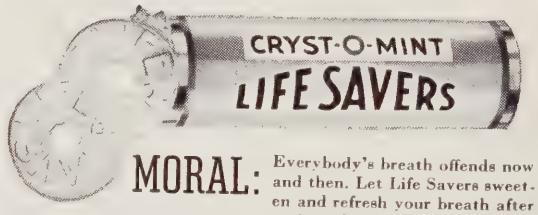
"GIDDYAP, NAPOLEON! Looks like this Romeo is trying his darndest to smoke us out. Phew! His tobacco smells like the backfire from Pa's flivver!" Just then

UP RIDES A RANGER, sniffs the pipe, says to clean it and refill with *mild* Sir Walter, a burley blend famous for aroma. It worked! Joe won her back!

New!
CELLOPHANE TAPE around lid seals flavor in . . . brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO
CIGARETTES
UNION MADE
IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—*Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House." Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.*

The girls turned down all dates with Seth
Because of his unpleasant breath.
But he has girls by dozens since
He started eating Cryst-O-Mints.



MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

FREE! A BOX OF LIFE SAVERS FOR THE BEST WISECRACK!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

THIS MONTH'S WINNER

The census taker arrived at one of the Carolina homes near Chapel Hill, and was greeted by the matron. After preliminary questions, he asked her:

"How many children have you?" To which she replied:

"I have three sons; two of them are living and one is at Duke."

Clarence Hagen
108 New West
Chapel Hill, N. C.

Jokes and Jerks

Men are peculiar, just as women have long suspected. For instance, a fellow who hadn't kissed his wife in five years, shot a fellow who did.

Brown had a lovely baby girl,
The stork had left with a flutter,
Brown named her Oleomargarine,
For he hadn't any but her.

PROBLEM

There are two holes in a tree, one ten feet above the other. There is a squirrel in the tree that continues to run from one hole to the other. The first trip took him five seconds and if he increases his speed one foot per second, how long will it be before he is sticking his head out of both holes at the same time?

"And to think, I used to put ants down her back!"

She laughed when I sat down to play, but how could I know she was ticklish?

"He grabbed her like a stevedore handling a sack of wheat. She could feel the muscles working under his sweaty skin which smelled like a wet dog in front of a red-hot stove. Above the panting of his garlicky breath she could hear his stomach rumble like a slow freight on a down grade."

Get the idea? You got to be tough.

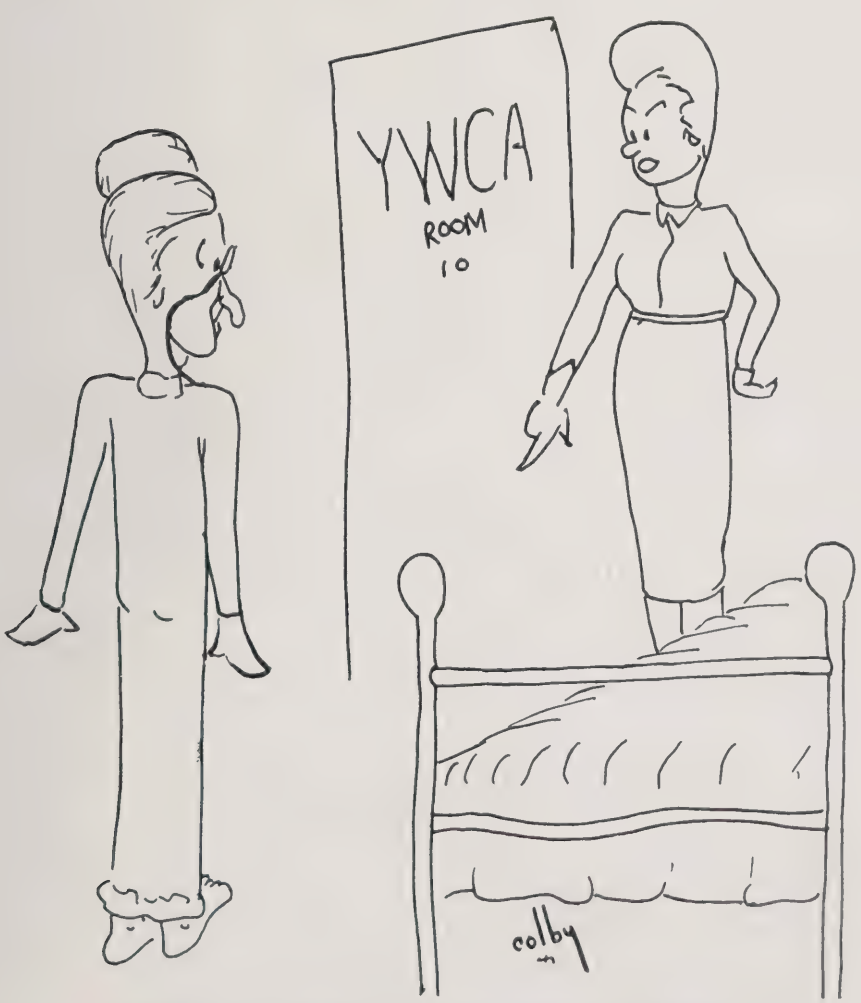
"So you're working your way through school? How do you do it?"

"Well, don't tell my mother. She thinks I'm peddling liquor, but I'm really editing the humor magazine."

He: I'm coming in. How can I get this door open?

She: Please don't come in. The key is under the mat.—Punch Bowl.

Then there is the story about the freshman who, on his first visit to the bank, was asked to endorse his check, and wrote: "I heartily endorse this check."



"Matilda, it is rumored you are hiding a man in here."

Miss Ruth Curtis Robeson (the vivacious flirt who manages to be most provocative despite the fact that she doesn't smoke, drink, dance, neck, pet and so on down the line and who recently told her journalism class that one of her most memorable sights was Belmont Freeman in a tuxedo) strolled into the Tar Heel office a few days ago and asked to see the track record of one Mason Chronister, who dashes about here and there for the University of Maryland. "I want to find out how fast he is," confessed Ruth. "Why don't you date him if you want to find out?" "Oh, I have dated him," said Ruth. "I just want to find out how fast he was last year." . . . 'Tis reported that the wife of one of the physics professors has such a phobia about sleeping alone in bed that whenever her husband is not home at night she makes herself comfortable—sheet, pillow, and all—in the bathtub. One night a serious damper was thrown on her novel method of repose. The shower went on . . . .

Doris Goerch, Dot Coble and Mary Anne Koonce, known in journalistic circles as the Unholy Three, were much embarrassed lately all because their knowledge of Noah Webster's famous little word list was rather deficient. It seems that Bob McLemore, the University Party ward-heeler who suddenly became altruistic and decided to clean up campus politics, invited the girls to a special social he was giving in honor of his newly-organized third party. "We will serve tea and strumpets," revealed Bob. "O h, g o o d y," shouted our heroines in their usual sophisticated manner and thereupon proceeded to tell about 15 boys in the Y during chapel period to come to the party for "tea and strumpets." "Doris," asked Morris Rosenberg who diddles around with the Tar Heel in his spare time, "if I come, how many strumpets can I have?" "Oh, Morris," gushed Doris, "you can have all you want. I'm bringing the tea and McLemore is bringing the strumpets." In her next class some charitable soul brought a big dictionary over to Doris, silently opened it to the word "strumpet" and had the pleasure of seeing her face turn red, then a deep purple, the brilliancy of which even Bea Wain couldn't do justice to. Goerch, Coble and Koonce were slated to be ardent third party supporters. After the menu McLemore described, as far as the gals are concerned, he can blow his own strumpet . . . .

CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS

Sportswear to your liking in

The Men's Store of Tomorrow

Miller-Bishop Co.
112 Corcoran St.
Durham, N. C.

"Miss Gold, Dean Bradshaw to see you."

Obituary dept.: As it must come to all men, Death came this quarter to the Harry March-Nancy Porter Brown romance, age one year and a half. Exact cause of demise is unknown, but since it was one of the oldest and steadiest of campus affairs, it may have passed on to the hereafter through sheer exhaustion . . . Ralph Bowman was telling some of his friends about a lady love he had visited one night over at W. C. "It was the cheapest date I ever had," revealed Ralph. "Didn't cost me a cent." "Good lord," exclaimed one of his listeners in a horrified voice, "the poor girl's been raped." . . . Meta Diffendurfer, one of the most ador-

Durham Pepsi-Cola Bottling Company

THINGS THAT GET AROUND

able blonde nitwits Carolina has ever seen, was the apex of a triangle for a while, the other two corners being Merciless Murphy and Ed Rankin. But Murphy is too lazy to chase even Hedy Lamarr if she came to him attired in nothing but that Ecstacy gleam in her eye. And Rankin is too worried about Georgia Poole who is ill in a Florence, S. C. hospital, to desert raven hair for gold. So Meta can go back to Tommy Brafford . . . .

One of Dolly Ericson's boy friends told her that he would like to sit in on a coed bull session sometime. "Oh, but you've got the wrong idea about what they're like," said Dolly. "They're not at all dirty. We just discuss the facts." . . . Ever since Rush Hamrick reported that Ernest King had sold his bid to the Saturday night Germans so that he could buy breakfast for himself and Tillie Edwards, people have very sympathetically offered to lend him money with a "you know we wouldn't let you starve" tone in their voices. Tillie, on the other hand, has been accused of being a dyed-in-the-wool golddigger, but as most coeds can tell you, the best veins of ore have already been well-mined . . . Residents of Aycock dormitory have been wondering what enticing piece of femininity has been luring Dave Morrison up to Virginia twice this quarter. Unfortunately, sex has refused to rear its ugly head. The lady in question is merely his aunt . . . A highly attractive and smooth blonde Yankee on the third floor of the Shack is losing out on both cuts at Grail dances and the good opinion of the boys who know her by acting cold and rather nasty. A word to the wise— . . . Sarah Ruark said she wanted to make this column again, but she's been such a good girl lately, she's useless to us as copy . . .

Dear Penny,

Sans doute, spring is here! And at school that means cooler frocks 'n' brighter colors.

You should see the load of darling "cottons" I brought back from

Ellis Stone

yesterday. They really made a hit with the girls in the dorms.

Spring clothes are so exciting and even more so there. My allowance goes twice as far.

You should see their snappy selection of *McMullen Classics.*

Love,

Marge

LOT'S WIFE

("But his wife looked back from behind him, and she became a pillar of salt.")—Genesis 19:26.

She never even left a name
"Lot's wife," is all we know.
No poet ever sang her fame,
Her tragedy, and so

Let me pay her belated praise;
(I think I understand her)
Let me essay to clear her name
Of much long-standing slander.

She was a luckless Hebrew wife
(Of detail much we lack)
Who, rashly curious, gave her life
For one long, last, look back.

Her daughters meekly looked ahead
Their precious lives to save,
Anon to fill their father's bed
In Zoar's lonely cave.

Why she looked back, God only wot,—
Perhaps her bread was baking,—
Or could some Sodomite, the sot,
Have set her heart to aching?

Dearly she bought that fatal look,
That last ill-fated halt;
Terse the tale the Hebrews tell:
"She became a pillar of salt."

Salt of the earth indeed is she,—
This world has too few like her:
Who face the world with constancy
And never act the piker.

And since, sans salt, men do not care
Whether they live or not,
In praising her no language spare,
This worthy wife of Lot.

—Percy Dagge Gonnitt

"Well, I'll be damn, pa."

A LOVER'S 'IF'

("Beg pardon, Mr. Kipling")

"If you can love a girl, and never show it,
Nor let her see she's got you on the run;
If you can be a fool and she not know it—
You're better than the most of us, my son.
If you can be in love, but never jealous,
Nor melancholy—only bright and gay;
If you can just be warm, but not too zealous;
If you can keep her guessing day by day;
If you can hold your mind upon your business,
And turn off work just like an oiled machine;
If you can seem indifferent to the dizziness,
And make your heart take orders from your bean;
If you can play the game in all its phases,
And get results according to your plan;
If she can never lose you in the mazes,
Nor make you feel like Fido—with a can;
If you can do this, fellow, you're a wonder;
You're just the sort of chap we seldom see;
I'm happy to have met you, and by thunder—
I must admit you've got the bulge on me!"

From U. Va's *Corks & Curls*

I asked her if she rolled them,
She said she never tried,
Just then a mouse ran by,
And now I know she lied.

There was once a man unique,
Who imagined himself quite a shique
But the girls didn't fall
For the fellow at all—
He made only twenty a wique.

I walked into a barber shop,
The sign was very queer.
"During alterations
We'll shave you in the rear."

—*Yale Record*

1911 1940

I would suggest

Pritchard-Bright's

DURHAM

For the Newest in Wearing Apparel

Serving Carolina Faculty and Students Since 1911.

Irate Guest: "There's an awful stink in this room."

Manager: "Why don't you open your door?"

I. G.: "What, and let my goat out?"

"Eureka"

Fads and Fashions

Skipper Picks the Best Dressed Boy
Helen Reveals Spring Fashions

Male

Oh! The horrow of getting every fraternity and dormitory to hold an election for the best dressed boy in each . . . . But . . . my, what a bunch of cuties! The

lady killers of Carolina. All joking aside, most of these boys who you have selected can stack up favorably with Princeton's or Yale's best. The majority of these boys are conservative dressers—just plain, up-to-the-minute clothes with no "bark" in colors.

The winner of the title BEST DRESSED CAROLINA GENTLEMAN is pretty boy HENRY GROSS from Harrisburg, Pa. Henry transferred here this year from Yale and is a member of St. Anthony Hall. Class?—Junior. Age?—21. Height . . . *Six feet five inches.* Weight . . 195 pounds. This is his wardrobe in part for this past winter: Five suits—of which two are gray flannels, one a tan gabardine, one a navy blue herringbone, and two shetland overplaids. As to shoes—MY STARS! The fellow actually has eleven pairs! Shirts? Twelve whites and two colored ones. The poor boy only has one hat. For formal wear he has tuxedo and tails. Twenty ties, four sweaters, and about twenty pairs of socks complete his wardrobe.

Zowie! He should be well dressed with all of that—a different coat every day in the week. However, one could own fifty suits and still not be well dressed. Wearing—that is half of it. Gross wears his clothes with an air of a king 'er sumpin. If you need a roommate may we suggest Henry Gross or any of his well dressed buddies? May we present your choices of Carolina's TAILORED MEN?

Dormitories

Graham — Frank Justice, Soph., Raleigh, N. C.

Everett—George Miles, Freshman, Greensboro, N. C.

K. Dorm—Ed. Hamlin, Senior, Brevard, N. C.

H. Dorm—Warner Washington, Freshman, Charlotte, N. C.

L. Dorm—E. A. "Slick" Erwin, Freshman, Laurinburg, N. C.

Lewis—Cy Jones, Senior, Pennsgrove, N. J.

Aycock—Ralph Stephens, Soph., Laurinburg, N. C.

Manly—Bob Rose, Soph., Smithfield, N. C.

Mangum—Bill Wagner, Freshman, Hickory, N. C.

Grimes—Jack Vincent, Senior, Roanoke Rapids, N. C.

Ruffin—Jim Williams, Senior, Burlington, N. C.

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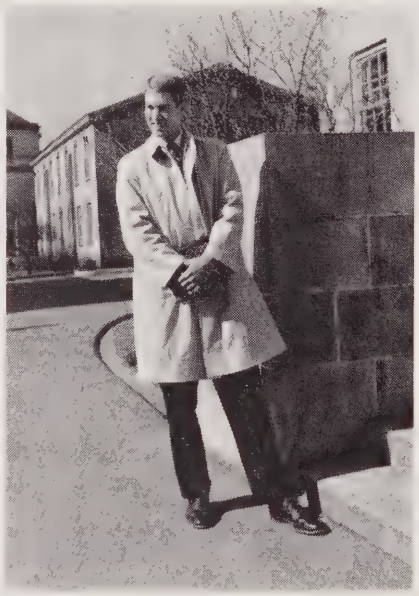

Henry Gross—Best Dressed

Coed

Very soon we will toss aside our books and make a rush for home; Spring Holidays are nearly here. Many of the co-eds will spend their time in town while some will have their fling in Southern resorts. All, stay - at - homes and travelers alike will storm the stores to get new, light things to take the place of the heavy woolens they have been bundled up in for months.

These togs will require a double duty. They must not only serve for a week of pleasure but later at college—to say nothing of the Summer. Whether you are on a holiday by train, plane or motor you must look smart. With air conditioning everywhere you should arrive as spick and span as when you start. Here is the secret. Travel in something dark—black, brown, navy, whichever one is more becoming. If you are traveling in a hot zone, select one of the triple sheer fabrics—silk or rayon—that do not crease or show soil. A dress and jacket are perfect.

Gray flannel is going to be a *must* for Spring and Summer. A skirt of it is almost as essential to her as a pair of gray flannel trousers is to her brother. She can pair it off for all occasions—with chambray shirts, cashmere sweaters, or silk blouses.

For the co-eds' first Spring tea she should have something in navy blue — perhaps a light weight woolen suit or an en-

➳

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Old East—Ike Grainger, Junior, Montclair, N. J.

Old West—A. C. Woodruff, Senior, Greensboro, N. C., and Joe Hough, Senior, Monroe, N. C. —(Dead heat.)

Steele—W. T. Martin, Soph., Raleigh, N. C.

Battle - Vance - Pettigrew—Walt Kleeman, Senior, Springfield, Ohio.

Fraternity

ATO—Ernie Yount, Senior, Newton, N. C.

Beta Theta Pi—Walter Lambeth, Junior, Charlotte, N. C., and Billy Hines, Senior, Kinston, N. C. (Dead heat)

Chi Phi—Buddy Wells, Junior, New York City.

Chi Psi—John Eddy, Soph., Port Washington, N. Y.

DKE—Tom Wright, Junior, Wilmington, N. C., and "Booty" Brawley, Junior, Salisbury, N. C.

St. Anthony Hall — Henry Gross, Harrisburg, Pa.

Kappa Alpha — Bill Shull, Senior, Charlotte, N. C.

Kappa Sigma—Noel Woodhouse, Junior, Chapel Hill, N. C., and Bruce Downey, Grad., Nashville, N. C.

Lambda Chi Alpha — W. O. Batchler, Soph., Sharpsburg, Va.

Phi Alpha—Sid Sadoff, Junior, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Phi Gamma Delta — Jimmy Darden, Senior, Farmville, N. C.

Phi Kappa Sigma—Bill Newton, Senior, Durham, N. C.

Pika—Lonnie Dill, Senior, Morehead City, N. C.

Sigma Alpha Epsilon—Sam Means, Soph., Spartanburg, S. C., and Frank Hanes, Soph., Winston-Salem, N. C. (Dead heat)

TEP—Horace Richter, Grad., Mt. Gilead, N. C.

ZBT—Sylvan Stein, Freshman, Washington, N. C.

Zeta Psi—Bill Vogler, Junior, Winston-Salem, N. C.

How do you like 'em? . . . .

—Skipper Bowles

Coed

semble in sheer; either can be worn under the faithful winter coat, which will have to work a little longer. The navy must be trimmed with white. The practical girls will favor collars, and cuffs that button onto the dress or jacket.

Print dresses are very new this season. Especially if they are topped with a tiny flower hat.

For Spring dances, we can feel as up to date as the imports in dresses of black or navy with shepherd's checked jackets or skirts as brilliantly colored as a harlequin's suit. Flowing chiffons are lovely to dance in if they are made with bodices of crossed and wrapped drapery. Too, there is something very stimulating about lace and net combinations and the charm of fresh pique.

—Helen Plyler

"But not tonight, sweets, I am too far behind in my home work."

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"She isn't good looking; she's a terrible dancer; she plays bridge best when she's the dummy; her figure would please only Barnum; in fact she's a terrible mess, but she's my girl and I love her!"

"My girl isn't exactly a pauper, either."

YANKS

I would that I could get a date
With some fair co-ed, cute, divina,
To feed, and show, and mug
At Carolina.

I'd like to be her main desire
And have her show me love no end
To call, to write, to
Be my friend.

I'd shine my shoes each time I'd
date
Her up—Clean hanky
But I can't get a date for hell!
I'm no damyankee!

—Jak Armstrong

An adult is one who, if it grows any more, it grows in the middle.

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"Heil Hitler nothing! I gotta go!"

Ten Knights

was. The tub was running over, the basin was running over, and the lav—well, the lavishly decorated bath room looked very much like a swamp.

"Look," shouted Lancelot. The water is up to Guinie's neck. See the line around it."

There was a knock on the door.

"Who is it?" shouted Arthur.

"Your blacksmith," came the reply. "I have your new suit I want you to try on."

"Go way," said Arthur. "What I need now is a bathing suit."

"Would an anchor do?" asked the blacksmith.

"See," said Arthur, turning to Lancelot. "I can't trust anyone anywhere anytime anyhow nohow."

"Me," said Guinivere.

Arthur moved towards Guinie to take her into his arms, but he was stopped by a thundering noise, then a deathly silence. He quivered in his tracks. And then a voice spoke. "Have you lived your life like you should? Have you kept regular hours? Or have you dissipated a lot? Come on, be honest. Have you been fair to yourself? Would you like another chance at life? Would you like to start anew?"

Arthur broke down and cried. "Please give me another chance. I'll do anything you say, but just give me one more chance."

The voice continued. "Then take Barter's Little Bitter pills. They do the work of a steam shovel without the dangers of a steam shovel, and . . . ."

Kink Arthur leaped to his feet. "How many times will I have to tell that cook to leave that radio off at night?"

He turned to Guinie. "Come, dear. Let's get out of here."

Guinie counted the knights. She turned to Arthur. "Nine of the knights are drowned. Where is the other?"

Arthur peeped around the door into the corner. "Lancelot, for the last time, will you stay off my throne."

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"Maybe Mr. Coker doesn't care, but my mother does."

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3 WATCHMAKERS

Run down car, clothes don't fit
Politician, Mitchell Britt.

Jany Moody, figure, smile
Alabama's honey chile.

Connoisseur of women fair,
Cy Jones, very debonair.

Friendly (all the boys assume)
Stacey Crockett, non de plume.

Snooper, DTH they say,
Hamrick why not write "My Day."

Trotter to the Proms, she's tops.
Murdock, choice of co-ed crops.

Rumsey, full of glamour, pep,
Gentlemen, The—whew, hep, hep!

Boxer, football star, I think
Kimball boy, you sure don't stink.

Marjorie Johnston, queenly, fair.
Wish I had you and that hair.

—*Jak Armstrong*

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Women visit the Dionne garage,
Flatten their snouts on the Quint menage,
Take from the yard a silly pebble,
Praying their births will at least be treble;
Drive back home on the double quick,
Hoping to pull the prolific trick,—
Alas, they hatch but a single chick!

—*Percy Dagge Gonnitt*

I like me.
I think I'm grand.
When I go to the movies
I hold my hand.
I put my arm around my waist;
If I get fresh,
I slap my face—
Gee, I'm swell!

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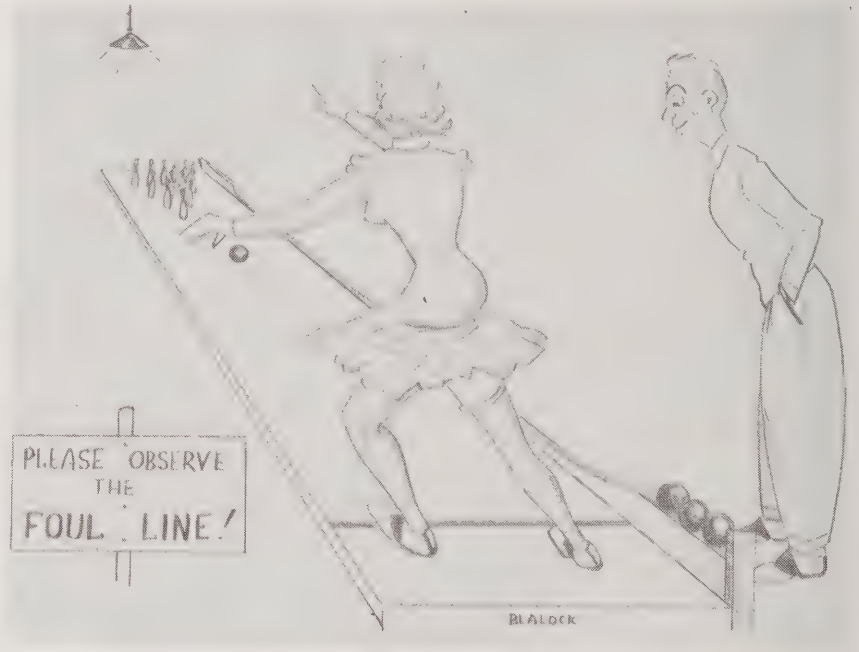
Just Off Main on Mangum

"Stop, honey," she said, "it's wonderful."



Then there was a gal who wore only a couple of cucumbers to a fancy dress ball, and got herself into a hell of a pickle.

It is easy to identify the owner of the car; he is the one who, after you pull the door shut, always opens it again and slams it harder.

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DURHAM, N. C.

Skipper Bowles

tures beyond the top line of the staff, but his work is some of the prettiest that's played.

Joe Blickman, who has been here for three years without much playing, handles the other tenor sax. He formerly played alto, and at present is spending most of his time developing a good tone. Someone should have grabbed him before now.

The sax section rounds out with George Shipp, a transfer from Oak Ridge. He doesn't play bad horn at all, and with a little work, shows possibilities of turning into a really fine man.

Wayne Mallory, a newcomer to the campus from the middle west, is the band's trombonist. He is not the best man that you have ever heard, but his work is far from bad, and he, too, fits into the stuff that the band plays.

Yours truly (and his near three hundred pounds) is happy to hold down the job of drummer and vocalist, after playing with Jeep Bennett last spring. We ain't much but we try to please.

The band has a complete library of stock swing and sweet tunes. Specials of the styles of Goodman, Basie, Dorsey, Shaw, and Miller are included, offering a variety of style.

The theme, "Lonesome Nights" was first played by the boys at the Holly Inn, one of the swankier Pinehurst hotels a few weeks back. Favorable comments were heard on all sides, and the job as a whole was a remarkable success. It's not quite the best band on the campus at the present, but give it time; it's got possibilities.

"If I play ball with you, Mr. Kimball, will you promise to make a pass at me?"

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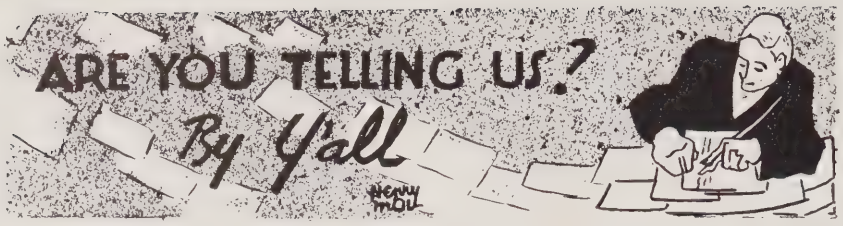

To the Editor:

I think that it would be very appropriate to dedicate a monthly issue of the "Buc" to the dogs of the campus. I think that it would be a good idea to have a picture of each well known campus dog and its owner, also giving the pedigree and the classes that each dog usually attends.

I submit this for your consideration.

Yours very truly,
Jacob West, Jr.

Ed. Note: You have a good point here. Now, please help us find someone to take all the pictures, and someone to go along and interview the dogs. Unfortunately, I do not have a class with any dogs that I know of. And yet, maybe that is where all the howls have been coming from. It's a swell idea. It might be done at that.

Dear Editor:

Just a suggestion for future cartoons.

4th Floor Manly

Ed. Note: The above note was accompanied by three roaringly humorous cartoons clipped from some national magazine. What we wouldn't give to have just one a month like any of the three. That's where the hitch is. The Buccaneer is supposedly an amateur magazine and is regarded as extra-curricula. Total salaries for the Buccaneer is $20 monthly. National magazines pay that much for one cartoon.

LET

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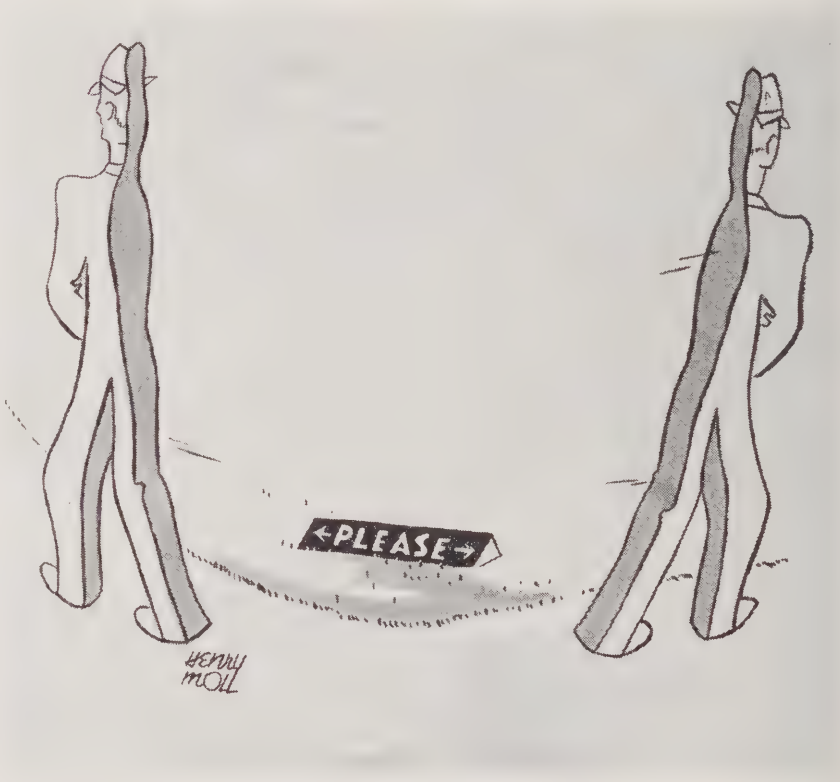

Dear Editor:

Is it true what they say about Dixie? Do they really eat 'possum all the time?

Yank

Ed. Note: If you want to call what I saw in the arboretum the other night "eating 'possum," then it's true.

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The Center of Student Service

Actual color photograph shows James Oliver of Willow Springs, N. C., harvesting better-than-ever tobacco grown by U. S. Gov't methods. (At bottom) Roy Daniel, tobacco auctioneer, in action.

"Uncle Sam did a fine job

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...and Luckies always buy the choice grades," says Roy Daniel, 29 years a tobacco auctioneer

Simple as A B C are the reasons why we ask: "Have you tried a Lucky lately?"

A. Uncle Sam's improvements in soil, seed and plant-foods helped farmers grow the finest tobacco in 300 years.

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The choicer grades of finer tobacco crops ...*plus* throat protection! Try Luckies for a week, and you'll know why...

WITH MEN WHO KNOW TOBACCO BEST—IT'S LUCKIES 2 TO 1

Have you tried a Lucky lately?

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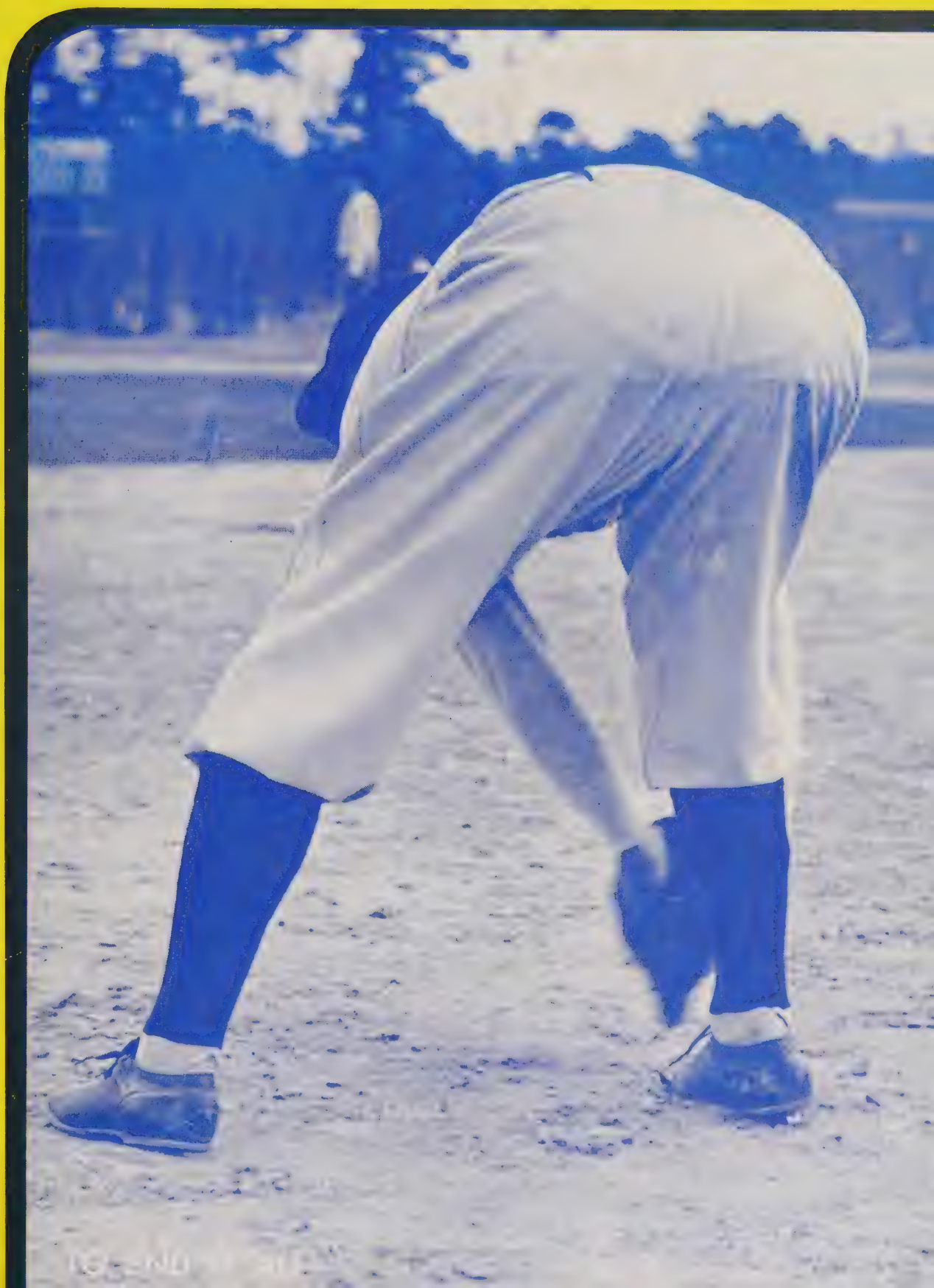
April, 1940

The Carolina Buccaneer

TO END IT ALL

The HUMOR Issue



Volume XVI-Number 7

Full Credit

To "Deacon" Callahan of the Orange Printshop, birthplace of the Buccaneer. An alumnus of Carolina, "Deacon has followed the rocky path of the Buccaneer during its entire existence. Sympathizing in our failures, rejoicing in our accomplishments, "Deacon" has filled the shoes of adviser, godfather, godmother, and everything else besides being just a plain good fellow.

The whole printshop has been swell. What is said for "Deacon" goes for the rest. It is only that "Deacon" hid less times than the rest when he saw us coming.

•

Cover

Matty Topkins, co-captain and short-stop of Carolina's unpredictable baseballers, never fails to bring the stands to their feet when he picks up a sizzling grounder and shoots it to first, all in one motion, to retire the side and "end it all." Credit for the shot goes to Jack Mitchell again.

The Carolina Buccaneer

VOLUME XVI APRIL, 1940 NUMBER 7

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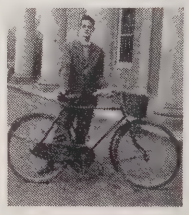

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TO END IT ALL

STRAW

RAKED UP BY THE EDITOR

Editorial

For five issues I tried to write editorials. Then I gave up. Recently, I found out why.

An editorial, to be an editorial, must have three things, a reference, development, and a point. All I ever had was a reference. Now with this outline, I will try again.

Reference: This is my last issue.

Development: Ain't I glad?

Point: I join the many readers of the Buccaneer in rejoicing.

New Light

Do you remember how Duke lost out in the Rose Bowl game? Yes, of course you do. *The Pelican* tells all.

An old lady with whom we waited for a bus in Pasadena this summer told us the inside story of the last Rose Bowl game, in which U. S. C. came out from behind in the last part of the game to beat Duke seven *four. It seems that she had a son going to U. S. C., and she was listening to the game over the radio, getting sadder and sadder as the game went on. All of a sudden she realized how her son George would feel if U. S. C. lost, so she got down on her hands and knees and prayed, and a few seconds later U. S. C. scored a touchdown and conversion. "That," she said with finality, "is how we won."

"But don't you think," we said, "that maybe somebody was down in North Carolina praying for Duke?"

"Certainly not!" she said quickly. "They're all Democrats, and Democrats don't pray. God," she said determinedly, "is on the Republican side." All of which we just thought you might like to know the next time you go to the polls.—*The Pelican.*

** What we want to know is the inside story of how the score was changed from 7-3.*

—U. S. C. WAMPUS.

You'd be surprised at what you can do with God on your side.

—*California Pelican*

Ed. Note: I can see how God might not want Duke to win, but I can't see how he would allow himself to be dragged into politics.

Politics Again

According to a feature in the April 16 issue of "Pic," the Hayes office is being threatened by bad politics. The next thing you know, there will be politics in our universities.

Politics has done enough damage as it is. If it removes the Hayes office, the motion picture industry will suffer greatly. Besides, dern it, they will be stealing our stuff.

Wonder Why

We knew him personally, but there were some things we never could understand. Maybe you can figure it out:

Once there was a short, stocky man, whom we will call Mr. X. (This is not really his name, you understand. He was called Mr. X because he had a job marking spots in a spot-marking factory. Use of any real person's name in this story is purely unintentional.)

One day, Mr. X went into a cafeteria and got a big plate of asparagus. He went to a table and began stuffing the asparagus into his ears as fast as he could. Horrified, the waiter rushed up and cried: "Sir, what are you stuffing that asparagus into your ears for?"

"Asparagus!" said Mr. X., staring at the plate. "My God, I thought this was celery."

Spring is a Flop

This column has suffered greatly this month because of the fact that everyone became so engrossed in the "keep off the grass" movement that we couldn't find anybody doing anything except "walking on the walk." Before long, the ruts will be so deep in the walks that they will be putting out a hand bill. "Please keep off the walk. Please lie on the grass." You will admit that it is quite awkward stumbling over couples lying on the walks in the arboretum. Why don't they get back under the shrubbery where they belong?

Cadually Speaking

I have heard of "Keep off the grass" week, "Hello" week, Bundle day, but still I haven't heard everything. Maybe you haven't either:

Cadville overflowed with cads. In fact, every man, woman and child in town was a cad. Cute cads mostly. Bad cads, predominantly.

All told, there were 5,000 cads in Cadville. There were cads in barber shops, cads in grocery stores, cads in pool halls, cads in trouble and cads in jail. There were Communist cads, policeman cads, fireman cads, waitress cads, mailman cads, housewife cads and every conceivable sort of cad.

The mayor was a cad. The Frank Hague type. The news-

paper editor was a cad. The William Randolph Hearst type. The professors were cads. The regular type.

One day a stranger came to town. A strange stranger. He wasn't a cad.

The people of Cadville hooted and jeered and spat and sneered at him.

They said, "You cad!"

Insurance

This story appeared in A Winston-Salem weekly. For your convenience, it will be condensed.

It seems that a country lad up near North Wilkesboro was being tried for immoral relations with a neighboring lass. Everyone had testified in the case except the local medico. When he took the stand, the case took on a new angle.

He testified that there were no obvious reasons why the boy should be convicted. The court held, however, that the evidence was against the boy, and he would have to be punished. The boy said he would be glad to on one condition. The court asked for an explanation. The boy replied, "Wal, ef ah serve mah time, and then nothing happens to the girl, will the court give me ah nother chance."

Latest reports have it that the judge is still in conference with himself. Our laws are so inadequate.

To End It All

I was going to write a review of the past year, and then tell how sorry I was that it was all over. It's funny. I don't have any desire at all to write anything like that now. It really makes no difference whether I think the Buc has been a success or failure. I found out several months ago that what I think really isn't worth the trouble of thinking.

It was a lot of fun at times; a lot of worry at times.

Now, if you will hold up the barb wire, I'll crawl back over in your pasture where I belong.

"Have you seen anything of our volley ball?"

—Lampoon.

News Briefs

By United Mess

Late Bulletin!

LONDON.—Chamberlain announces an intensive drive upon Iceland, a neutral. Reports have it that Iceland, the beet center of the world, has been smuggling beets into Germany one by one ever since the war began. An Icelander was sighted off the coast of England late yesterday swimming in the direction of Germany. Said Chamberlain, "If we ever get our hands on those Icelanders, it will beet tough on them."

UNIVERSITY LAKE. — An unidentified submarine, carrying two mugs of beer and waving a German flag, was sighted off the shores of University Lake. Natives of the little village were reported moving into Carrboro. Every hotel was packed last night.

WASHINGTON. — Secretary of State Cordial Husk denies rumors that his wife once danced before Adolf Hitler. He immediately took newspaper reporters to his home where his wife was questioned. Mrs. Husk said, "Dancing? Why I've never heard it referred to as dancing before."

CHAPEL HILL — Ellen Coy, Rameses Party candidate for president of the Carolina student body, was overcome last night when informed of her election. Downing her fourteenth bottle of Atlantic with a single gulp, she said, "What does one do after one has been erected?"

SOUTH BUILDING. — The University of North Carolina Administration voted unanimously to take the Commerce school off student fees. The president in a long statement said, "They flunk students out of that department so fast, it has failed to show a profit."

PRINCETON, Dartmouth, Harvard and Cornell all invaded the South in one week and all returned with some very pleasant coed memories. The Princeton track team, especially, did well for itself and were quite impressed with the amount of feminine pulchritude they found on the campus.

Two Princeton boys marched into the Shack one night, asked "Is this the place where you get dates?" and ended up a half-hour later with Bobby Winton and Gene Rankin. Another Yankee lad dated Marjorie Johnston one night, Frances Dyckman the next, Allen Cutts the night after that, and Ruth Curtis Robeson the rest of the week which is more than most Carolina gentlemen can do in four years. Frances, incidentally, probably dated every man in the Princeton squad, which made Henry Gross (gowned by Bond Street) a grass widower for a week. Who said Princeton lost to Carolina?

The Grail dance was chiefly notable because most of the coeds came informal, about two-thirds of the boys in the Grail no-break made good on borrowed time and tripped the light fantastic with someone else's date, and there were exactly six boys on the Woollen gym floor who were *not* politicians. Best politician present was Jane Rumsey who got a vote every time she looked at a man. . . . As practically every male in Chapel Hill discovered, several of the high school girls attending the drama festival were both cute and cooperative. Biggest impression was probably made by Asheville's highly photogenic Freddy Ellen Weaver (no relation to the Rt. Hon. Fred) who had to choose as one of her nocturnal dates St. Clair Pugh or Walter Kleeman and a station wagon. Asheville picked the station wagon.

Bob de Guzman, who alternates his famed savoir-faire between Sara Barrett and Jane Moody, and Ed Megson, who hadn't looked at another woman except Jeanne Herrmann for months, bummed to Mexico City during spring vacation and on their way back landed in New Orleans with their financial status at the absolute zero point. They sent a collect telegram begging for money to a boy they knew in Steele but no one in the dorm could scare up enough dough to pay for the telegram, so they took it over to Jeanne who not only accepted it but wired 10 dollars to New Orleans as well. Neither of the boys knew who their good Samaritan was until they returned to Chapel Hill—and Megson's face still has a faint Communistic glow whenever the subject is mentioned. . . .

Phil Ellis, who still has designs on the speakership of the Phi Assembly, wished to become acquainted with one of the more enticing Swain Hall waitresses and asked her what her name was. She replied in one breath, "My-name-is-Edith-Ray-and-I'm-married." . . . Since her break-up with Harry March, Nancy Porter Brown has been playing the field, her chief toy being Charlie Giduz. This leaves Bob Smith and Mary Anne Hawkins as the oldest campus romance with probably Martha Kelly and John Hall coming in second. . . . To those who have wondered just how the Frances Buckelew-Charlie Wood affair got started we offer this authentic and exclusive explanation. It seems that one fine day during chapel period Charlie accidentally sat down next to Frances in the Book Ex and liked it so much he just never got up. . . . Several of the more delicately constituted male students are not back in school this quarter. South Building, so the report goes, heard rumors and "advised" them to quit Carolina. However, one consolation is in store for them. They still have each other.

Bobby Liscomb and Tom Stanback clicked so well as Student-Faculty co-chairmen they've been dating ever since. . . . A number of coeds from one of the girl's dorms (the one with a house mother who acts as if her parents had never been married) journeyed not long ago one Thursday night to Josh Turnage's where you get all the beer you can drink for one dollar. Having demonstrated their excellent capacity, they returned to the dorm feeling highly exhilarated. One coed, though, was so tight she had to be put under the shower to restore some of her faculties. But best of all was a tall, lanky brunette who went around the floor telling how she loved every man she knew. When accused by another coed of snaking on the latter's date, she replied, "I can't help it. I love him."

TO END IT ALL

Campus SUPERLATIVES

(picked by the Joad family)

The Buccaneer picks campus superlatives. If you agree, you may consider yourself an average judge of others. If you don't, it really doesn't bother us in the least.

BEST-LOOKING. This superlative was the hardest. In fact, it delayed this feature for two months. The best-looking girl must have the smoothest features. Eyes, nose, hair, chin, complexion, and even the little ears must be just right. After being denounced by many coeds for staring at them, we finally convinced ourselves and the vote went to Kathleen Leinbach.

MOST POPULAR. This was the easier. Marjorie Johnston was elected Student-Faculty Day queen. There are few on the campus that do not know her, and the way she speaks to everyone, she either knows quite a few herself or is flirting with a heck of a lot of strangers.

MOST PERSONALITY. With the ability of making a wild eyed freshman feel like the president of the student body, the vote goes to Frances Gibson.

IDEAL COED. We went about this from a fictional standpoint. What girl most fitted the author's description of a coed. She must be pert. Her ankles must be perfect. She is also pretty and invariably dates a football star. There was only one —Jean McIndoe.

BEST ALL-ROUND. This wasn't so easy at first, but now it is obvious. It called for a girl that was active in everything. She must have ability—executive, scholastic, and athletic. Melville Corbett had this and then some.

SWEETEST. This called for a "reg'lar feller." Throw in a soft voice and a pair of dreamy eyes for good measure, and there is little doubt. That was Eunice Patten.

SCREWBALL. Need we say it? Doris Goerch.

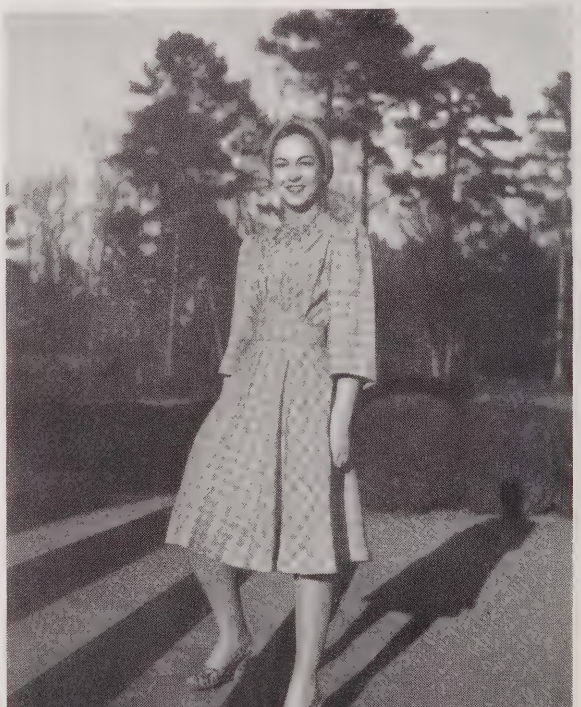
Thinking the girls would be embarrased to tears after being placed on these lofty pedistals all alone, we have chosen their running mates from the male element. They are as follows: Best-looking—Tom Wright, Most popular—Jim Davis, Most personality—Gates Kimball, Ideal boy—Al Hughes, Best All-round—Watts Carr, Sweetest—Charlie Barrett, and Screwball—"Party boy" Koonce.

You still don't agree. Well, we don't . . . . **

** give a damn

MOST POPULAR
Marjorie Johnston

MOST PERSONALITY
Frances Gibson



BEST-LOOKING
Kathleen Leinbach

SWEETEST
Eunice Patten

BEST ALL-ROUND
Melville Corbett

IDEAL
Jean McIndoe

TO END IT ALL

That Sentimental Gentleman of Swing

T. Dorsey To Play For May Frolics
Berigan Will Be Added Attraction

Climaxing a year filled with the best dance bands in the nation, T. Dorsey (Tommy or Trombone as you choose) invades the campus April 26 and 27 for the "one" big week-end — May Frolics. Sponsored by the seven leading campus social fraternities, May Frolics invariably prove year after year to be the biggest dance set of them all. With the "Sentimental Gentleman of Swing," this year will be no exception.

There are few students who cannot trace T's sensational rise in the music world. He has played with all the big timers. Jumping from one name band to

another, he finally settled down with Whiteman in 1930. Restless, he and his brother, Jimmy (the older of the two), formed a band of their own. There proved to be too much talent in this setup so the boys split.

Tommy formed a band of his own in 1935. The following winter he hit Carolina for Mid-Winters. Since then, he has become the nation's number one organization. Recently, the Metronome magazine poll voted his band the best all-round—sweet, swing, and favorite of all.

Tommy's band can be traced pretty accurately by records for he started recording for Victor when he first organized. His first record of national importance was the coupling of *Marie* and *Song of India*. The first side was featured by the novelty of having the vocalist do a straight solo with the band "adlibbing" its own lyrics in the background. Jack Leonard was the male vocalist. Both sides was highlighted by a solo by the famous Bunny Berigan, who was playing trumpet at the time. Berigan later left Tommy to form his own band, but latest reports have it that he is back with the maestro now. Berigan was also featured on several other records including *Liebestraum, Melody in F, Mendelssohn's Spring Song,* and *Who'll Buy My Violets.* Other tunes treated in the original vocal style have been *Who, Yearning, I'll See You in My Dreams, Blue Moon,* and *Sweet Sue.*

When Victor decided to record its Symposium of Swing a couple of years ago, Tommy was picked to make two sides for them. His contributions were *Beale Street Blues* and *Stop Look and Listen.* Both were put on a twelve inch record and stand today as one of the best real swing numbers that the band has ever made.

Following behind Goodman's and Bob Crosby's ideas of having a small band within the band to play the real knocked-out jazz that all musicians love, Tommy called his jam group the Clambake Seven. The seven consists of trumpet, tenor sax, clarinet, piano, bass, drums and guitar, with Tommy himself thrown in for good measure. These sessions are the rare occasions when one hears Tommy really play hot

(*twenty-six*)

Tommy Dorsey

Bunny Berigan

"I can't believe it!"

HUMOR

Of all the requests received by the Buccaneer, the most frequent has been the one for more jokes and cartoons. Time and the commerce department have made this impossible in a lot of issues. However, while everyone else was enjoying Spring holidays, either by just doing nothing or visiting Marjorie Johnston, the Editor went on an extended search for humor. It was stolen from every humor magazine in the country and two other magazines by the same name and includes

20 Cartoons
2oodles of Jokes

plus

The Original Joke

Adam: Who was that lady I seen you with?

Cain: That was no lady; that was your rib.

I can't wait to get started on the next page.

Jack: "My friend Joe and his wife had an awful battle over a pair of pajamas she brought him."

Mazie: "Oh, Jack, darling, when we get married, I hope nothing like that will ever come between us."

"Why Maggy, Ah thought you-all was on youah honeymoon. Wasn't you married, honey-child?"

"Yes, Ah was married all right. But Gawge wanted to go to Memphis, and Ah had been theah befow, so Ah lets mah sistaw go in mah place."

"I've just taken a shine to your wife," said the stork to the negro when leaving the house.

Extract from a co-ed's letter home: "I am getting fat. I weigh 128 stripped. Of course, the scales at the drug store may not be so accurate, but that's what they register."

—Kangaroo

A boy and a girl from the nudist colony were strolling in the woods when he said: "Don't look right now, but I think I'm falling in love with you."

A little girl had been left in the nursery by herself, and her brother arrived to find the door closed. The following conversation took place:

"I wants to tum in, Cissie."

"You tant tum in, Tommy."

"Why tant I?"

"Cause I'm in my nightie gown and nurse says little boys mustn't see little girls in their nightie gown."

After an astonished and reflective silence on Tommy's side of the door the miniature Eve announced triumphantly:

"You tan tum in now, Tommy, I took it off."

The plumber's face flushed, but he being a good plumber it flushed silently.

—Sagehen

—Varieties.

—Widow.

"We'll hate ourselves in the morning for this."

"Honestly, it won't make any difference. I'll think of you just as I do now."

"But you'll lose your respect for me."

"No, I won't; this has happened to hundreds of people before."

"It's all my fault. I shouldn't have led you on."

"No, it's my fault. I was a cad."

"Honestly, this is the first time I've ever done anything like this."

"Well, don't take it so hard, honey, this isn't the first time people have copied themes for English 1."

You can't tell a farmer girl that a stork brings baby calves, because she knows it's the bull.

A boy was walking down the street, wheeling two bicycles, when he met a pal.

"Where'd you get the two bikes?" asked the pal.

"My girl and I were out for a ride," he said. "We stopped under a tree to rest. After a while I kissed her. 'That's nice,' she said. Then I put my arms around her waist and asked her how that was. She said it was great. So then I kissed her on the cheek *and* squeezed her, and she said: 'Oh, boy, you can have anything I got.' So I took her bicycle."

Please, dear, don't ask me to marry you yet,
Mother would just have a fit.
Good Heavens, 'twas only today that we met!
Can't you be patient a bit?
You know how people will talk about things;
I mean, if they aren't in good taste.
Besides, I don't think that a girl, if she's nice,
Would marry a man in such haste.
I'll wed you tomorrow, my love, if you like,
And share the same toothbrush and comb.
But if you keep teasing me, darling, tonight—
I'll get up and get dressed, and go home.

We heard about a couple who worried because they had no children—in fact, they spend many a sleepless night over it!

"I hear Jane goes out every Saturday to sow wild oats."

"Yeah, and every Sunday she goes to church to pray for crop failures."

She—"I am very tired. I wish that I could find a big rock to sit on."

He—"I wouldn't mind being a little bolder, if I weren't afraid of being sat on."

"And to what, Dear Reader, do I owe the pleasure of this intrusion?"

Record.

Sign in a public dance hall: "He who hesitates is not dancing."

"John," asked the nagging wife, as they prepared to retire for the night, "is everything shut up?"

"That depends on you," growled John, "everything else is."

He—"How do you like my mustache?"

She—"Not so very well at first sight."

He—"Perhaps it will grow on you."

She—"Oh, Lester, you are always thinking of the most absurd things."

"Were you trying to catch that street-car?"

"Oh, no, indeed! I was merely frightening it away from this corner."

The old chiseler limped painfully up to the bar and leaned against it in an attitude of dejection.

"What's the matter?" asked a sympathetic friend. "Have an accident?"

"No," replied the chiseler, "I've just had a touch of yoors."

The sympathetic guy scratched his head. "What's yoors?" he asked.

"I'll take straight whiskey, thanks."

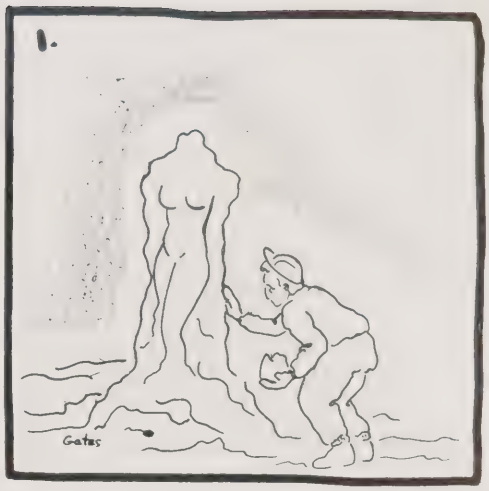
Patient—I'm all out of sorts; the doctor said the only way to cure my rheumatism is to stay away from dampness.

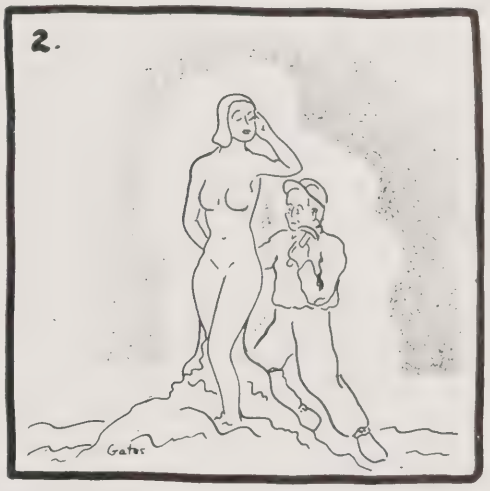
Friend—What's so tough about that?

Patient—You don't know how silly it makes me feel to sit in an empty bathtub and go over myself with a vacuum cleaner.

Prof—Will you, please, explain the difference to me between shillings and pence?

Frosh—You can walk down the street without shillings.





"How do you like the blond on the end?"

There's a notable family named
Stein.
There's Gert and there's Ep and
there's Ein.
Gert's verses are punk,
Ep's statues are junk,
And no one can understand Ein.

He: "Do you know what I'm thinking?"

She: "Yes, but what are you waiting on?"

Mary had a little lamp
A good one we won't doubt.
For every time that company
came—
The little lamp went out.

"How do you know your daughter trusts in God?"

"By the company she keeps."

There are those who claim that silk isn't necessarily the best thing in the world, but most people will agree that it's about the nearest thing to it.

"How did you come out at the dog race? Did your dog win?"

"No, he was left at the post."

Lady (to little boy)—My dear, does your mother know you smoke?

Small Boy—Madam, does your husband know you speak to strange men?

There was a young lady of Natchez
Whose garments were always in
patches,
When comment arose
'Bout the state of her clothes
She drawled, "When ah itchez,
Ah scratchez."

Once a little freshman lass,
Tripped on the way to English
class.
She fell on the beautiful wet
green grass.
And then—Oh, well, we'll let it
pass.

Webster says that taut means tight. I guess I was taut a lot in school after all.

Necking a virgin is throwing away honors and playing for a slam.

A man walked into an optometrist's office. "Doc," he said, "I think there's something wrong with my eyes. How about a little going over?"

"Certainly," replied the medico. "Let's see you read the letters on that wall."

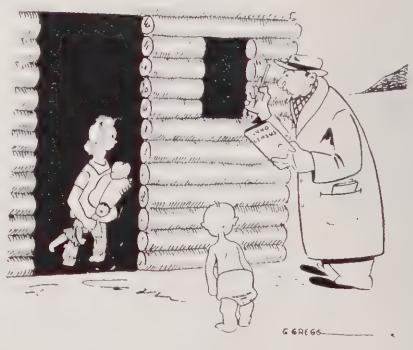
The man looked puzzled. "What wall?"

There was a young salesman of
Leeds,
Rashly swallowed six packets of
seeds;
In a month, silly ass,
He was covered with grass,
And he couldn't sit down for the
weeds.

"Niggah, befo' ah finishes rollin' up mah sleeves an' sails in, has yo' any mo' questions to ask?"

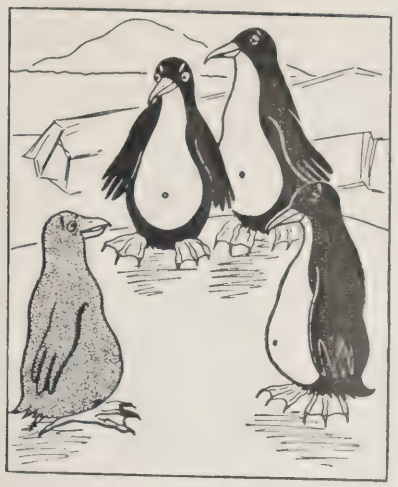
"Jes' one, big boy, jes' one. Is you-all leavin' a wife an' chillun?"

The editor may dig and toil
Till his fingers are sore,
But some poor fish is sure to say
"I've heard that joke before."



"And how many children do you have, Mrs. McCoy?"

—*Panther.*



"Sorry; I didn't know it was formal."

—*Wampus.*

We're broom mates,
We sweep together,
Dust we two.

Old Lady: "Little boy, I wouldn't kick my sister around the street like that if I were you."

Little Boy: "Oh, it's all right. She's dead."

Scientists have definitely proved that the bumble bee has not enough wing space with which to fly. However, the bumble bee does not know this and flys anyway.

—*Widow*

The imps of Satan had again torn down the fence between Heaven and Hell.

"These Hallowe'en pranks have gone far enough," said St. Peter.

He picked up the phone: "Give me Hell."

"Satan," he said, when he got his party, "your imps have torn down my fence again. You'll have to pay for it this time."

"I won't pay," said Satan, "and nobody's going to make me."

"You'll pay every penny," St. Peter shouted, "or I'll sue!"

Satan burst into laughter. He laughed until his sides almost split.

"Where," he gasped, when his mirth had subsided, "—where would you get a lawyer?"

It was high noon at the Mosque. The high priest was intoning, "There is but one God, and Mohamet is his prophet."

A voice broke in, "He is not!" The congregation turned and among the sea of brown faces was a small yellow face.

The priest straightened up and said, "There seems to be a little Confucian here."

Husband: "Who in the devil told you to plant those damned petunias?"

Gardener: "Your wife, sir."

Husband: "Pretty, aren't they?"

A nasty old Scotchman, McVeck,
Was as tight as the boards in a deck.
Both his arms did he break
So he wouldn't mistake
And carelessly reach for the check.

She was happy. And why shouldn't she be? Weren't things going along just as she wanted them to? Looking up at George with her limpid eyes she solemnly waved her lashes up and down. He had a tender light in his eyes as he put out his hand and touched her head. She knew he admired her and thought her beautiful. There was nothing he wouldn't do to please her. He was coming nearer to her. In a minute her fondest wish would be gratified. She resolved to herself that she would catch many more mice and rats to pay him for the milk he was pouring into her feed pan.

"I got me leg broke in two places."

"Well, stay outta them places."

And marriage is the period between ambition and exhaustion.

"I only asked her how far was . . ."

They all laughed when I stood up in the night club—how was I to know I was under the table.

Transient (in haystack)—Say, Sam, do you feel a draft?

Friend—Yes, I must have left the pasture gate open.

And there I was, cast away on a desert island with a lovely woman.

What did you do for food?

I'll be darned if I can remember.

Slim—"Manila's a wonderful place! Ever been there?"

Jim—"No, but I've eaten lots of their ice cream."

Minister: "Really, you should wait more than four months after your husband's death before marrying again."

Widow: "Yes, but you forget, Reverend, that he was paralyzed for eight months."

Student — What's that you wrote on my paper?

Prof.—I told you to write plainer.

There was a young man from South Asia
Sat contemplating a brazier;
His mind filled with lust
When he thought of the bust
Of Brenda Diana Duff Frazier.

Wife—What makes you think we are getting near a big city, dear?

Motorist (doing 70)—We're hitting more people.

Freshman: "I got a date tonight with a chiffonier."

Senior: "Don't be silly, a chiffonier is a big thing with drawers."

Freshman: "Correct."

"I lose more darn arrows that way." —Kitty-Kat.

"Now whose gal is she?" —Old Line.

The Whiffle bird was perched high on a jutting rock in his mountain retreat gazing dreamily over the beautiful green valley that spread out below him. Suddenly he sighed, spread his wings and flapped lazily down, down in a graceful arc, skimming tree tops and rocks and as the verdant valley rushed up to meet him, swung dizzily on one wing, dipped lightly and flew back to his perch on the jutting rock. Heaving a sigh of contentment he folded his wings and settled back.

To you that sounds like a lot of foolishness but to the Whiffle bird it's a hell of a lot of fun.

A young flying officer, stationed somewhere near Egypt, while flying near the Great Pyramids, carrying out exercises in navigation, and working with a sextant to discover his exact position, suddenly turned to the pilot and said: "Take off your hat!"

"Because, according to my calculations, we are now inside St. Paul's Cathedral."

Professor—"Didn't you have a brother in this course last year?"

Student—"No, sir, it was I. I'm taking it over again."

Prof.—"Extraordinary resemblance, though—extraordinary."

FRANCESCA SIMS
of TEXAS
Chesterfield Girl of the Month

A roundup of all you want in a cigarette

CHESTERFIELD

they're **COOLER**
they **TASTE BETTER**
they're **DEFINITELY MILDER**

These are the things you get from Chesterfield's right combination of the world's best cigarette tobaccos.

Make sure of more smoking pleasure . . . make your next pack Chesterfield and you'll say *"They give me just what I want . . .* THEY SATISFY."

Copyright 1940, Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

No love life had a guy named Ed
Because his breath smelled rawther dead.
But Ed tried Pep-O-Mints and now
With all the cuties he's a wow!

MORAL: Everybody's breath offends now and then. Let Life Savers sweeten and refresh your breath after eating, drinking, and smoking.

FREE! A Box of Life Savers for the Best Wisecrack!

What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week?

Send it in to your editor. You may wisecrack yourself into a free prize box of Life Savers!

For the best line submitted each month by one of the students, there will be a free award of an attractive cellophane-wrapped assortment of all the Life Saver flavors.

Jokes will be judged by the editors of this publication. The right to publish any or all jokes is reserved. Decisions of the editors will be final. The winning wisecrack will be published the following month along with the lucky winner's name.

WINNER:

"The Buccaneer is the best humor magazine in the world."

Bill Stauber
213 Lewis
Chapel Hill, N. C.

They were sitting on the sofa one evening, with the usual half-hour intervals between remarks.

"Isn't it funny," she said, "that the length of a man's arm is the same as the circumference of a girl's waist?"

"Is that so?" said he, mildly interested. "What do you say if we get a piece of string and see if it's right?"

Hell hath no fury like a woman so popular that everybody thought it was not necessary to ask her.

Abbreviations are always followed by a period, except on the beach where they are followed by a crowd.

I begged and begged, but she said no.
I begged again, but still no go.
I finally asked why she wouldn't
Do it even if she shouldn't.
She replied a silly whim;
"The water's much too cold to swim."

The definition of a cookie is a virgin doughnut.

"Touche!!" —*Exchange.*

Having registered as Mr. and Mrs. Smith, he turned to his wife.

Is a room without a bath all right, dear?

Sure, mister.

I had sworn to be a bachelor,
She had sworn to be a bride,
But I guess you know the answer
(She had nature on her side).

One afternoon a traffic policeman at a busy corner saw an old lady beckon to him. He held up a dozen motor cars, a truck, and two cabs to get to her side.

"What is it, ma'am?" he asked politely.

The old lady smiled and timidly placed her hand on his arm.

"Officer," she said in a soft voice, "I just wanted to tell you that your number is the same as the number of my favorite hymn."

And for the escape, you bring peanut butter sandwiches!
—*Lampoon.*

"Mama?"

"Yes, darling."

"Mama—Daddy isn't like other men, is he, mama?"

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Because he just got tired waiting for the elevator, and went down the shaft without one."

"My, my. It's such a pleasure to come 'way up No'th heah and meet all you lovely people. 'Specially you, suh. You know I always did want to meet a great big handsome Penn man like yourself. An' the climate's so different. Why it's so cold up heah I had to put on my winter undies, suh. I'm from Kaintucky you know."

"Oh Yeah. . . . Well, I'm from Missouri."

Iceman (entering kitchen with a cake of ice): "Hello, sonny."

Little Boy: "Hey, bud, when you say that—smile!"

For luncheon he'd order Welsh rarebit,
When dining out that was his harebit.
If the waiter was slow
When he brought it, you know
He'd often just reach out and grarebit.

The members of an exclusive hunt club decided to hold a fox hunt, and instructed the members to bring only male dogs. However, one influential member owned only a female dog, and she was allowed to run with the pack.

The morning of the hunt they followed the dogs for an hour and then lost them completely. One of the hunters saw a farmer working in a field and questioned him.

"Have you seen anything of a pack of dogs and a fox?"

"Sure. Just a minute ago. They were going that way."

"What were they doing?"

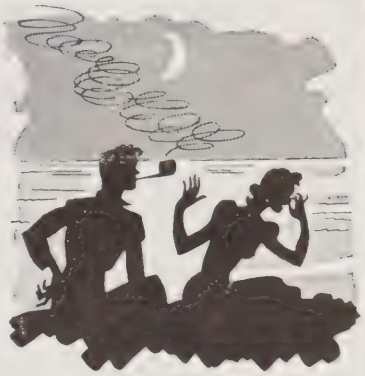
"Wal," said the farmer, "the last I saw of them the fox was running fifth."

Burglar: "Please, let me go, lady. I've never done anything wrong."

Old Maid: "Well, it's not too late to learn."

DR. J. P. JONES
Dentist
Upstairs—Next to Post Office
Telephone Office 5761
Telephone Res. 6836

HER HERO RATED ZERO IN THE ART OF LOVE!



WHAT CAUSED THE FIGHT? His pipe! Bud said it tasted fine, but Sue swore it stank out loud. A fine way for sweethearts to talk! Some one better find him a *milder* tobacco.

HEARTS ENTWINED once again! Sue has said "yes" to Bud *and* his pipe since he switched to Sir Walter Raleigh, that milder blend of burleys with the gr-r-and aroma!

New!
CELLOPHANE TAPE around lid seals flavor in . . . brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO
CIGARETTES
UNION MADE
IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—*Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House," Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network*

Old Lady: "My, what a crowd! What happened over there?"

Cop: "Man fell offa the roof."

Old Lady: "Oh, dear! Was he hurt?"

Cop: "Dunno yet. We only found one leg so far."

"It's easy to write a play. First act, boy meets girl. Second act, they hold hands. Third act, they kiss."

"That's how I got arrested."

"What do you mean?"

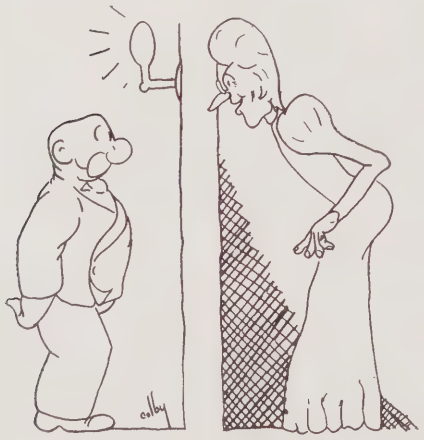
"I wrote a five act play."

I'm sorry we quarreled,
I'm sorry we parted;
I know I'm to blame
For how it all started.
I send you this plea,
I send this regret
But damned if I'm sorry
I attempted to pet.

He seized me by my slender waist
I could not shriek or scream
He dragged me to his dreary room
Where we could not be seen.

He pressed his fevered lips to mine
I could not make him halt
He drained me of my very soul
Of yeast and hops and malt.

He made me what I am today
That's why you find me here
Rusting in this garbage pile—
An empty can of beer.



"I may not look like much now, but you ought to see me with the wind and the rain in my hair."

When Marc Antony told Cleopatra that she was the most beautiful woman in the world, she replied:

"Well, I'm not prone to argue."

On one of the billboards featuring Smith Bros. cough drops, the slogan reads: "Take one to bed with you." Under which some wag scrawled: "I wouldn't sleep with either of 'em."

Oh, the futility
Of sterility.

CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS

EUREKA
Palm Beach Suits
in All New Shades
$16.75
Miller-Bishop Co.
112 Corcoran St.
Durham, N. C.

BY REQUEST

Primer hombre: "Quien era la senorita con-quien yo te vi anoche?"

Segundo hombre: "Ella no era una senorita—ella era mi esposa."

Dis is Spring
De boids is on de wing.
How absoid!
De wings is on de boid.

"Gosh, where is everybody?"
--Kitty-Kat.

I don't mind your looking up my family tree, but let my limbs alone.

A colored preacher at the close of his sermon discovered one of his deacons asleep. He said:

"We will now have a few minutes of prayer. Deacon Washington, will you lead?"

Deacon Washington sleepily replied:

"Lead heck, I just dealt."

Carl (over phone): "Is Emily in?"

Maid (also over the phone): "She's taking a bath."

"Sorry, I have the wrong number."

Patriotism is taking your arm from around your girl to clap as the United States cavalry gallops across the screen.

"Now really don't you think girls have cleaner minds than men?"

"Yes, I suppose so. But they ought to; look how often they change them."

A farmer once called his cow "Zephyr"
She seemed such an amiable hephyr.
But when he drew near
She bit off his ear,
And now he is very much dephyr.

IT'S SWELL SIPPIN'
Swell sipping is right . . . from the top clear to the bottom, the big, big bottle of Pepsi-Cola gives you the taste thrill you've been looking for
A grand flavor . . . full of z-z-zip and what's more, there's plenty of it.
Yep, each big bottle holds 12 full ounces.
Join the swing to Pepsi-Cola today.
PEPSI-COLA
TRADE MARK
BIG BIG BOTTLE 12 FULL OUNCES
5¢
Step out . . . be gay . . . the Pepsi-Cola way

Durham Pepsi-Cola Bottling Company

A tingling sensation of sheer delight went through her as she stood beneath her shower.

What a feeling of rapture that flowing water carried.

How it rushed through her hair. And ran over her dainty reddish ears. . . . Down her swan-like neck. . . . Across her beautiful back. . . . Over her—

Hey! Who turned on the cold water?

A bishop was sitting in a box at an opera house where collegiate commencement exercises were being held. The dresses of the ladies were very decollete. After looking around with an opera glass, one of the ladies exclaimed:

"Honestly, bishop, did you ever see anything like it in your life?"

"Never," gravely replied the bishop. "Never, madam, since I was weaned."

It was already dark, and the narrow New England bylane was seldom frequented even in the daytime. The two occupants of the '32 coupe parked at the side of the road were completely oblivious of the approach of a motorcycle cop until the beam of a flashlight broke the peace. "What are you doing in there?" the officer gruffly demanded.

"Nothing," came the imperturbable masculine retort.

"Okay buddy," rejoined the impeccable cop, "you come out and hold the flashlight."

—Tiger

Keuffel and Esser

OFFICE SUPPLIES

Students Welcome to Inspect Stock

Durham Storr Co.

124 E. Parrish St.

Phone N-7151

One day while Ferdinand was eating flowers in the meadow, he swallowed a bee. This made the bee angry, and he was about to sting Ferdinand. However, it was so warm and comfortable there in Ferdinand's stomach that he decided to take a nap first. When the bee awoke—Ferdinand was gone.

Sightseer in a Museum: "Say, you don't call this piece of caricature modern art, do you?"

Guide: "No, that's a mirror."

Customer: "I'd like to try on that rose hat in the window."

Salesman: "I'm sorry lady; that's a lamp shade, but we can copy it for you."

"I thank you for the flowers you sent," she said,
And she smiled and blushed and dropped her head;
"I'm sorry for the words I spoke last night;
Your sending the flowers proved you were right—
Forgive me."
He forgave her.
And as they walked and talked beneath bowers,
He wondered who in the devil sent those flowers.

The professor's secretary saw a magnificent blond carrying some paper enter the office smiling sweetly.

"Listen, ya lousey co-ed," snarled the jealous secretary, "If ya try to muscle in on my territory, I'll plant you among the potatoes."

"Don't mind me," answered the other, "I'm only the professor's wife."

K e n t u c k y Mountaineer's Daughter: "You know paw's the worstest shot in these har mountains."

City Slicker: "Well, what does that make you?"

K. M. D.: "An old maid."

The Swing Is to

PALM BEACH

16.75

'Cause there's nothing like them. . . . So cool, so smart, so splendidly tailored. Our Palm Beach shop is filled with the new patterns and new colors.

Van Straaten's

DURHAM

A gay but impossible bat
Had a minor affair with a cat;
But arial sex
Had lethal effects
And neither knew where he was at.

An amoeba, named Joe, and his brother
Went out drinking toasts to each other.
In the midst of their quaffing
They split their sides laughing
And found that each one was a mother!

"Shoot the sermon to me, Herman!"

—Kitty-Kat.

"Oh no, please don't get up."
—*Record.*

"What's the idea of kicking my dog! He won't bite you!"

"Maybe not, but he raised his leg and I thought he was going to kick me."

Mary was sent down to the office to get her aunt's weekly pay. On the way home a robber stuck her up and took the money. She ran up to a policeman and said: "Oh, officer, a robber just stole my aunt's pay!"

"Well, Miss, if you'd stop talking pig latin maybe I could help you," irritably the officer replied.

"There are four requisites to a good short story," explained the English teacher, "brevity, a reference to religion, association with royalty, and an illustration of modesty. Now I will give you 30 minutes to write a short story, remembering what I have told you."

After 10 minutes Sandy said he was finished and was told to read it to the class. Sandy read: "My Gawd," said the Countess, "take your hand off my knee."

STEWART'S
206 West Main St.
Durham's
Newest and Smartest Shop
It's Really "Tops" For
Sportswear

"Harriet went to the Hollywood Night Club and right after that got a bid to appear in the movies, and just after that Betty went to the Paradise Club she married the man of her dreams and now she's in heaven."

"What's Alice worrying about?"

"She went to the Stork Club."

Hearst and Mae West
Totalled the best
Salaries throughout the nation.
It's apropos
They should rank so—
Both deal in exaggeration.

Little Mary had a watch,
She swallowed it one day.
Her mother gave her castor oil
To pass the time away.

The castor oil refused to work,
The watch refused to pass.
Now if you want to know the time
Just look up Mary's uncle, he has a watch too.

Absent-minded Sales Girl (as date kisses her good-night): "Will that be all?"

A freshman from the Amazon
Put nighties of his Grandmazon;
The reason that
He was too fat
To get his own Pajamazon.
—*Ranger*

"Is this a picture of your fiancee?"

"Yes."

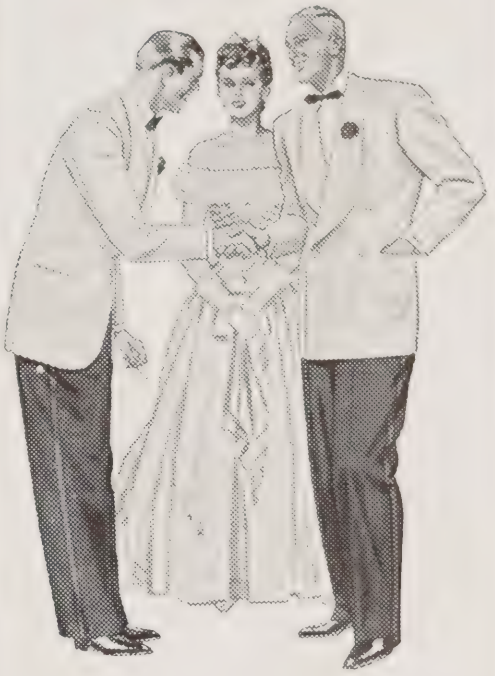
"She must be wealthy."

There isn't much difference in freshmen from year to year. You can tell a freshman girl right off because she says, "Stop," and you can tell a freshman boy just as easy because he stops.

Truant Officer to small boy: "Little boy, why aren't you in school?"

Little Boy: "Hell, mister, I ain't but three damn years old."

Summer Formals
For Comfort



TROP-I-LITE C. & P. $25.00
Palm Beach C. & P. $18.50

"Tomorrow's Styles—Today"

Pritchard-Bright & Co.
DURHAM
Watts Booth Campus Rep.

"And now the Midnight Concert brings you the Schubert Quartet in A Minor, Opus number 165, played by the Pro Arte string quartet. This one is for Marty and Babe and all the gang down at Donovan's at Telegraph and Alcatraz."

Pelican.

Fads and Fashions

Best Dressed Coed
Campus Snapshots

Male

Here comes Joe with his new spring outfit! It is that new colonial tan gabardine suit with the smoothness that hurts. His hat is khaki color, wide brim with a felt stitched edge of a lighter shade. It is really snappy . . . yellow silk tie — small figures . . . white oxford cloth shirt in the long, wide, spread collar . . . yellow ribbed wool socks . . . white buckskin shoes with thick red rubber soles.

Spring is here and COLOR is the thing. Pastel blue, yellow, green, tan—the men are stealing colors from the women for their ties, socks and sweaters. Two or three years ago you would have been laughed at if you stepped out in any of these soft pastel colors—but—that's the way with all men's styles—a change every day. But just a hint. If you wear colors, make 'em blend.

Campus snapshots:

Kenneth Sprunt in that new light blue shetland sportcoat—Sonny Lambeth is strutting like a rooster in his double breasted grey worsted—Tommy Heard is back in school with a closet full of new clothes—Campbell Irving's new spring outfit looks "pretty"—Joe Welborn looks like a Philadelphia lawyer on Monday night in his black smoking jacket, slippers, and pipe—Delmas Hendrix is poured in a smart double breasted light gray flannel—Paul Thompson is giving the coeds eye trouble with his tan sport coat—Bob Cox has a neat looking tan shetland sportcoat for May Frolics and weekends in Winston-Salem—D. D. Carroll, Jr. is covering his knot with a snuff color felt hat these days—ultra young man, ultra.—Haskell Porcher, the big Kappa Sig freshman, is looking extra good these days—Little George "All American" Glamack is a sporty gent—Ed Seaver is among the better dressed St. Anthony boys —Rowland Kennedy is awful happy with the way he is getting his clothes made this Spring, extreme but on the ok side—Bobby House has a lot of color in his clothes — Bob Magill's chalk stripe flannel is stuff on wheels—The pride of Steele Dorm, Bill Dees, is a conservative dresser who gives a neat appearance.

—Skipper Bowles

Ethel Laidlaw—We think she is the best dressed.

Coed

Despite some of the madder flights undertaken by the humble contributor to this column we actually have some glad tidings for you lads and you lassies. After much scrutiny, careful consideration, votes, et cetera, we now present you the Shiaparillies and Adrians among the coeds.

The number one sensation in fashion is Ethel Laidlaw, of Chicago, Illinois, another strike for non-sorority girls. Ethel has the knack for selecting costumes that always look smart and keep new through hard wear. She realizes that a garment is only as good as its fabric, hence, she selects the "free-for-all principle" suits. She is of average height, slender with a very commendable carriage and haughty shoulders and suits would be her natural preference. Her taste is not extravagant but wise, she dislikes ruffles or frills, and most of all heavy jewelry and perfume. We are also informed that Ethel is a "hard-riding Diana" and her wardrobe consists of a stunning ratcatcher in brown, orange and green tweed. A ratcatcher, incidentally, is a "sports" coat with a slit up the back, cut just long enough so that when you sit on a horse, it just touches the saddle in the back. She says it's to be an integral part of her wardrobe and wears it extensively with her many skirts. With stripes everywhere, she has chosen her latest formal extremely well, grey and yellow pin-

➳

. . . *One of the better dressed University gents from the Thames* . . .

Spring--Leap Year--Carolina May Frolics--Junior Senior--Finals

Consult the Thames for your Spring Clothes. We will give just as much attention to the selection of a single tie or shirt for you as we do to the selection of your suit. Truly expert tailoring from a wide selection of shetlands, gabardines, worsteds, tropicals, coverts, tweeds, and cheviots.

Thames Clothing Shop

"Rusty" Smith "Skipper" Bowles '41 J. B. Webster '43 Cy Jones '40

— Expert Dry Cleaners —

Coed

striped silk jersey with slight train and fullness in the back. Our heartiest congratulations, Ethel!

Others qualified to be among the top-notch dressers are Melville Corbett of Kinston, N. C., whose sweaters are the envy of every girl on the campus; Sara Ruark, Raleigh, N. C., with her white formal, created quite a sensation at the ADPi pledge dance; Roberta Winton, Pi Beta Phi of Fort Worth, Texas, definitely a designer's dream girl; Helen Anne Jacobs, Chi Omega of Larchmont, N. Y., practically always band-box perfection; and Mary Susan Robertson, of Hillsboro, N. C., who simply adores oddities—her music box evening bag is the cleverest creation on the campus.

Due to the uncooperative spirit among the graduates we have no definite clue as to whom they would have chosen, but from an unprejudiced viewpoint, may we venture to suggest that Kitty Williams, of Warrenton, N. C., would be among their top choices?

—Helen Plyler

I told him the mountain climate wouldn't agree with me, and he said it wouldn't dare.

How Well Do You Read the Buc?

A Three Minute Quiz

QUESTIONS:

1. **What ever happened to Ellen Coy?**
2. **Who is the prettiest coed?**
3. **Who is going to play at May Frolics?**
4. **Who was that lady I seen you with?**
5. **Who is XXX?**
6. **Who is the best dressed girl?**
7. **What is Chamberlain going to do?**
8. **Who is the next editor of the Buc?**
9. **Who invented the phonograph?**
10. **Who is glad this is the Editor's last issue?**

Answers will be found on page 25.

"Please sir, could I have an extra weekend?"

"Ah, yes, your grandmother, I suppose!"

"Exactly sir, she is making her first parachute jump."

The drunk tip-toed up the stairs, shoes in hand. He patched up the scars of the brawl with adhesive tape, then climbed into bed smiling at the thought he'd put one over on the wife.

Came the dawn. The ex-drunk opened his eyes and there stood his wife, glaring at him.

"Why, what's the matter, dear?" quoth he.

"You were drunk last night?" she replied.

"Why darling, I was nothing of the sort."

"Well, if you weren't, who put all the adhesive tape on the bathroom mirror?"

A young man stayed up all night figuring out where the sun went, when it went down.

It finally dawned on him.

Hitler and Goering were riding in the country and ran over a dog. Goering went in to apologize and make amends with the farmer, who apparently owned the dog. After several minutes Goering returned laden with gifts. When Hitler requested an explanation Goering said that he didn't understand it either for all he said was "Heil, Hitler! The dog is dead," and the farmer heaped treasures on him.

A colored soldier was stopped by a sentry one dark night.

"Let me see your pass paper," said the sentry.

"Ain't got none," returned the other.

"Can't pass through here without a pass paper," declared the sentry.

The first soldier rolled his eyes, reached into his coat pocket, drew forth a razor and opened it.

"Boy," he snarled, "I'se got a Ma in Heaven, a Pa in Hell, and a gal in Blankville—and believe me, brother, I'se gwine see one of them tonight."

"Madam, may I see your daughter?"

"No; get out and stay!"

"But, madam, see this badge? I'm respectable. I'm a detective."

"Oh, I'm sorry; come right in. I thought it was a fraternity pin."

Every year college deans ask the routine questions of the new students:

"Why do you come to college?"

This fall a co-ed replied—"I came to be went with, but I ain't yet."

Campus Headquarters

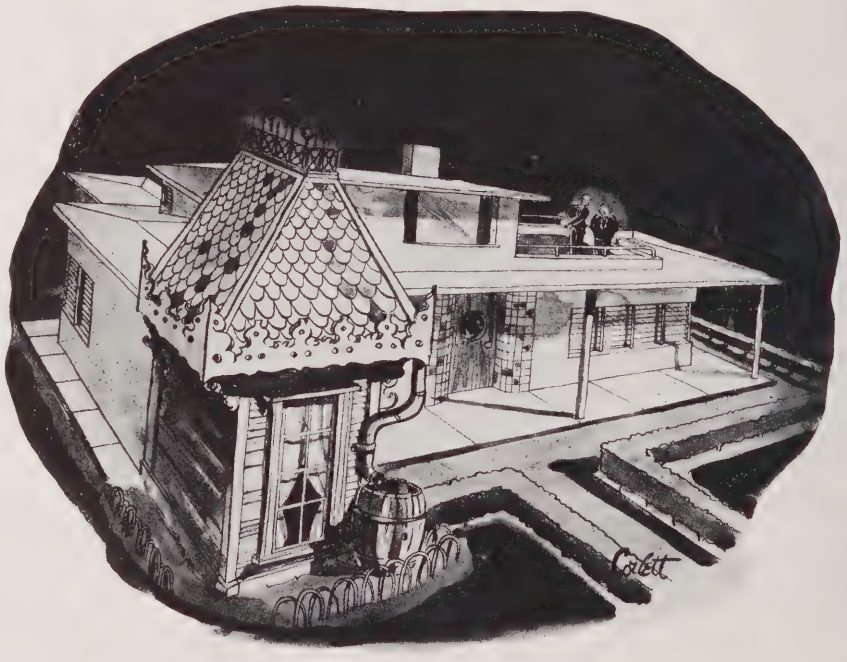
SPORT COATS
GABARDINE SLACKS
GREY FLANNELS
PALM BEACH SUITS

Carolina Men's Shop
BOB VARLEY

A fraternity had sent their curtains to the cleaners. It was the second day that the house had stood unveiled. One morning the following note arrived from a sorority house across the avenue:

"Dear Sirs: May we suggest that you procure curtains. We do not care for a course in anatomy."

They answered: "Dear Girls: The course is optional."



"That's where we mix our old fashions."

—*Pelican.*

YOUR WATCH IS VALUABLE

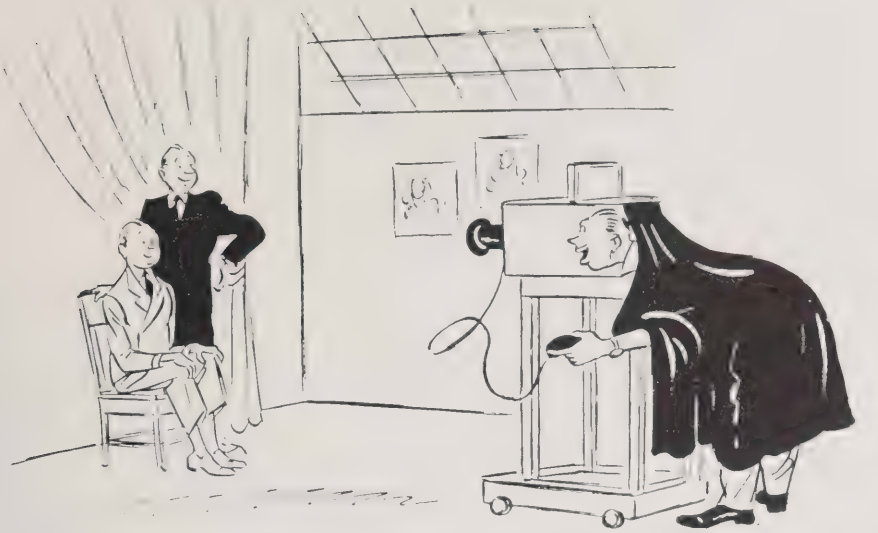
For Repairs Trust Skilled Repairmen

Geo. W. Ferrell

DURHAM
108 W. Parrish St.
Opposite Silver's

CARRBORO
Ferrell & Hill

3 WATCHMAKERS



"I always work fast. I get scared under here in the dark."
Exchange.

We were about to drive off when someone suggested that I look into the tank to see if I had enough gas. It was pretty dark, so I lit a match and leaned over the tank. I brought the match directly over the tank to enable me to see if there was any gas left. I saw that there was plenty. So I got in the car and drove off.

"Dear, I've got my heart set on a Duesenberg."

"Well, angel, that's the only part of you that'll set on one."

A member of a Psych class on tour asked an inmate his name.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"But," said the perplexed lad, "last time we were here you were Abraham Lincoln."

"That," said the inmate sadly, "was by my first wife."

You sing a little song or two;
And you have a little chat;
You make a little candy fudge,
And then you take your hat.
You hold her hand and say good-night,
As sweetly as you can;
Ain't that a hell of an evening
For a great, big, healthy man?

Clerk (to a suspicious-looking couple in the hotel lobby)—I don't believe you people are married, after all.

Lady—Sir, if my husband were only here he would make you swallow those words.

Hostess—Marie, did you get the flowers that I am to wear in my hair tonight?

Marie—Yes, ma'am but—

Hostess—But what?

Marie—I've mislaid the hair.

"How do you like my new evening dress?"

"I can't tell until you get up from the table."

As the wise man once said, "It is better to have loved and lost—yes, much better."

ANSWERS:

1. We've wondered about that.
2. We don't know.
3. Everybody that can afford it.
4. That was no lady; that was my wife.
5. Who is Small Fry?
6. Lady Godiva.
7. Can beets.
8. A sucker.
9. Mickey Rooney.
10. Dean Bradshaw.

FREE

Beautiful 5x7
Enlargement

WITH EACH ROLL
OF FILMS PRINTED
AND DEVELOPED

Complete Assortment
FRESH FILMS

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CUT RATE DRUG STORE
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We Have The Style You Want

Whether you prefer a saddle shoe with heavy red rubber soles, a Norwegian type, a wing tip, or a custom type, we have the shoe for you. Come over and select your next pair from our wide range of styles.

The Wingtip
$5

Saddle Shoes
Tan and White
Tutone Tan
$5

Roscoe Griffin
SHOE STORE
114 West Main Street
Durham, N. C.

Save yourself the trouble of taking your furs home by storing them in

S. ZUCKERMAN'S

Cold Fur Storage Vault

Every Coat Fully Insured

109 E. Chapel Hill St.
DURHAM

Sentimental Gentleman

(*from eight*)

trombone. One of the hottest tunes recorded by this bunch was *If the Man in the Moon Were a Coon,* which features a lightening fast intro by Tommy and a sixty-four bar chorus by Bud Freeman on tenor sax. The records have not been confined to swing alone, however. Such disks as *Josephine* and *You're a Sweetheart* have been among the best sellers.

The band has always had a number of outstanding soloists as well as a complete stock of top notch arrangements. At present, his band has been going under a slight change in personnel and lists within its ranks Hymie Schertzer on lead sax, Don Lodice on tenor, and Johnny Mince on clarinet. Bunny Berigan is the shining light in the brass section, and drummer boy Buddy Rich is the outstanding rhythm man. Sy Oliver, late of Jimmie Lunceford's brass section, heads the staff of arrangers. One of Sy's own tunes, *Easy Does It,* has become one of the best recent Dorsey records.

Tommy himself is sure to prove a hit with all, as his sweet trombone has been judged best in the land for three years, and his *Gettin' Sentimental Over You* rates tops on the record lists.

The week-end includes two tea dances, two formal affairs, and a concert. The May Frolics committee in general and Secretary Kenneth Royal in particular have done their part; it's up to you to do the rest.

You aren't as old as you're going to be!

—*Tiny Hutton*

If you want

delicious food

excellently prepared
try the

Carolina Coffee Shop

You kissed and told
But that's all right;
The guy you told
Called up last night.

Gal (in movies): Bill, someone's fooling with my knee.

Bill: It's me, babe, and I'm not foolin'.

"He was kicked out of school for cheating!"

"How come?"

"He was caught counting his ribs in a physiology exam."

We Lend Kodaks

•

No Deposit And
No Rental Fee

•

FoisterPhotoCo.

Honey, I've got a feeling we're being watched.

First Class Shoe Repairing

With First Class Material and Workmanship

Call T. E. BEST, Jr. Phone 5751
305 Pittsboro Street

All Work Called for and Promptly Delivered

University Shoe Shop

Mother: "Mary, why did it take you so long to say goodby to that boy?"

Mary: "Why, mother, if a fellow takes you to a movie the least you can do is kiss him goodnight."

Mother: "I thought you went to the Rainbow Room."

Mary: "Yes, Mother."

A souse divided within himself cannot stand.

VANITY

114 Fayetteville St.

RALEIGH, N. C.

The little girl lay crying in the barn. Suddenly, an elf appeared. "Why are you crying?" he asked.

"The witch put me in here and told me if I didn't spin all this hay into gold, she would kill me," said the little girl, brushing away a tear.

"What will you give me to spin it for you?" asked the elf.

"My cap," said the little girl.

The next morning the hay was all spun into gold, but the old witch was not satisfied. She put the little girl back in the barn the next night.

Again, the elf appeared. "What will you give me this time?" he asked.

"My dress," replied the little girl.

The next morning the hay was spun into gold.

This continued until the girl had given away all her clothing and a week later when the elf appeared, she was stretched out on the hay crying.

"Why are you crying?" he asked.

"You have taken everything I have," said the little girl, "and now I have nothing to give you so that you will spin the hay into gold."

"Are you sure?" said the elf, his eyes gleaming.

The next morning the hay was all spun into gold.

Elmer, aged 13, was puzzled over the girl problem and discussed it with his pal, Joe.

"I've walked to school with her three times," he told Joe, "and carried her books. I bought her ice-cream sodas twice. Now do you think I ought to kiss her?"

"Naw, you don't need to," Joe decided, after a moment of deep thought. "You've done enough for that girl already."

"Waiter, there's a fly in my soup."

"Shh—all the customers will be wanting one."

—Ranger

PET DAIRY PRODUCTS CO.

Pasteurized Dairy Products

Pet Ice Cream

Phone F-9801

Durham, N. C.

Mary: Oh look! There's a butterfly on my arm! He thinks I'm a flower.

John: That's no butterfly; that's a horsefly.

Old Maid Song (This is not original—it has been handed down from generation unto generation.)

He asked me for a date—
I strenuously objected.
I knew it would be great,
But I might not be respected.

He asked me for my hand—
I strenuously objected,
I knew it would be grand,
But I might not be respected.

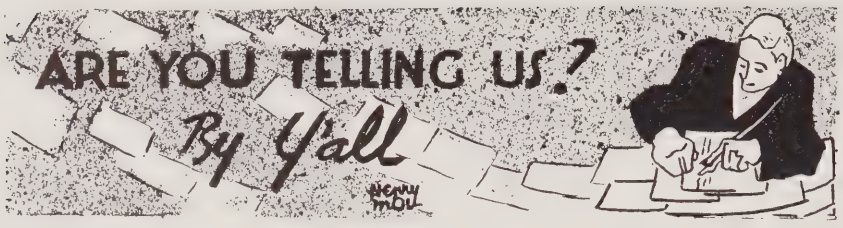
But now I'm forty-eight,
By all I am rejected.
They call me an old maid—
But by God! I'm respected.

It Pays to Look Well

GRAHAM MEMORIAL BARBER SHOP

Basement of Student Union

TO END IT ALL



March 15, 1940
Zebulon, N. C.

Dear Editor:

Here is an incident that actually happened here in the store which we think you would like to put in the next issue of the Buccaneer. Here goes—

A girl came in the store and asked for something for a cough. The clerk showed her a display of various cough preparations. In so doing, he picked up a bottle of *Andrew's Expectorant* and said, "Here is a very good cough medicine." The girl looked at the bottle and replied, "I said I want something for a cough. I ain't expecting nothing."

That is exactly how it happened. You may write it up any way you think best. We hope you can use this joke, and since we are two of the few that read the Buccaneer, we will be looking for it in the next issue.

Yours for a good issue,
Mullen & Jones

P.S.—This was typed by the girl who thought the Carolina Buccaneer a man.

Ed. Note: We completely forgot the joke when we read the last paragraph, and discovered that you were two of the "few" that read our magazine. To put it mildly, our tongue draggeth the ground.

Box 127
Elon College, N. C.
March 14, 1940

Dear Editor,

Thought you would be interested in knowing that your gags have really stopped a show!

Last Thursday night the Varsity Show given annually at Elon College was stopped dead. The gags were gathered from . . . the Buccaneer.

In protest to the forced closing the students wrathfully gathered in front of the president's home and proceeded to show their disapproval with hisses, boos, and cat-calls. But for the timely intervention of one level-headed professor who had evident experience in handling mobs, serious trouble was averted.

As a climax to the dumb evening, the enraged students swiped a large vase, weighing several hundred pounds and supposedly containing the ashes of O'Kelly, the founder of the Christian Church, and then sent a ransom note to the president saying it would be returned at the completion of the Varsity Show.

The president called a meeting of the student body in an attempt to arbitrate with them concerning the return of the O'Kelly vase. He also urged them to favor his statement for the press. (They were demanding!) The student body rejected his proposed article to the press, hence nothing has appeared to the public except rumors. At this same meeting the students advocated drastic changes in student government and social policies.

So, whether your gags have been obscene, vulgar, or just damn good, they have been the cause of a reformation on our campus.

More power to you! From now on the Buccaneer will be, more than ever, our favorite!

Gratefully,
Buddy Hayden
Wes Holland
John Pollard

P.S.—As soon as you print this article, please make room on your staff for one broken down college newspaper editor, one radical columnist, and one jerk photographer.

Ed. Note: Quote the raven, "Nevermore."

Dear Editor,

Why don't you give up?

Last Straw

Ed. Note: ——30——

Arrow Shirts—Florsheim Shoes
Crosby Square Shoes
Find Them
at
BERMAN'S
Dept. Store

You Are
Always
Welcome
at
Walgreens
Corner Mangum and Main
DURHAM
"At the Center of Town"

The In-ti-mate
Book Shop
GOOD BOOKS
GOOD RECORDS
GOOD PRICES
Come Trade at Ab's

Craftsmanship

PRINTING

The Orange Printshop

CHAPEL HILL - - - NORTH CAROLINA

. . . and you'll find

The Smart Things

in the

COLLEGE SHOP

at Ellis Stone's in Durham

Vogue, Harpers Bazaar and Mademoiselle set the standards for fashion and Ellis Stone's brings them to you in B. H. Wragge, McMullen, A. Lincoln Davis and many other exclusive lines, youthful, smart and so wearable.

Ellis Stone & Co

DURHAM, N. C.

Take it away, Mr. Hobson

U.S. ANTARCTIC EXPEDITION OFF FOR YEAR'S SURVEY

SLED DOGS...YEAR'S SUPPLY OF SLOW-BURNING CAMEL CIGARETTES ACCOMPANY ADMIRAL BYRD TO ANTARCTIC

IF YOU WERE LEAVING TODAY to live for a whole year on the barren ice of the Antarctic, and if *right now* you had to choose the *one* brand of cigarette you would smoke through those months—you'd make sure you picked the right brand. The men on the Antarctic expedition were in a situation like that. The picture above shows what happened: The expedition took Camels! Rear Admiral Richard E. Byrd explained: "Slow-burning Camels are a great favorite with us. You can be sure we have plenty." You, yourself, may never go near the South Pole, but the right cigarette is important to *you,* too. Camels give you *extra* mildness, *extra* coolness, *extra* flavor—plus *extra smoking* in every pack. *(See below.)*

"MORE PLEASURE PER PUFF...MORE PUFFS PER PACK"...

That's how these three members of the U. S. Antarctic expedition tell of the advantages of slow-burning Camels. Richard Moulton, senior dog-driver (*center*), says: "Slow burning is my measure of a milder, cooler, more flavorful smoke. I'd *sledge* a mile for a Camel." Nothing destroys a cigarette's delicate elements of flavor and fragrance like excess heat. Cigarettes that burn fast also burn hot. Camels are slower-burning...milder, mellower, and—naturally—cooler! Camels give you more pleasure per puff...and more puffs per pack *(see right).*

In recent laboratory tests, CAMELS burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested—slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

5 EXTRA SMOKES PER PACK!

CAMELS FOR MILDNESS, COOLNESS, AND FLAVOR -SLOW-BURNING COSTLIER TOBACCOS

Copyright, 1940, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

DO YOU FEEL LOST?

NORTH STAR FOR YOUR CONVENIENCE!

IN E. PLURIBUS WE TRUST

"MAY SUN! 19

The CAROLINA BUCCANEER

founded in 1789 or some such year by Benj. Franklin—the heel!

PLEASE DON'T JUDGE OUR MAG BY THE COVER—AND VICE VERSA.

AIR MAIL ISSUE

HI!

WE POINT WITH PRIDE TO THE PURITY OF OUR WHITE SPACE

SOX ISSUE!

6 SIX ISSUE

SAX ISSUE —HEH!

IN THIS ISSUE:
JOKES
IN LIBRARY:
FULL LENGTH NOVEL!

15¢

CHIEF HEEL

THIS WAY IN!

CONVENIENT THUMB FLAP FOR TURNING

DETACH ON DOTTED LINE —OR VICE VERSA!

The Man from Rural Hall

He came, he saw, he conked 'em

Probably the smoothest-running editor in the *Buccaneer's* turbulent history, Bill was synonymous with efficiency. Moving like a well-regulated machine, he put each issue of his magazine together swiftly and silently with little waste motion. The cherub-faced boy with the natural instinct for humor was a past master in the necessary art of "getting along." Harmoniously did the staff work with coordination under its guiding hand of genius.

Bill is funny without trying. He laughs and the world laughs with him, he weeps and the world dies laughing. Versatile, too—an actor without portfolio. Bill did a nifty bit of show-stealing in "One More Spring."

Glasses high! Bottoms up! Toodle-oo, kid.

In fact, good luck.

One of November Lassies Bill made famous.
Also convenient index finger flap for turning page.

and now . . .

. . . won't you come into my parlor?

The Carolina Buccaneer

VOLUME XVI — MAY, 1940 — NUMBER 8

STAFF

EDITORIAL

CHIEF HEEL
Mack Hobson

ASSOCIATE HEELS
Bill Seeman — Cartoons
G. B. Lamm — Photos

CARTOONS
Henry Moll, Charles Colby, Hight Moore, Gene Witten

FUN
St. Clair Pugh, Norman Levinson, Jak Armstrong

FASHION
Skipper Bowles, Helen Plyler

MUSIC
Elbert Hutton

OFFICE
Martha Clampitt

DRAFTING DEPT.
John Hampton

PHOTOS
Hugh Morton, Jack Mitchell

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BODYGUARD
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Has Was
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Dorothy Coble

Harry M. Jones, Business Mgr.

Helen Plyler — COEDS
Adolph Schnitzler — ASSISTANT
Betty Coed — OFFICE

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COLLECTIONS—*Francis Johnson, Joe Holman*
LOCAL—*Bob Marshburn, Howard Cohn, Ben Patterson, Steve Langfeld, Bill Young*
FOREIGN—*Allen Logel, Norman Stockton, Bernard Norden*

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Editorial

The *Buccaneer* is satisfied with everything, including the weather. Congratulations, weather!

All Photos by Lamm

Cover by Hobson at Harry's

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fiend of the night...terrorizer of a nation

WAS HE MAN
OR ~~MONSTER~~ mouse?

Find the startling answer in

Frankenheifer!

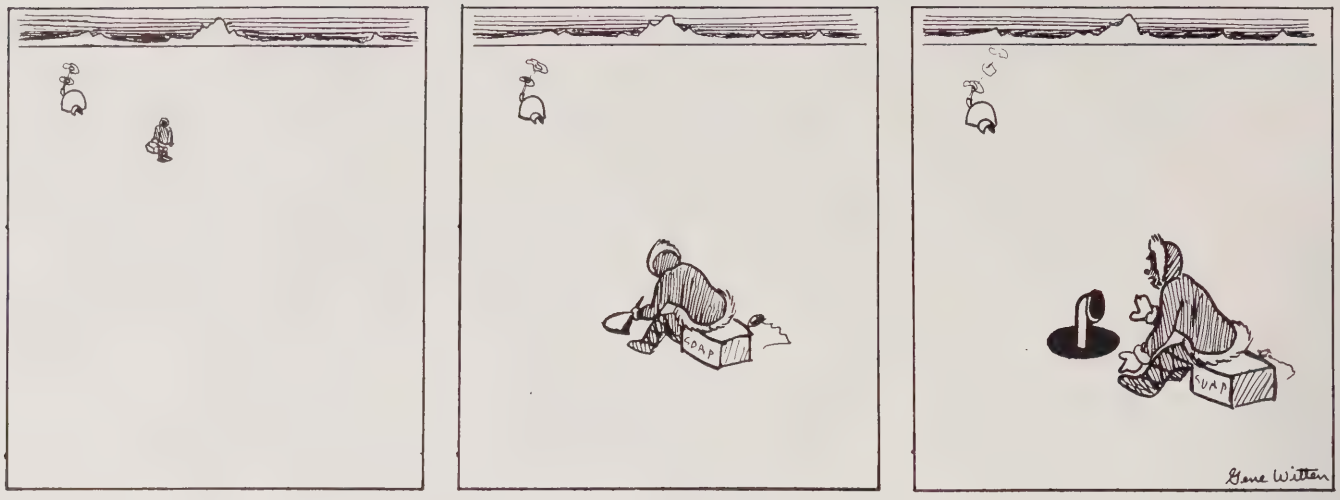
(Warning: This is a tale of unspeakable horror. The Buccaneer will not be responsible for any premature births or heart-failures. Read it at your own risk, and don't say we didn't told you.)

The twisted, rotting stubbles of trees long dead rose like gray ghosts out of the barrenness of the German wasteland. A thin, wraith-like blanket of fog lay quivering above the earth, drifting and shifting as if moved by a spectral hand. Baron Percival von Dingelheifer looked out into the bleak half-darkness and shuddered as he thought of the awful secret he held within his grasp. He shuddered again, and then again, and closed his eyes against the madness which was rushing into his brain. Then he thought of the awful secret he held within his grasp and emitted a low, half-mad chuckle—a laugh rising and falling with the sound of the wind—a laugh full of triumph and fury, of insanity. He could scarcely repress a shudder.

A break in the fog showed the moon, clear and blood-red above a low line of hills. The phenomenon was so sudden that he stepped back startled, grasping with his white hand the rough cornice of the castle wall. "This is so sudden," he said.

Then, opening his soul to the

(if you have the courage, turn to page twenty-four)



Private Mail of the Editor

Dear Editor:

I hear you're going to put out a clean magazine. Can it be possible? In fact, can it be funny? I don't think it's possible, I hope.

Pessimistic

Ed. Note: Don't be such an optimist. Anything is possible when you've got God on your side and an ounce of brains, and we've got God on our side.

Dear Editor:

I am twenty-one years old and a senior at the University of North Carolina. The other day, during a varsity baseball game, a ball came over the fence and knocked a big hole in the windshield of my automobile. As yet I have not been compensated for the loss of my windshield, and I am getting darned tired of riding around with the wind blowing in my face. Don't you think I should get paid for my windshield, and if so will you please write an editorial complaining about the situation?

Yours truly,
Indignant

Ed. Note: You should have addressed your letter to the *Daily Tar Heel.* They are probably more expert at complaining about situations than we are. The *Buccaneer* as an impartial organ of the students cannot take sides in your little tragedy, but we do think they might at least have let you keep the baseball.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir:

What do you think of a boy who would kiss a girl and then go and tell her best boy-friend about it?

Betrayed

Ed. Note: This is not a column for the lovelorn, but if I were the girl I wouldn't think much of him. If I were the boy-friend I wouldn't think much of him either, but I would appreciate it a hell of a lot.

Sir:

I read about the reward you are offering on page 13, and I would like to try for it if I may. If I'll give myself up before December 31, 1940, will you pay me the twenty dollars?

Adolf Hitler

P. S. Boy, what wouldn't I do with twenty dollars!

Ed. Note: Any person reaching the requirements listed on page 13 is eligible. If you fulfill these requirements, we will be glad to have you.

Dear Editor:

I see you are starting out by writing letters to yourself, as all of the other editors have done. Can't you get away from this childish practice? Don't you have any new ideas to contribute to the magazine? Please tell me why you write letters to yourself.

The Editor

Ed. Note: Because if I didn't, you wouldn't get any mail, you dope.

"Evenin', Gate, let's operate!"

Gee!

My love is gone;
That coed lass
Could love like heck,
But she couldn't pass.

—*H. H.*

I wish I were a flying bird,
In a garden filled with men.
I'd flit all day from man to man
And warble songs of burning love,
I'd whisper words in sweetest rhyme
'Til they would laugh with joy sublime:
I'd let them stretch their hands to me,
I'd fly so close so merrily.
I'd touch their finger tips outstretched
'Til they would yell "Come back we say."
I'd fly real close again, I think,
And then, by damn, I'd fly away.

—*Frances Goforth*

A son of a seeress named Mitch
Beat up an old man with a switch.
Were his neighbors shocked? Nope!
What else could they hope
From a dad-blasted son of a witch?

—*St. Clair Pugh*

A young baby hippo named Gus
Sure caused one hell of a fuss,
When the wart on his snoot
Grew as big as a hoot
And he changed to a Rhinoceros.

—*St. Clair Pugh*

She was the loveliest creature
He'd ever chanced to meet:
Her personality A 1 +,
Her figure—plenty neat.

But when she asked to marry him,
She got a dirty look.
"You've nerve to ask a thing like that,"
He said, "When you can't cook."

—*St. Clair Pugh*

There was a young fellow who lived in a dorm,
Decided to brave the political storm.
Threw his hat in the ring for a big campus job
In hopes that his platform would win him a mob.
He didn't boot-lick or spend hours shooting bull,
He didn't clap backs, woo political pull.
He didn't have a party and he didn't print placards,
Denounced politicians as scoundrels and blackards.
The campus buzzed with his word and his fame;
Boys said "good fellow"—co-eds knew his name.
But, alas! Despite virtues, it must be wrote
On election day he polled not a vote!

—*Hunt Hobbs*

When you go away, I feel
Bored and lonely as a heel.
And may I add, my darling dear,
I feel the same when you are here.

—*H. H.*

Poetry!

Imported, Vintage 1940

Would I like to dance with you?
Oh, certainly. It *is* a waltz,
Slow, sedate — that means no halts
To pick my teeth up—well, they're false.

Would I like to dance with you?
Yes, but please dance to one side.
Why? I try my best to hide
My glass eye. Yes, I'm quite one-eyed.

Would I like to dance with you?
Fine, but please don't frown and scowl
If you hear my stomach growl.
You see, I've got a spastic bowel.

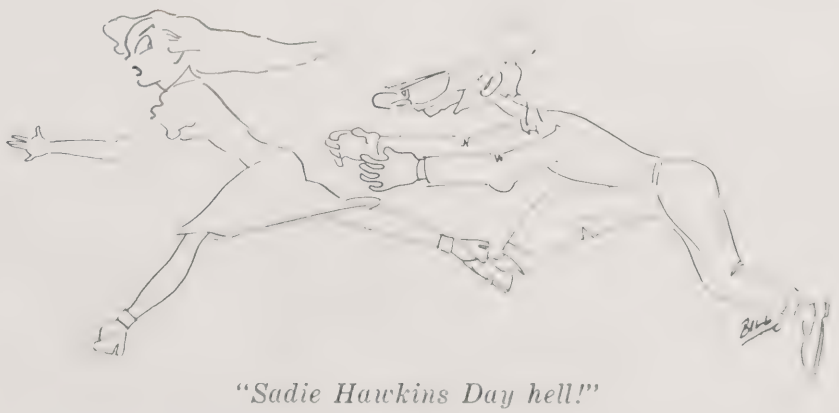
Would I like to dance with you?
Oops! Did I kick you in the shin?
There's blood — I must have broke the skin.
This knee-jerk brings me much chagrin!

Well! I like *that*! What made him go?
Perhaps his leaving me pertains
To my asking for several grains
Of dope to ease my acid pains!

—*Hunt Hobbs*

Mary was a fair young neurotic
Who could have been rather exotic,
If she'd had any hair
And her teeth were all there
And her face wasn't freckledy spotic.

—*St. Clair Pugh*



"Sadie Hawkins Day hell!"

. . . When Winter Goes,
---The Spring Comes

bringing with it beauty and blossoms
--- doesn't it, though?

TALES MY MOTHER TOLD ME --- SERIES IV

Bluebeard

The Story of a Wasted Wife

"You are beautiful," he said, letting his eyes run upwards to her lovely face and then letting them run back down again. "In addition to that, you look all right." He pinched her cheek approvingly and drew his hand back hastily as she bit off his finger at the second knuckle.

"Shall I turn the other cheek?" she asked, somewhat amused at the sudden look of confusion which appeared unexpectedly over his features. He hastily concealed his discomfiture by putting on a Chinese false face and a battered work hat. "You've got spunk," he said approvingly, "and that's what I like." He squeezed her juglar approvingly and slapped hell out of her with a folded copy of Sibelius' Second Symphony, fourth movement. "You shouldn't have done that," he said disapprovingly. "That was my nose finger. Now I'll have to get me a handkerchief."

"Just the same," she said, "I won't marry you. In the first place, I hate you; in the second place, you do not appeal to me particularly; and in the third place, I don't like you. What do you think of that?" This last was uttered in such a tone of utter contempt that for a moment it seemed to assume almost the proportions of an insult. He cringed backwards, obviously deeply touched.

"You have stabbed me to the quick," he said, turning his face quickly away, so that she might not see the look of utter agony which was concealed there. Then he faced her again, all in one movement. "Aha! my proud beauty," he mumbled, chuckling abominably up his sleeve. "Do you know what I am going to do?" He paused for a moment. "Let me think," he said. Then it burst upon him like a flash, and he seized her roughly by her slender shoulders. "Perhaps you don't remember," he said, "that I possess a mortgage on your house for a million and two dollars!" With these shaking words, he stamped out of the house laughing wildly, and disappeared into the darkness.

He received two telegrams from her the next day. "I'll marry you, you heel," the first one read. The second one varied only slightly. It read, "I'll marry you, you heel." He ate a hasty breakfast of watermelon and sardines and hurried the sixty miles to her house as fast as his legs would carry him. When he arrived, she told him that since writing the telegrams she had changed her mind and had decided not to marry him after all, but that after thinking it over and reconsidering the matter entirely, she had decided to marry him after all.* Suffice it to say that they were married at the earliest opportunity imaginable.

This story might very well end here as the happy conclusion to a beautiful love story, but, alas, fate did not wish it so, unfortunately. When this sweet, innocent girl gave her heart and her love to this man in blue, little did she realize that she was stepping into a life of hell and agony. Little did she know that this monster would come home night after night, reeking in chewing gum and peppermint drops and demanding his supper in gruff tones of stark pleading. Little did she dream that when she refused to get up in the morning and cook him an egg for breakfast, he would turn over and mope into his pillow, mumbling something about, "Well damn, woman, don't I never get no breakfast?" Even after they were up, and she was trying to answer her morning correspondence, he would sit around on a chair, looking up at her hopefully at intervals to see if she were getting ready to fix him any lunch. Sometimes she felt as if she could stand no more, and once or twice she felt almost tempted to cry out against it all: "Why don't you go up town to a restaurant and get you something to eat before you starve to death, you old stinker you?" But she restrained herself and bore his brutality in mute despair.

And then, one day, she noticed an ominous change in his attitude. He seemed almost cheerful, and when he came into the house singing bawdy songs and laughing uproariously at a joke he was telling, she wondered what strange secret was troubling him. At last, when he had recited the joke for the twenty-third time and was lying on the floor in stitches, she could re-

(continued on page twenty-six)

* AUTHOR'S NOTE: It may be interesting to note that when she was relating this story, my mother paused at this point and, after a few silent minutes of deep contemplation, remarked, "Don't you think that was a silly thing for her to do?"

Gee!

Her—But remember my modesty!

Him—Oh, yeah—remember?

Aunt Fannie—"Aren't you going to say the blessing, dear?"

Machine Age Child—"This food is coming to you through the courtesy of God Almighty."

A lunatic was trying to knock a nail into a wall. But he had the head of the nail against the wood and was hammering the point.

At length, he threw down the nail in disgust and said: "Bah! Idiots! They gave me a nail with the head at the wrong end."

Another inmate of the asylum who had been watching, began to laugh.

"It's you that's the idiot," he said, as he jerked his thumb toward the opposite wall. "Nail was made for the other side of the room."

"Your husband looks like a brilliant man. I suppose he knows everything."

"Don't f o o l yourself. He doesn't even suspect anything."

Gee!

We wonder if Mother Hitler ever realized at the time of Adolph's birth that she created such a fuehrer? . . .

"Let's sleep in the gutter."

"Why?"

"Plenty of room with running water."

Prom Chairman: Everything all set for the dance?

Committeeman: All the orchestras were booked, so we had to buy records. We couldn't get any decorations because all the stores were closed. The refreshments haven't come, and the room isn't cleared. The floors aren't waxed and the place is a mess. So we went to the liquor store and bought two cases of . .

Prom Chairman: Good! Glad to see that everything's ready.

"I love you—ouch."

"I love you—ouch."

And there you have the story of the two porcupines necking.

Co-ed: Where is Elsie?

House Mother: I don't know; she went to the library.

A famous professor gave a lecture at the insane asylum. He began by saying,

"Why are we here, why are we here?"

A nut in the back row got up and said, "We're all here because we're not all there."

A drunk tried several times to navigate a revolving door, but finally gave up the attempt in disgust and leaned despondently against a lamp post.

A man came along the street and walked into the door. As it revolved, the other side revealed a pretty girl stepping from it. The drunk looked intently at her.

"It's a good trick," he said, "but I still don' shee' wha' the guy did with hish clothes!"

"I didn't raise my daughter to be fiddled with," said the pussy cat as she rescued her offspring from the violin factory.

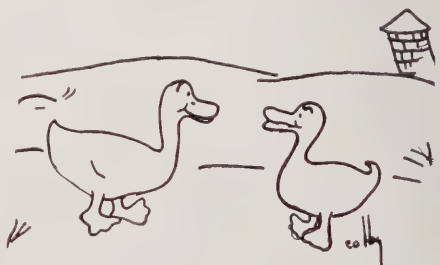
Messboy—"Honey pie, does dat kiss make yo' long for another?"

She—"It sho does, boy, it sho does, but he's out of town."

Then there was the absent-minded American who, in an overseas air raid, rushed to the bomb-proof cellar, knocked three times, and asked for Gus.

If someone tells you that your girl has been kissed by every guy in town, just give him your smuggest smirk and retort: "It ain't such a big town!"

"I'm fed up on that," said the baby as he pointed to his high-chair.



"That was a dirty quack."

Jokes!

Professor — Please pass all your test papers to the side of the room, and kindly insert a carbon sheet under the papers so I can correct all the errors at once.

Traffic Cop: Don't you know what I mean when I hold up my hand?

Old Lady: I ought to; I was a school teacher for thirty-five years.

After weeks upon weeks of hardships, hacking our way through the tall underbrush, and fighting off the savage natives, we finally reached the banks of the Amazon. There we pitched our tents. He pitched his farther but mine made a bigger splash.

Nurse (in an insane asylum): There's a man outside who wants to know if we have lost any inmates.

Doctor: Why?

Nurse: He says that someone has run off with his wife.

Then there's the one about the near-sighted snake that eloped with a rope.

He came in and sat down alongside of her. He was a clean cut, good looking chap. She smiled at him. The place was deserted. In a low tone he said: "Please give me what you gave me last night."

She hesitated, looked wildly about her and suddenly cried out: "Sunnyside up on toast and a cup o' coffee."

Mary had a little watch
She swallowed it
It's gone
Now everytime that Mary walks,
Time marches on.

Gee!

"I was talking with somebody about you the other day, I've forgotten who it was, but I think she knows you, although I can't be sure because neither of us could quite remember your name."

"Say, it's a small world, isn't it?"

Friend—"When your husband craves a kiss do you always give it to him?"

Wife—"I wish I knew."

"Paw?"

"Now what?"

"Why didn't Noah swat both flies when he had such a good chance?"

"Spit is such a horrid word," said the pig as he was about to be barbecued.

There was a young man from Fla.
Who necked a young girl in the ca.
Someone asked, "Zat your wife?"
He said, "Not on your life!
She isn't mine; I just ba."

Father: "Well, son, what did you learn in school today?"

Son (proudly): "I learned to say Yes, sir, and No, sir, and Yes, mam, and No, mam."

Father: "You did, eh?"

Son: "Yeah."

"I took him to the League of Nations, and they told me I could keep him."

Buccaneer Super-Service Department Presents Crossword Puzzle for that 8:30!

ACROSS

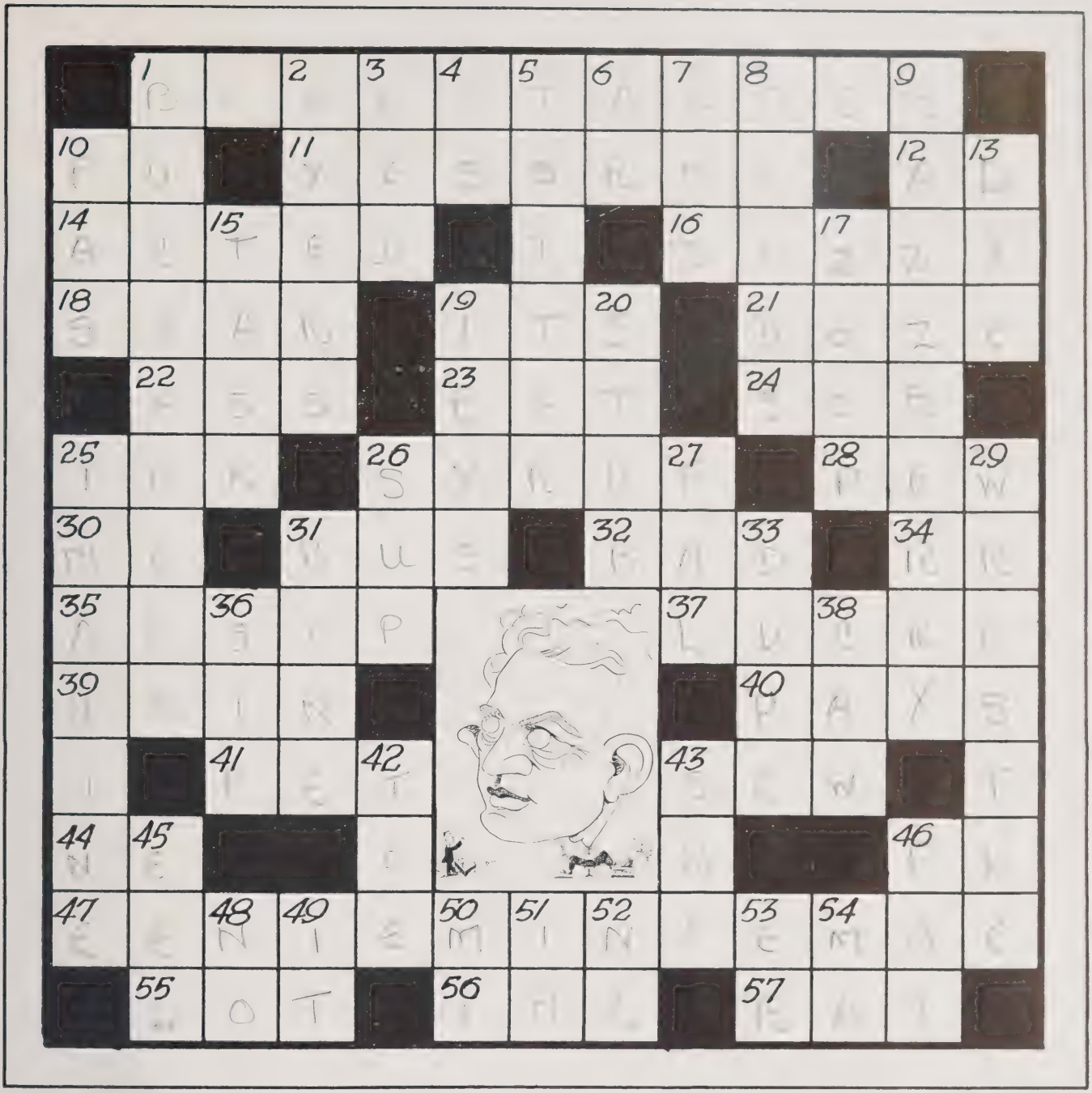
1 Ex-heel pictured here.
10 Imperial board for the control of publications.
11 Will you or won't you.
12 That big thing on page 23.
14 Performed (not as a Playmaker).
16 What was Lizzy after her fourth bottle?
18 This is what you have left if you get your throat cut and live through it.
19 Belonging to that thing.
21 To drop off, as in class.
22 No crossword puzzle is complete without one; onager.
23 To wager.
24 To weep bitterly; also a kind of sister.
25 This; the stuff you're looking at. It's all over the page.
26 Pancake lubricant.
28 Something hard to sit on; also expression meaning "Do you smell anything, or am I only dreaming?"
30 I ain't got nobody, and who is it nobody ain't got?
31 Something you ride on if you've got money and it's too cold to bum.
32 No good; also adjective describing some women.
34 Railroad; Right Reverend; Rippling Rhythm; Robber's Roost.
35 Ancient fibber, with a moral.
37 The filthy stuff that's so damn good to have around.
39 What most people do when they think they're smiling.
40 It's Papa who does this; he does it and does it and does it.
41 Animal friend; also to mug.
43 This is what a wife is for besides to cook.
44 Northeast; also nice Easter—wasn't it?
46 Plural.
47 Riddle:

Eenie Meenie Minie Moe—
Catch a nigger by his toe.
Let the nigger and Meenie go,
And what have you got left besides
a pain in the neck and a toe and B. O.?

55 Big bunch; a whole heap; a great deal; quite a bit.
56 Incorporated.
57 Well-known rodent; also a heel, a stinker.

DOWN

1 My favorite magazine.
2 People who tell lyes.
3 This is what you did to the horse till you got him to water and couldn't make him drink.
4 Steamship; Sunday School; Singin' Sam; some stuff; Slop-shop.
5 To wobble, as when drunk; to stagger.
6 18th letter of alphabet.
7 What Hitler says when he means "and."
8 Birds, New Joisey style.
9 Stauber did his best, and this is what he got for it.
10 Not brother's, not sister's, not mine, not ma's.
13 "Your hair has taken on a new luster today, my sweet. You seem to have become years younger overnight."
15 Work; job.
17 Sloppy name for soup.
19 A kind of long-billed, wading bird.
20 Do you ever go to class barefooted? In fact do you ever go to class? If so, do you ever do this to your toe?
25 To day-dream.
26 To dine.
27 Chum; buddy; right-hand stinker.
29 To tie and be tied, before being thrown for a loss.
31 Skeleton's ankle.
33 To pull a slick one on, and I don't mean the wool over my eyes.
36 Wrong way to drink whiskey.
38 This is what you do when you make a noise like a crow—or do you?
42 What do you catch a nigger by, and why?
43 If you can't do this, don't try it, unless you've got skis on.
45 Funny looking fish, but it don't look like a fish, the snake.
46 Cooking utensil; also a kind of shot you take at people.
48 Don't give up when she says this.
49 That thing. That thing? Yes, that thing.
50 Note of scale.
51 Where is the best place to be when the lions are out?
52 Some people go to Harvard, when they could come here just as well.
53 Expression of hesitation or uncertainty, as used in the funny papers.
54 She told me tales.



He struck hur and she uttered no word. Again he struck hur, but no sound eskaped hur lips. Once more he hitter on the hed, but, brave thing that she wuz, she did not whimpyr.

Then in a rage beyond awl reason by her unkencern, the brute gave vent to a low maledickshun and began reigning blos on her pretty little hed, even scratching hur in his madness.

Even through this she held hur piece, but at length, hur feelings at the blazing point, she gave a reluctent sputter into flaim.

For you see, she wuz only a match.

Heard These?

Ruth rode in my cycle car.
In a seat in back of me,
I took a bump at fifty
And rode on Ruthlessly.

Two English gentlemen were standing, waiting for someone to come from the powder room. A moment later two women walked out. The first Englishman said, "Oh, I say, what do you know about that, here comes my wife with my mistress."

The second Englishman said, "By jove, you took the words right out of my mouth."

A bashful young darky had not the courage to pop the question. Finally, one Sunday night, he said:

"Julia, yo' remembers that I was heah Monday night?"

"Yes," Julia replied.

"An' dat I was heah Wednesday and Thursday?"

"Yes."

"And once mo' on Friday and again las' night?"

"Sho' yo' was."

"An I is heah tonight?"

"Yo' sho' is."

At last in desperation, he burst out with, "Say, woman, doesn't you' smell a rat?"

(onward)

Buc Throws Quiz!

The *Buccaneer,* in its ever-growing eagerness to further public education, has decided to present for your benefit the following short quiz. If you answer all of the questions correctly, you deserve a pat on the back, and will receive one by coming up to our offices any time between two and four o'clock on week-days. If you answer nine of the questions, you are pretty good, and will receive a smile of commendation by merely stepping up to our offices between two and four o'clock on week-days. If you answer eight questions, you can peek in our door some day between two and four o'clock. If you don't answer any of the questions, we don't blame you.

1. What two days will Thanksgiving come on this year?

2. Who is J. Gibson Jackson, and why?

3. Who was the first person to eat crackers in bed?

4. What did Patrick Henry mean when he said, "Give me liberty or give me death?"

5. Who is E. J. Woodhouse?

Check one:

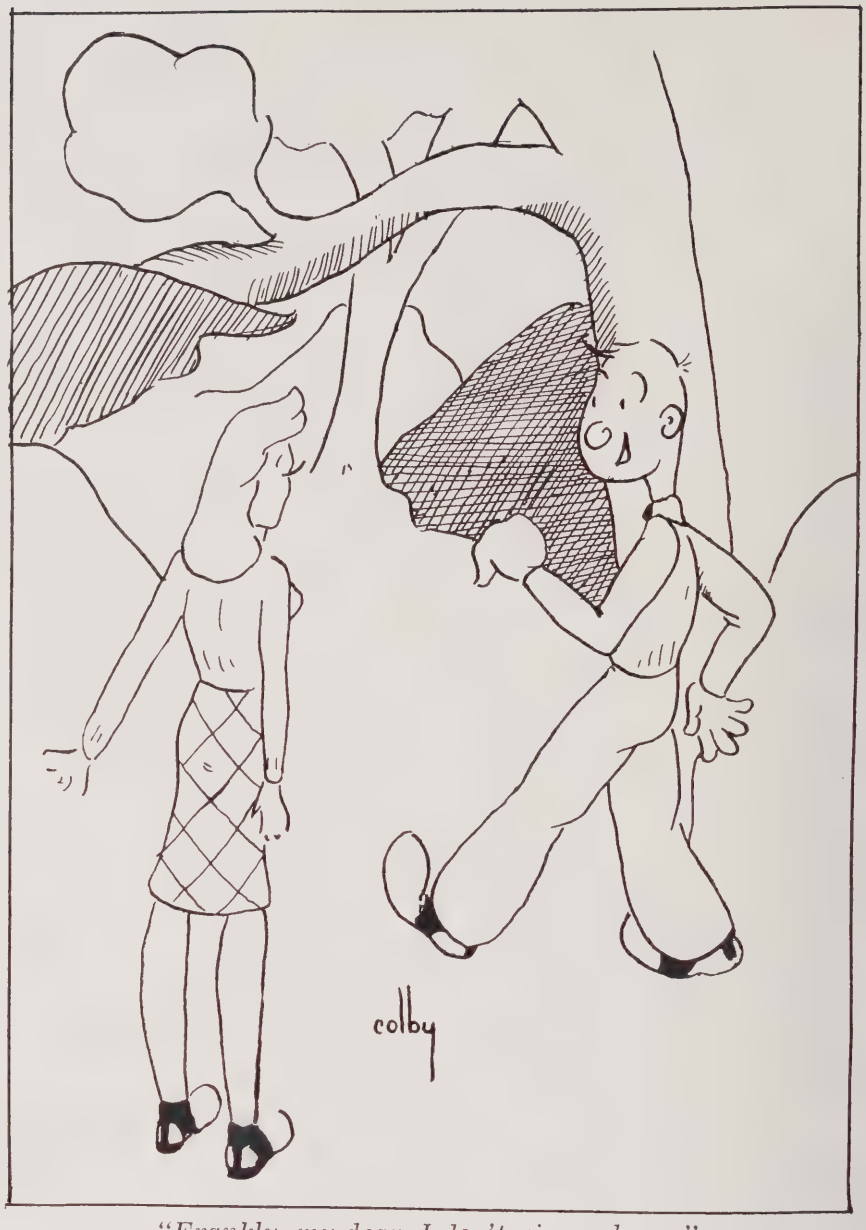
6. A Maisie is: (1) a word referring to something astounding; (2) a labyrinth; (3) something you put in sandwiches; (4) a species of coed.

7. Columbus discovered America: (1) in 1642; (2) in 1488; (3) a long time ago; (4) just for the heck of it.

8. A "perfect 36" is: (1) a good age to be; (2) a round of golf; (3) a Hawaiian costume; (4) a good yard-stick.

9. Nobody knows: (1) the origin of matter; (2) the future; (3) what trouble I see; (4) but Jesus.

10. A *blitzkrieg* is: (1) a kind of creek; (2) doubletalk; (3) fast work; (4) a musical instrument.



"Frankly, my dear, I don't give a damn."

This Space for Your Answers:

Pledge:

(Answers will be found on page twelve.)

The Buccaneer, thinking only of your convenience, here presents the answers to the short quiz given on page twelve.

Answers—

1. Thursday.
2. J. Gibson Jackson.
3. A cannibal who got loose on a Georgia sleeping porch.
4. "Bring me a magazine or shoot me."
5. The man who holds his classes on the grasses.
6. (1)
7. (3)
8. (4)
9. (2)
10. (3)

Buccaneer Lists Editorial Objectives

The Buccaneer, in its ever-growing eagerness to improve the condition of things in general, will add to its editorial objectives each week. No objective will be removed from the list until it has been achieved. Following are our editorial objectives:

- **Better relations between dormitories and sororities.**
- **An interesting Tar Heel editorial page.**
- **Several good kerosene lamps for the library.**

Buccaneer Sends Ten People to Doom

The *Buccaneer,* in its ever-growing eagerness to serve its readers, has consented to select, so that you will know who they are, the ten people in this country who are least likely to succeed. We are convinced that the following ten people haven't got a chance.

1. **Ann Sheridan.**
2. **Adolf Hitler.**
3. **Thomas E. Dewey.**
4. **Ann Sheridan.**
5. **David Clark.**
6. **The Carolina Party.**
7. **Ann Sheridan.**
8. **The editor of the Harvard Lampoon.**
9. **The editor of the Carolina Buccaneer.**
10. **Ann Sheridan.**

(Note: if we had been going to pick only the nine people least likely to succeed, we would have picked without hesitation the Brooklyn Dodgers, in spite of the brashness of their early season splurge.)

Buccaneer Offers Reward for Capture of Hitler!

Students! Get Rich Quick!

The *Buccaneer,* in its ever-growing eagerness to promote the public good, has, after a long, strained period of mental and financial indecision, decided to splurge its entire month's salary in an effort to bring to justice that heel Hitler. We are pleased to announce that to any person between the ages of ten and twenty who will deliver *Der Fuehrer* alive and unharmed to our offices before midnight of any day this year, we will pay the contemptible sum of twenty dollars. All entries must be postmarked before twelve o'clock midnight, December 31, 1940. If at that time the German dictator has not been delivered, we will spend the twenty dollars celebrating the New Year.

An unnamed Pittsburgh source has asked us to mention that it will throw in a dollar apiece for Chamberlain and Hedy Lamarr.

(There is one stipulation. The *Buccaneer* will not accept the responsibility for any damage that may come to Hitler *en transit.* We are only paying the reward.)

"My God, halitosis!"

SCOOP!!! Buccaneer

Most Startling Expos

glammer

tee-totaler, dogmatic

Astounding!

Maisies in the Order of Their Appearance

Barbara Burroughs—glammer girl from New Jersey. Sophisticated. Oomph.

Ruth Curtis Robeson—tee-totaler from Virginia. Dogmatic. Helpful. Motherly. Eye-lash flirt.

Allen Cutts—sports lover from Georgia. Independent. Authority on the Olympics. Coca-cola drinker.

Muriel Neville—party girl from Long Island. Lazy. Humorous.

Ruth Golbey—freelancer from Brooklyn. Neat. Voguish. Interest in foreign affairs.

One for all, and all f
How did that

The crusading BUCCANEER, plunging all of its power and resources into the most startling investigation south of Washington, here reveals for the first time the existence of the amazing Maisies. This sinister group, existing in the very heart of the unsuspecting campus for two years, and operating in secrecy, has had its deadly tentacles stretched into every phase of campus life and activities. Possessing a grape-vine system that would put Sing Sing to shame, the mad Maisies are able to maintain a campus-wide system of communication which is both amazing and perfect in operation.

While the campus, unaware, goes blindly on its way, this secret faction meets gleefully in its inner sanctum and indulges in un-American activities, such as song sessions and philosophical binges. Sometimes they even go so far as to discuss the events of the day. With the grapevine system functioning to perfection, it is

the moon is my goal

lazy, humorous

freelancer, voguish, roguish

Uncovers Mad Maisies
in Carolina History

osh sakes, Maisie!
et in there?

Amaisieing!

More Maisies

Betsy Jean Johnson—artiste from Aberdeen. Baby face with a dimple. Fascinating.

Sara Barrett—spitfire from Durham. Good sport. Excellent speller.

Gene Rankin—genius from Alabama. Profound. Idiosyncratic. Woman's council.

Barbara Liscomb—activities girl from Minnesota. Wacky. Student-faculty directoress.

Mary Burgess—geologist from Spruce Pine. Rock lover. Giggler.

nly a matter of time before every Iaisie has a faint idea of what is oing on. This unloading of the soul s known as UPO.*

Aside from being Maisies, eating ie same kind of food, and living on ie third floor of Spencer, the Maisies ave very little in common. Their iterests range all the way from the oman's council to the library, from berdeen to Yankeeland, and back again. At least two of them drink the same kind of beer, a couple are tee-totalers, and one always asks her conscience if it's all right to drink a cup of coffee. The BUCCANEER was amazed at the height of variety they possess.

When informed that their existence had been discovered by the BUCCANEER secret service and asked if they would make a comment for the press, the Maisies stated simply, "They ain't no flies on us!"

* Ultimate Pay-Off.

breath of spring

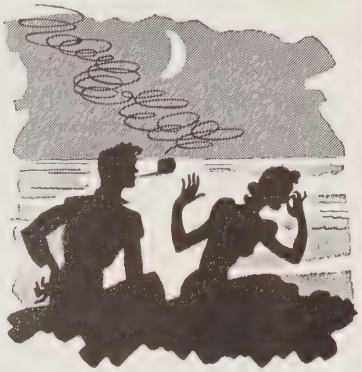
spitfire, connoisseur

tree sprite

who said wacky?

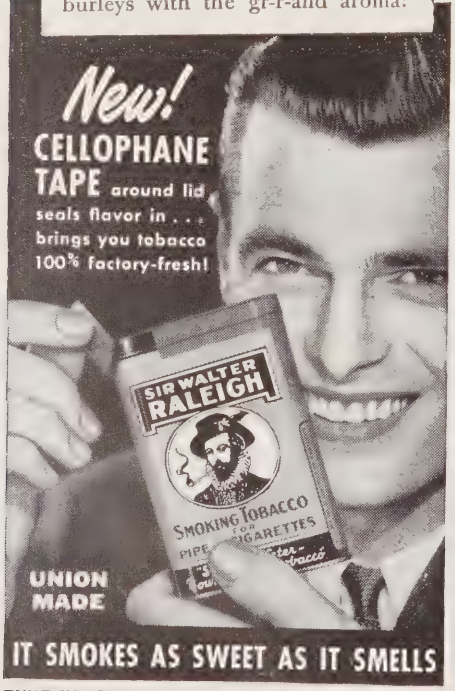
dare-devil Rankin

HER HERO RATED ZERO IN THE ART OF LOVE!

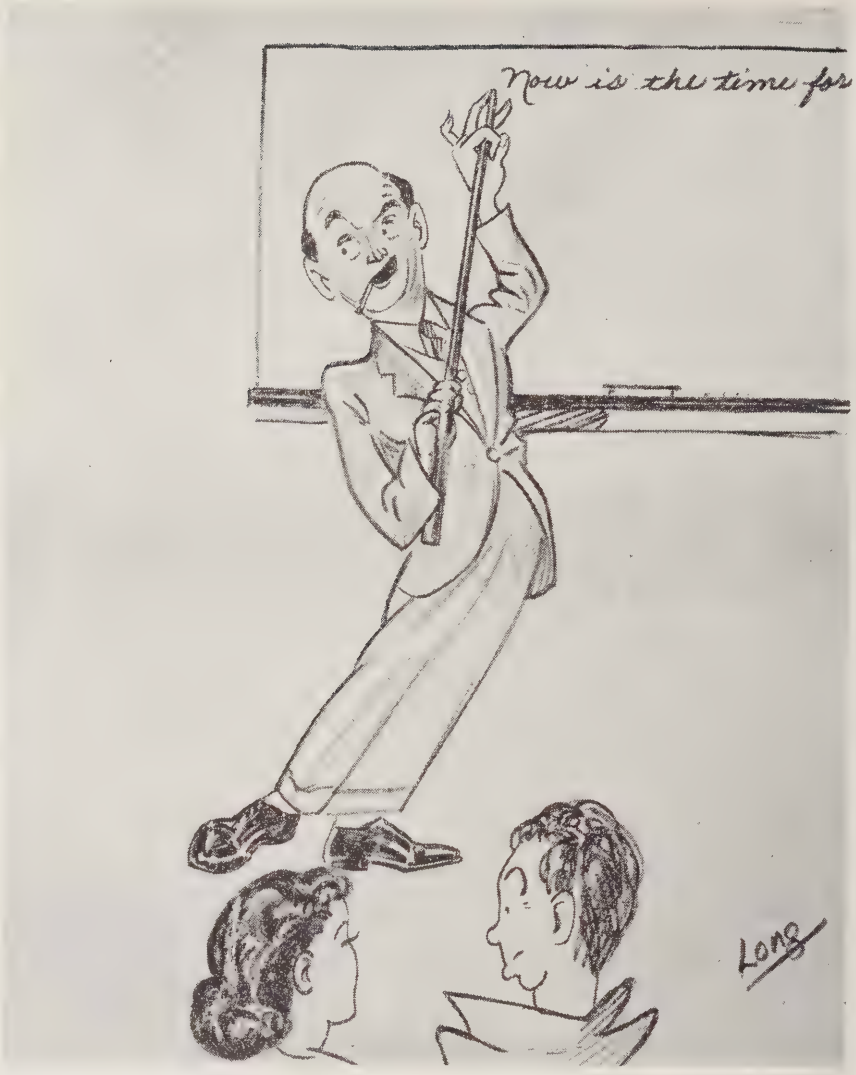


WHAT CAUSED THE FIGHT? His pipe! Bud said it tasted fine, but Sue swore it stank out loud. A fine way for sweethearts to talk! Some one better find him a *milder* tobacco.

HEARTS ENTWINED once again! Sue has said "yes" to Bud *and* his pipe since he switched to Sir Walter Raleigh, that milder blend of burleys with the gr-r-and aroma!


New!
CELLOPHANE TAPE around lid seals flavor in . . . brings you tobacco 100% factory-fresh!
SIR WALTER RALEIGH
SMOKING TOBACCO
UNION MADE
IT SMOKES AS SWEET AS IT SMELLS

TUNE IN—*Sir Walter Raleigh "Dog House," Every Tuesday night, NBC Red Network.*



"Where did you say this prof worked before he came here?"

The Case of the Yankee Zipper

By NORMAN LEVINSON

J. P. Shrip sat at his desk in his elaborately furnished pine-panelled office in the Empire State Building. This was a far cry from the days he had shined shoes, and it was a long time, too. He had worked hard as a boy and had been able to put his little brother through reform school.

Now, as President of J. P. Shrip & Co., Inc., he was, in truth, a captain of industry, for J. P. Shrip & Co., Inc. was the largest manufacturer of slide fasteners in the United States. "Don't rip—zip" was their famous slogan, and Tuesday nights brought their famous quiz program to the air. For this quiz, listeners from all over the nation send in questions to a board of experts who attempt to answer the questions submitted. If the sender's question is used on the program, he gets five dollars. If it is not used he owes the program five dollars. If the experts fail to answer the question the sender gets two tickets to the Ziegfeld Follies of 1920, and the experts get a nasty letter from J. P. Shrip.

(continued on page eighteen)

THE CHAMP OF
"THIRST QUENCHERS"
Yes sir! A million fans have crowned Pepsi-Cola the "Champ of the Thirst-Quenchers"!
So step right out and try that pure, palate-tickling flavor. Treat yourself to that swell taste!
And look at that grand big bottle—it holds 12 full ounces—enough to fill your glass up twice.
Join the swing to Pepsi-Cola now!
PEPSI-COLA
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
Step out... be gay
...the Pepsi-Cola way
5¢
BIG, BIG BOTTLE
12 FULL OUNCES

Durham Pepsi-Cola Bottling Company

"Make My Shop Your Shop"
when
you buy
Smart Clothes
for
Occasions That Count
My Shop
112 W. Main St.
Durham, N. C.

Yankee Zipper

(continued)

J. P. Shrip rose from his swivel chair. He was sorely perturbed. The Board of directors were to meet that afternoon. Oh! the shame of it! He felt he was doomed. If he confessed, it would mean utter ruin. His reputation—all he had built up these past years. He must keep his secret, hide his disgrace somehow—but how? Perhaps if he acted wisely, no one need ever find out. His thoughts were interrupted by a knock at the door. Could it be the Board so soon, he thought, panic-stricken. "Come in."

Two men walked briskly to his desk. "Mr. Shrip," said one.

"Yes."

"We're detectives," the man said flashing his badge. "We're here investigating the disappearance of two-hundred thousand dollars in company funds. We'd like to ask you some questions."

Shrip's face hardened. He sat stiffly in his chair. He tried to hide his emotions. "Go ahead," he said.

"Mr. Shrip, where were you on the night of March 11, 1932?"

Shrip grew tense but answered firmly.

"I was at home all evening playing casino with my wife. It was raining out and I had a cold. My wife wouldn't let me go out. I had a light supper consisting of jelly sandwiches and milk. Then I listened to Amos 'n Andy and went to bed." Shrip had an uncanny memory for details. The detective continued with his investigation.

"Where were you on February 29, 1906?"

"Who do you think you're kidding?" asked Shrip. "There was no February 29, in 1906. I distinctly remember it."

The detective winced. His adversary had proved his equal in this game of wits. He must try other tactics. He whispered something to the other detective. Suddenly he turned and shrieked:

"Shrip, where were you on June 2, 1786?"

The strain was intense.

CAROLINA HEADQUARTERS

Palm Beach Suits
For the Finals
$16.75
Miller-Bishop Co.
112 Corcoran St.
Durham, N. C.

"I don't know! I don't know! I can't think!" Shrip screamed, and buried his face in his hands.

The detectives, satisfied with their work, rose and walked to the full-length portrait of Shrip which hung on the wall. Shrip was on the verge of collapse. He was too terrified to speak. He watched the two men as they studied the portrait and spoke in low tones.

"He's our man," said one. The other nodded assent. They turned abruptly and left the room.

Shrip followed them to the door. When they had gone, he silently turned the key in the lock, and rushed to the portrait on the wall.

"Jeremiah Shrip, you fool!" he said shaking his fist at his own image. In one swift movement he had ripped the enormous portrait from the wall. With all his strength he heaved it out of the open window—at least, it should have been open.

The sound of the crashing glass attracted the staff. Shrip ran to the door and unlocked it. Miss Biddle, his beautiful, blonde secretary rushed in excitedly.

"Oh! Shrippy, darling, are you hurt?" she cried, throwing her arms about him in a fond demonstration of loyalty to the company.

"Just a scratch," replied Shrip bravely as if he had lost an arm at the very least.

"Oh, let me kiss it," said Miss Biddle sympathetically.

"Go away," muttered Shrip giving her a well-executed shove as the Board of directors filed into the room.

"Shrip," snapped the chairman of the Board. "Where's that portrait we paid thirty-five dollars for?"

"I tossed it out of the window," answered Shrip.

"And just exactly what prompted you to do that?" asked the chairman.

"Oh, it wasn't a very good picture anyway," Shrip replied. "It made me look so old, don't you think? And besides—"

"As chairman of the Board of J. P. Shrip & Co., Inc. makers of the world's finest slide fasteners, *I demand to know the truth.*"

"Well, the fact of the matter is —" started Shrip boldly. He knew now his game was up. He

must tell. He continued, hesitatingly.

"I hoped no one would ever find out. I had to do something. I couldn't eat. I couldn't sleep. I was nervous. I had that under par feeling. I —"

"Come to the point, Shrip," barked the chairman of the Board.

"Well, in that picture —" he hesitated.

"Yes," coaxed the chairman.

"— the one I threw out of the window —"

"Yes, yes."

Shrip slowly turned his head away from the assembled group.

"I was wearing *buttoned trousers.*"

A silence fell over the group. All were obviously deeply moved. The chairman walked to Shrip's side, placed his hand on his shoulder.

"It's all right, Shrip," he said quietly, "we understand. We acted like beasts. Forgive us."

"Certainly," said Shrip. "You've all taken it beautifully."

As if by magic, the entire Board of Directors rose and sang a chorus of *For He's A Jolly Good Fellow,* while someone came in and gathered up the broken glass.

Thus did everything turn out happily. The two-hundred thousand dollars was found in a pocket of Miss Biddle's mink coat. How it got there nobody knows, although my less naive readers will no doubt have some pretty good ideas. At any rate the Board voted to let her keep the entire sum—as they said, "in recognition of her untiring devotion to the company." Now everybody is contented except old J. P. Shrip who is still trying to figure out where he was on June 2, 1786—and he has an uncanny memory for details.

THE END

She: What color is best for a June bride?

Clerk: I'd prefer a white one.

Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth—less 26% for inheritance taxes.

Together they walked upon the soft, thick rug of fallen leaves, while the silver moon made beautiful jewels of the dew drops that kissed the boughs of the stooping trees. At last they reached their rendezvous. He asked, passionately, "Oh, darling, will you marry me?" "No," was the abrupt reply. He suddenly left her and tramped home almost knee deep in mire, bumping up against the sopping trees.

The No. 1 Suit
PALM BEACH
16.75

A "first" in every man's wardrobe. . . . Because it is washable, cool, weightless and fits elegantly. Let us show you.

van Straaten's
DURHAM

A man of six feet eight inches applied for a job as a lifeguard.

"Can you swim?" asked the official.

"No, but I can wade to beat hell."

Sailor—"And that, madam, is the crow's nest."

Old Lady—"How lovely. Could I take a peek at the little darlings?"

He: Do you know the difference between being good and being bad?

She: What's the difference?

He: That's what I say.

When I entered Caroline
I saw the co-eds walking, streaming
Cross the campus, brightly beaming
On everything in pants—mankind.

I picked a co-ed, figured, fair,
And asked her if she'd go a-dating,
Platonic, not insatiating
My desires so crude and bare.

"Are you a fraternity man,
Do you have a coupe shining shining,
Do sheckels swarm your pocket lining?"
"No," I confessed. She turned and ran.

I plotted revenge by day and night
For resisting my advancing;
Tried to catch her hot-romancing;
I'd blackmail if I saw her tight.

How the problem tortured me!
I ached to find her dirt concealing,
But since my search was not revealing—
I ventured on to W. C.!

—Hunt Hobbs

First Electrician — Have we any four volt, two watt bulbs?

Second ditto—For what?

First—No, two.

Second—Two what?

First—Yes.

—Log.

Junior: I just got a check from home.

Senior: Pay me the five dollars you owe me, then.

Junior: Wait till I tell you the rest of my dream.

He: Do you use harpoons?

Lady fisher: No, my hair stays in place naturally.

"Where ya been?"

"To the river."

"What fer?"

"Hadda spit."

Then, there's the one about the country lane.

Boy! Its rough.

Did you ever stop to think what might have happened to American history if the British soldiers at Bunker Hill had had bloodshot eyes?

It takes two cars to make an automobile accident. Eliminate half the cars, and we'll get rid of all the accidents.

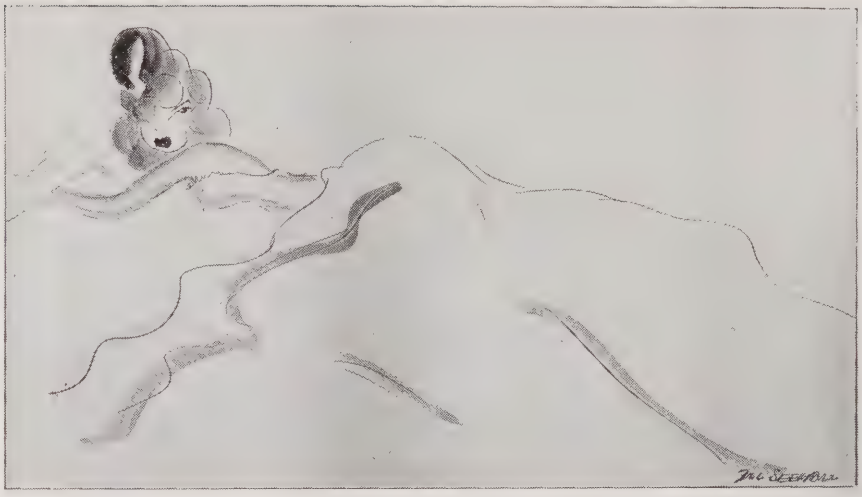
"It's the little things in life that tell," said Dora as she dragged her kid brother out from underneath the sofa.

"What was the big traffic tie-up on Main street all about?"

"A girl signalled that she was making a left turn."

"Well, what of it?"

"She actually made a left turn."



"I'm alone in the room; there's nobody with me, and I'm not trying to give the University a bad name. All I want to do is get some sleep."

Student (to farmer): "Do insects ever get in your corn?"

Farmer: "Yes, but we fish 'em out and drink it anyway."

Housemother: "What do you mean by bringing one of my girls in at this hour?"

Gay Lad: "Have to be at class at 8:30."

Coed: I'd like to see the captain of this ship.

Sailor: He's forward, Miss.

Coed: That's all right. This is a pleasure trip.

Then there's the girl whom all the boys call "Appendix" because it costs so much to take her out.

THE COLLEGE SHOP

Invites

The patronage of college women on the merit of style, variety and value in smart sportswear. . . .

Ellis Stone & Company is the authorized Vogue Headquarters for College Fashions for the Durham Area . . . and

"It Costs No More to Enjoy Ellis Stone's Quality"

Ellis Stone & Co

Durham, N. C.

First Negro: "What fo' dat doctah comin' outa you house?"

Second Negro: "Oh, dunno, but Ah think Ah's got an Inkling."

A cigarette burning on the bar of a midtown lounge, leaned lanquidly over to the barman and sighed:

"If you don't put me out, I'm going to make an ash of myself."

"Hmm," the editor murmured. "Your handwriting is so bad I can hardly read these poems of yours. Why didn't you type them before bringing them to me?"

"Type them?" the would-be poet gasped. "D'you think I would waste my time writing poetry if I could type?"

"Are they very strict at your college?"

"Strict? You remember Brown? Well, he died in class, and they propped him up until the lecture ended."

Passenger—"Do you have to drive blindfolded?"

Bus Driver—"No, Sir, but I can't stand the awful expressions of the people what I hits."

The henpecked-appearing gentleman was gazing rapturously at a huge oil painting of a shapely girl dressed in only a few strategically arranged leaves. The title of the picture was "Spring."

Suddenly the voice of his wife snapped: "Well, what are you waiting for? Autumn?"

Customer: This coat you sold me is an awfully poor fit.

Tailor: Well, what do you want for five dollars, an attack of epilepsy?

The railway coach was crowded and a none too well dressed little boy had taken a seat alongside a very haughty and fashionably dressed woman. The boy was sniffling in a very annoying manner. Finally the woman turned to the boy and asked:

"Have you got a handkerchief?"

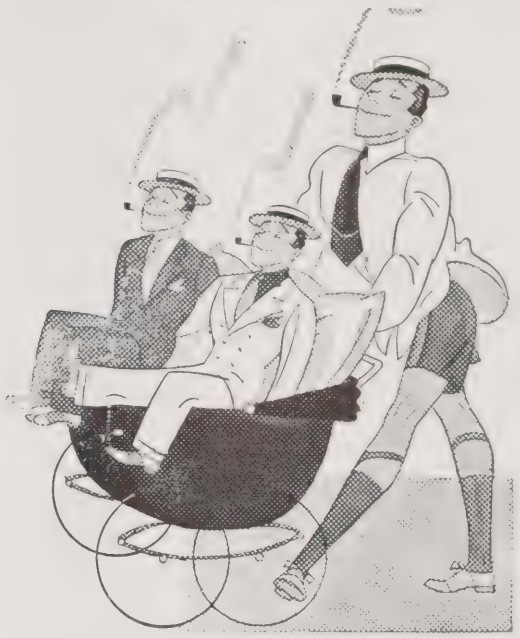
"Yes," replied the boy, "but I don't lend it to strangers."

A dusky lady went in to a drug store and asked for one cent's worth of insect powder.

"But that isn't enough to wrap up," said the clerk.

"Nemind 'bout wrappin' it up. Jess blow it down ma back, dassall."

This Man Has Twins!



SINGLE OR DOUBLE . . .
AS YOU LIKE . . . . . .

- Imported Ascots
- Worsted Mohair
- Palm Beach

May we show you how it is done?

Pritchard-Bright
DURHAM
Watts Booth, Campus Representative

Kodaks --- Drugs
Cosmetics

"SAVE ON EVERY SALE"

ECKERDS
DRUG STORE

122 W. Main St.
Durham, N. C.

He held her in his arms and kissed her sweet, angel lips and her weeping eyes. "Oh darling," he sobbed, "please don't send me away forever. I'll die. I swear I'll die if you make me go away from you forever." He buried his wet face in her hair and sobbed out the agony of his heart. "I'll die," he said.

She held his face close against her own and kissed his cheek with her gentle lips. She was crying too. "I love you," she said, "but it is best that we never see each other again. Go now, darling."

He turned from her and stumbled dazedly from the room. Torture showed on every line of his face, and he murmured bitterly, "You were the only thing I wanted to live for. I can't live without you. I'll die." She watched him go without answering.

And sixty-two years, three months, and four days later, I'll be damned if he didn't suddenly take sick and die!

Prof: "Did you take a shower bath?"

Freshman: "No, is there one missing?"

Hear the one about the shotgun? It'll kill you.

Father: Say, it's two o'clock. Do you think you can stay all night?

Suitor: I'll have to telephone home first.

Fads and Fashions

Skip and Helen Swap Shop!

Helen Male

At last—the last—no tears, no sorrow. To end it all it was decided that your humble contributor was to seek, ask and otherwise—girl's opinions on men's fashions at Carolina. In sort we like 'em and not for altruistic motives either. Not to enhance their ego too much we might mention a few of the coed's pet abominations—in suits, the colors might be termed "gulf green" or "Lake Blue." At any rate they were singled out by the feminine fashion observers to be "flies in their soup," too, paperhangerish decorations, to put it literally, some of the combination coat-pant feed-bags could be installed as heavy operativors in a jitterbug dive in Harlem, unquote. We don't instigate human inculcators but we do like coats even if the arboretum traffic does continue heavy this season.

We like bold jackets with simpler patterned slacks and shirts, while plain tweeds allow patterned shirts and socks. Instead of vests the preference is pull-overs or cardigans, either knitted or a combination of suede, woven fabrics or leather with knit. In ties the agreement was mutual, silk knit ties, especially black with grey flannel suits. Hats gain precedence too, every girl seems to prefer her handsome swain in a low crushed model with lighter shade stitched brim.

Saddle shoes, flannel slacks, stripped oxford shirts with buttoned or cut-away collar, gabardine suits, knit ties, slouch hats, pipes with Bond Street, and conservative tweed sports jackets all receive A-plus rating.

For evening we like the tall in "tails" and the short in "tuxs," though white dinner jackets were considered "sartorial splendor." Informality and ease are the key notes but only just enough deviation from "de luxe dude" to acquire a certain touch of nonchalance meticulously achieved.

On the whole and in the long run the Carolina lads are cultural land marks. The question at issue is not the amount of clothes possessed but the meticulous habit of the individual possessor—

P. S. We don't prefer uniforms!

Ed Note: Cut out the propaganda, Helen.

Skipper Coed

Fine feathers make, or get the bird . . . . so, birds listen to the male warblings of fine featheration . . . . of course, this is only a man's idea, but . . . . well, they are worn for our benefit, aren't they? Are they?

PREMIERE—the campus concensus seems definitely to lean to the wearing of the sweater-skirt combination . . . definitely collegia. And don't forget that the male animal requires much of vivid coloration—shoot the hue to me Sue (Peeyew). Saddle-shoes and some of the new white oxfords are a slick assett. It is rumored that Boss Hill casts his "aye" for the blue-

➳

"May I present Mr. Martin—en garde."

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white combo . . . . so there's a tip girls . . . . And don't wear saddle-shoes-hose!

SECONDO — when Madam breaks out for college in the early morn, let madam consider her ensemble . . . . we don't care so much about the technicalities, but do, Madam, let it be cool—let it be slick, smooth, colorful, neat, frails, these things are somp'n amazing! These cottons, rayons, silks, etc.—if they got color, class, and cut . . . Toothsome . . . . Toothsome!

When the millenuum (synonimous with week-end) arrives why not latch on to the sophisticated angle . . . . Er shall we say something silky, as of clinging to the contours . . . . something blase—not that we know what blase is . . . . Sheer hose and the spectator pumps: stamp of approval 100%. Some of these white creations seen about the campus on week-ends are sorta super, too.

For evening, Milady doesn't have to worry so long as it's sleazy. Yessir, sleazy. We couldn't definitely say just how smart the strapless evening rag is in the feminine opinion, but daggone if it ain't Ace High in the hard-heel corner. The white silk Jersey evening dress is also quite "au fait" to the masculine orb. It matters not about the rinds worn at eventide since the swirling skirt of Mlle. is sure to cover these, but our vote goes for the silvery spikes. No-hose. The Dance Committee reports some wearing of the purple lipstick at May Frolics . . . NEIN!!

MISCELLANEOUS—Hats . . let posterity be the judge . . . . although we do suggest that the wide floppy things look awfully good on the taller ilk. Don't forget these tricky turbans . . . Sun Suits — YEAH! Riding clothes? Make them a little more masculine . . . . you probably look like a horse in 'em anyway.

SNAPSHOTS: Every time that you see *Frenchy Gibson* you simply say, "Wow." . . . *Blondie Jo Poor* is a colorful cuss . . . . *Ethyl Laidlaw*, mum! . . . . *Francis Dyckman* has a gob of snazy sweaters . . . . *Sara Rouark's* new turban-suit outfit is out of the woman's ESQUIRE, we guess . . . . How about that white coat of *Francis Buckelew's?* Ultra. . . . *Helen McCall* looks like a little girl with her cute little hair ribbons. Would say something about *Helen Plyler* but am scared she will retaliate in her column . . . . *Dolly Erichson's* jumpers . . . . *Sara Barrett's* clothes are plenty smart . . . *Lois Barnes* looks good with Spectator pumps on . . . . *Tudie Hudson* has slick sweaters, also . . . . *Bobbie Winton* has more good looking sport clothes than the law allows . . . . *Martha Clampitt* and her turbans . . . . *Frankie Wothington* wears a new dress every day . . . . *Doris and Mary Ann* should dress as twins . . . . *"Panther" Patton* should wear a panther skin . . . .

Frankenheifer

(continued)

wind and the sky, he lifted his face and cried aloud to the heavens: "Can I do it? Can I commit this awful deed? Can I, who have discovered the secret of life, bring alive this monster that I have created with my own little hands? Would this not be blasphemy?" He buried his face in his hands and sobbed like a child. "No, no, no," he sobbed. "I can't do it. I can't, I can't." He drew a rusty coin from his pocket and lifted his face to the sky again. "I'll flip you for it," he said. "Heads I do, tails I don't."

He tossed the coin into the air. It didn't come down. "You lose," said a mystic voice.

"Damn," said Percy. "That was the last two-headed coin I had." Then, without thinking, he made a great decision. "I'll do it," he said.

Slowly and deliberately he climbed back down the tower steps to his laboratory. A great, sheet-covered form lay on a table, silent and still. It was Percy's mother-in-law, stewed as usual.

On another table lay another great form. Percy walked over to this table and looked down upon it proudly. A careful observer would have noticed that this figure was the monster. Two great electrodes ran from its neck down to its feet, and there was another one in its hair. There was also something else in its hair, crawling around happily, but Percy paid little attention to this as he threw the switch which was to send the current of life coursing through the great body.

A great humming sound filled the laboratory, and it was but a matter of a few days before the monster jerked suddenly erect and yawned. "Where am I?" he said—"or am I?" Then he spied his creator and made a dash for him. "Here is a dash," he said, holding out the dash. "I just made it for you." Apparently he appreciated this little joke, for he fell off the table. "I have a monstrous sense of humor," he said.

Percy cowered back against the laboratory wall, mad with fear. Then his reason returned, and he spoke calmly in an effort to humor this fiend that he had created. "Hello there," he said in a kind voice. "I'll bet you don't know who I am, do you? I know who you are, though." He punched the monster in the ribs jokingly and burst out, for lack of something to say, "You don't happen to know what time it is, do you?"

"No," said the monster, "but I'll find out for you—dad!" He went out of the laboratory and returned in a few minutes with a jeweler in one hand and a watch in the other. "It's eight forty-five," he said.

At regular intervals thereafter, he went out of the laboratory every evening and returned at eight forty-five with a watch in one hand and a jeweler in the other. One day he returned a little later than usual. He had a bottle of French wine in one hand and a French beer-cellar merchant in the other. "This is just a little something I picked up in Paris," he said.

During the next six months, Baron Percival von Dingelheifer's life was one of utter horror. When he thought of the countless crimes that were being committed, of the murder and pillage and destruction that were being perpetrated by this monster of his creation, he wept with agony and prayed aloud for forgiveness. "If there were only some way I could stop him," he sobbed into his pillow.

One night the monster returned from his beat with a pair of pink nighties in one hand and a Bohemian sales girl in the other. "Look what I brought," he said.

All the horror and torture of six months flared up in Percival von Dingelheifer's maddened brain. "This has got to stop!" he screamed, forgetting his own safety for a moment.

"Okay, okay," said the monster. "I'll stop. Why hadn't you told me you didn't like what I been doing?"

From then on, he conducted himself properly.

THE END

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Coed Fashion

(continued)

Caroline Dalton and her cotton dresses with pockets . . . Right!

Ladies, the boys think that as a whole, you rack up with the best in dress.

Goodbuy . . . .

—*Skipper Bowles*

"I'll tell you something if you promise to keep your mouth shut."

"I will."

"You've got halitosis."

"Father, what is that man doing running up and down the car with his mouth open?"

"My boy, that's a Scotchman getting a free smoke."

Agent—Sir, I have something here which will make you popular, make your life happier and bring you a host of new friends.

Student—I'll take a quart.

Add to the list of conceited women the coed who refused to take an eraser to a math exam.

Save yourself the trouble of taking your furs home by storing them in

S. ZUCKERMAN'S

Cold Fur Storage Vault

Every Coat Fully Insured

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DURHAM

"How's your companionate marriage coming on?"

"Not so good. I lost my wife's address."

Prof. Roy, are you teaching this class?

Stude. No sir.

Prof. Then sit down and stop acting like an idiot.

Question: What has the government done to protect the Indians?

Answer: Put them in reservoirs.

Grandma Smith is very low as we go to press. If she dies, she will be buried Tuesday.

Formals

for

Finals

at

Graduation Festivities

Look Your Best

in a

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LADIES' OUTFITTERS

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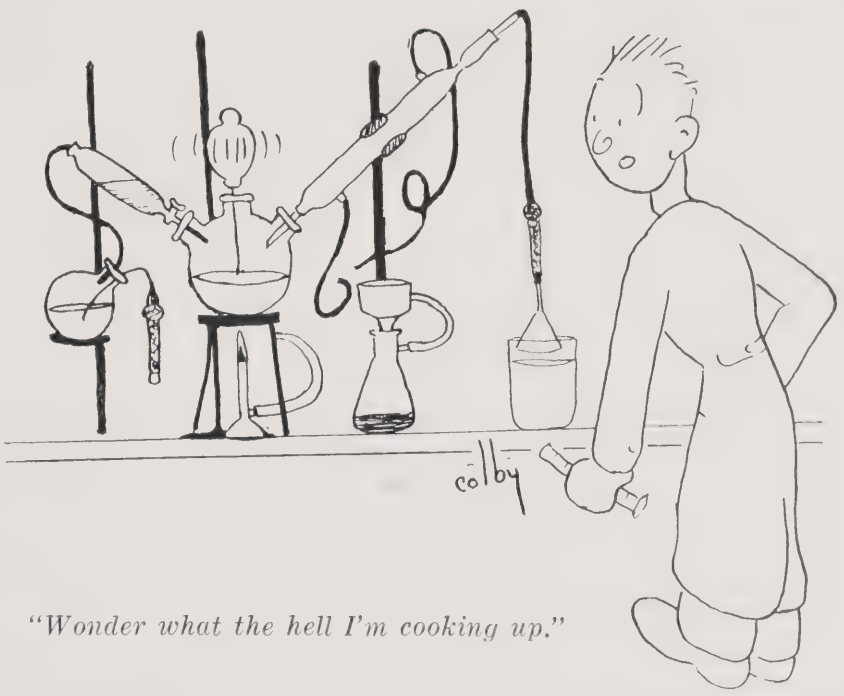

"Wonder what the hell I'm cooking up."

Two acquaintances who had not seen Macpherson for some years called at his home on Saturday evening. Mrs. Macpherson answered the door.

"Does Macpherson live here?" they asked.

"Ay," was the woman's reply, "jist carry 'im in!"

"I cannot stand the heat," he said,
"T'will kill me much I fear."
"Oh, try to live," the maiden cried.
"You'll be much cooler here."

The girl was telling her father about her latest conquest. "I'm sure you'll like Charlie, Dad. He's a fine young man."

"Has he any money?"

"Oh, Dad—you men are all alike—so inquisitive. That's exactly what Charlie asked me about you."

A man walked into the pool parlor and said—"I'll give a dollar to the laziest man here."

A man lying on a billiard table —"Roll me over, Buddy, and stick it in my pocket."

LIBERAL

I came to school to study,
I guess you did the same.
But who in the hell can study
When there's a football game.
I thought the winter quarter
Would bring me lonely nights.
But winter time is the time to pet,
So I burned no mid-night lights.
Then came the Spring vacations,
And filled my soul with a flame
For any straight-haired female
For any cross-eyed dame.
The dances, parties, week-ends
Took all the time I had,
But what'll I do when exams are through,
And I have to face my dad!

—Jak Armstrong

CONSERVATIVE

I never go to dances
I never stay out late,
I've never been in Harry's,
Or even had a date.
I never care what clothes I wear
I never curse, I never swear,
I can't play tennis, bridge, or poker,
I've never heard of the guy named Coker,
There's just one thing that isn't clear,
WHAT IN THE HELL AM I DOING HERE?

—Jak Armstrong

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•

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•

FoisterPhotoCo.

CHEMISTRY LESSON

Barium—what they do to dead people.

Chlorine—A dancer in a night club.

Boron—A nit-wit.

Electrolyte—A thing you turn on when it gets dark.

BLIND DATE

"Wonderful time."
"So did I."
"Goodnite."
"Goodnite."
Slam.
"Wait'll I get hold of Don."

Bluebeard

(continued)

strain her curiosity no longer, but inquired timidly of him, leading up to the subject casually: "Don't you think we've been having nice weather lately? Do you think it is going to rain soon, and if so, would you tell me what in the hell you are laughing at?"

These words seemed to sober him almost instantly, for he stumbled to his feet, dragging a heavy key from a patch pocket. "Here," he said. "Take this and go someplace and lock yourself in." This daring little witticism completely demolished every atom of self-restraint he had left, and he groveled on the floor before losing consciousness. As soon as he had recovered, he added: "Be sure not to unlock room 319 with that key. It is on the third floor, third one from the left, at the far end of the west hall. There is a sign on the door which says something about 'Do not disturb,' and there is a pile of old clothing lying just outside the door. You can't miss it."

She lost no time in crawling up the three flights to room 319. She looked over her shoulder to see if anyone were looking and seeing only six or eight people staring at her curiously from the other side of the hall, she inserted the key in the lock. She hesitated a moment as her conscience stabbed her suddenly, but noticing a stream of bright, red fluid curling out from beneath the floor, her curiosity and her fondness for red got the better of her, and she unlocked the door.

A gruesome sight met her eyes. Two or three dozen headless bodies of women were scattered around on the floor, and the heads were stacked in a corner. They were all dead. Her first feeling was one of horror and almost of surprise, and she could scarcely restrain herself from uttering in tones of shocked horror, "Gee whiz!"

As soon as she had recovered her balance, she entered the room and strolled among the bodies, dropping the key two or three times in her nervousness.

Then she went outside, calmly locking the door behind her, walked slowly down the stairs to the first floor, carefully washed her hands in the kitchen sink, dried her hands on a towel, and started making up biscuits for supper.

THE END

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Drinks

Heinz Hot Soup

"Morning Herald?"
"Mornin', bud."

Said the famous physician, Doctor Murat,
"Your family will have to endure it.
Your young sister Flossie's
Got Telangiectasis,
And I can't even spell it, much less cure it."

—St. Clair Pugh

"Son," said the wise father, "there's two things you ought never to chase after, and that's a woman and a street car. There'll be another one along any minute."

"That looks hot as hell," said an American tourist, looking down into the crater of Vesuvius.

"Really," said an Englishman standing beside him, "how these Americans do get around!"

A college is a fountain of knowledge where all go to drink.

"What brand of tobacco do you use, old man?"

Mercilessly he pounded and thumped the quivering, inarticulate thing before him. At times he would ruthlessly strike it in a regular rhythmical frenzy and then, as if taking pity for a moment he would cease. But the intermissions were all too short, for the racked and tortured object. Had it been able to speak, it would have pleaded for a rest, but it was mute and could only endure this punishment in silence.

When it seemed that the poor bruised frame of the persecuted could endure no more, the man rolled this manuscript out of his typewriter, folded the little portable machine and put it away for the night.

Executive Officer: "Admiral the ship's leaking."

Admiral: "Whose fault is it?"

Executive Officer: "It's the carpenter's fault."

Admiral: "Rub his nose in it."

Woy: You're wrong. It's Wennesance.

Thally: Thilly, it's Rennethance.

An English fur trader named Joe
Ed
Became to a fair Eskimo wed.
But she served only blubber,
Lunch, breakfast, and subber,
And Joe got so fat he exploded.

—St. Clair Pugh

Professor: Are you doing anything this evening, Miss Riffle?

Clara (hopefully): No, not a thing.

Professor: Then try to be on time to class tomorrow morning.

Buy a drum and beat it.

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DURHAM
"At the Center of Town"

"Now will you bring me a menu?"

"I hear Mike got in trouble at the bank."

"How?"

"Oh, he thought he was still in college and began taking notes."

She—"I'll give you just 30 minutes to let go of me."

Kissing a girl because she lets you is like scratching a place that doesn't itch.

and, as Hitler would tell it:

"Wer war die Fraulein mitwem sie gestern Abend spazierten, Hans?"

"Sie war nicht eine Fraulein; die war meine Frau!"

Acknowledgments

The *Buccaneer* wishes to extend its appreciation to the following persons and institutions:

. . . to Sarge Keller for the use of the bow and arrow picture on pages 14 and 15, and our apologies for keeping them overtime.

. . . to the Spencer kitchen for the use of its apple, and our apologies for eating it.

. . . to the *Yackety-Yack* for the loan of the Stauber caricature used in our crossword puzzle.

. . . to Harry's for providing the locale for our wine and women shots and for the use of the table on which our cover was drawn.

—The Editor.

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"Are you going to the dance stag, or sober?"

"What did he say to the Dean when he was bounced?"

"He congratulated the school for turning out such fine men."

Answer to Crossword Puzzle

■	B	I	L	L	S	T	A	U	B	E	R	■	■	■
P	U	■	Y	E	S	O	R	N	O	■	A	D	■	■
A	C	T	E	D	■	T	■	D	I	Z	Z	Y	■	■
S	C	A	R	■	I	T	S	■	D	O	Z	E	■	■
■	A	S	S	■	B	E	T	■	S	O	B	■	■	■
I	N	K	■	S	I	R	U	P	■	P	E	W	■	■
M	E	■	B	U	S	■	B	A	D	■	R	R	■	■
A	E	S	O	P	■	■	■	■	L	U	C	R	E	■
G	R	I	N	■	■	■	■	■	P	A	Y	S	■	■
I	■	P	E	T	■	■	■	S	E	W	■	T	■	■
N	E	■	■	O	■	■	■	K	■	■	P	L	■	■
E	E	N	I	E	M	I	N	I	E	M	O	E	■	■
■	L	O	T	■	I	N	C	■	R	A	T	■	■	■

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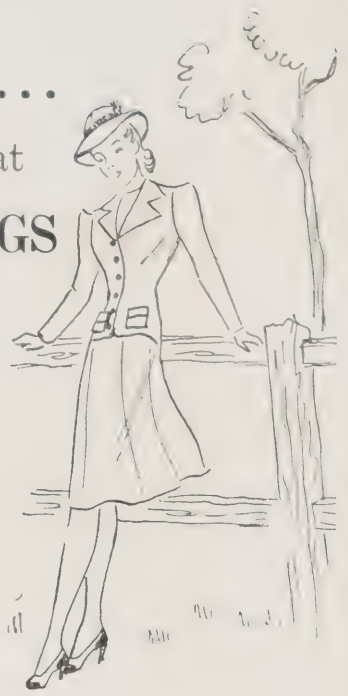

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